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Yours truly
L. H. Rogers

THE KITE TRUST

(A Romance of Wealth)

BY

LEBBEUS HARDING ROGERS



KITE TRUST PUBLISHING COMPANY

75 MAIDEN LANE

NEW YORK CITY

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By LEBBEUS HARDING ROGERS.

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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
A WHOLE ARMY
OF
STATESMEN
ASSESSORS AND TAX GATHERERS
WHO DON'T KNOW
A TELEGRAPH POLE FROM A SHOTGUN.

IT IS APPALLING HOW VERY LITTLE PRACTICAL
BUSINESS EXPERIENCE—IF ANY—IS POS-
SESSED BY THE VAST MAJORITY OF
THOSE WHO ASSUME TO REG-
ULATE COMMERCIAL
AFFAIRS.

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CHAPTER I.

MICKY FLYNN.

ON the 29th day of February at three o'clock A.M. Micky Flynn was born in Hamilton, Hamilton County, O., and as it was generally considered a good State to come from he did not offer the slightest objection. Later he lived in the village of Utica, near Pittsburg, Pa., where he learned to swim, swear, swop, and swagger to the same degree of proficiency that was customary with the small boy of that locality. He went to the public school, and was at the foot of his class in geography, spelling, and reading, but when it came to arithmetic he was the first boy in the room. He did not see the use of history or any study excepting figures, and his teacher could not hammer other things into his head.

Micky's father was baptized Patrick, and Pat Flynn was known as a pretty hard character; but he was a good worker and had a steady job as a track hand on the railroad. Patrick did not care for ancestry, and never bothered himself or any one else as to who was his grandfather or great-grandfather; all he knew about it was that he himself was an Irishman, and that was pride sufficient for him, with the exception that he

had an idea that he, with all the rest of his race, were descended from the father of St. Patrick, that being glory enough for any mortal. So he folded his hands and rested content, not caring who were kings and princes; all he wanted in addition to something to eat, drink, and wear was to be able to smoke his clay pipe in peace after his usual evening quarrel with his wife. But his son Micky was rather of a commercial turn of mind, forever amazing his father and mother with his conversation regarding figures of high degree; he seemed to know the names of all the people of the country who were worth a million dollars; and when his father or mother was not giving Micky a whipping they were wondering what kind of a man he would make. Between themselves they had a sort of awe for the figure-smartness of their only boy.

A foreshadowing incident of Micky's future occurred when he was nine years of age. The Democratic County Convention was to meet in Utica, and Micky thought it was the occasion for him to make money. It was the first time that any large delegation of men had met in the village since he lived there, and it was the talk among the boys as much as it would be with the young people of New York City, Chicago, or London if two or three hundred thousand strangers were going to assemble with them at one time.

Micky had earned sixty cents the month before, and thought he would go into some commercial enterprise for gain; and at last, without consulting any one, he decided on the lemonade business. So, borrowing a crock and ladle, a table and table-cover, and a dozen tumblers, and investing his sixty cents in lemons and sugar, he was up bright and early and ready at the corner of the main street waiting for the convention to meet.

The assembly occupied the concert hall near the lemonade stand, and the members passed backward and

forward, but for several hours Micky did not have a single customer. His only admirers and would-be tipplers were about forty penniless boys and girls who crowded around his stand, looking upon him with envy and awe. Not a single one of them could raise five cents to buy a drink. About four o'clock in the afternoon Micky was becoming very much discouraged, and about to give up in despair and throw his lemonade into the gutter or divide it up among his young fellow-townsmen, when at that hour a company of nine men from the convention passed by. Seeing a lemonade stand, they made some bantering remarks about lemonade, with the result that a glass was passed to each one of the nine, thus bringing to Micky's cash box forty-five cents. That was the only sale he made during the entire day, and when the evening came and the convention departed the discouraged boy was fifteen cents the loser by his investment; he was able, however, to sell back to the groceryman the remaining uncut lemons for sixteen cents, and was one cent ahead for a hard and anxious day's toil.

That night when Micky's father came home and heard of the business venture, he gave him a good whipping and a lecture, and charged him never again to bring disgrace upon a respectable Irish family by selling lemonade at a Democratic convention. If he wanted to sell lemonade and make money, he ought to wait until the Prohibition Party should hold their meeting in the town, and then he might have some chance of doing business, without aspersing a great political party, as in this present case. For three long weeks Micky nursed his wrath and disappointment, vowing he never would be a Democrat; and accordingly he was lost to that party forever.

At the end of the three weeks the Prohibition Convention met in Utica. Micky had been maturing his plans regarding it for some time, and determined to

profit by his father's politico-commercial suggestion and again embark in the lemonade business. With the sixty-one cents he had left from his first venture and \$2 that he borrowed from his mother he commenced on the night before the convention to carry out his well and secretly deliberated plans. He went around to the twelve grocery stores in the village, and found that in the whole place there were exactly one hundred and ninety-eight lemons. After this canvass he returned home, obtained a basket, and went around and bought up every lemon in the village at one cent each, thus fixing it so there would be no opposition from the other boys who had been talking over the same idea of selling lemonade.

Bright and early the next morning he was at the accustomed corner with his lemonade crock. Prohibition customer after customer came, and by noon he had sold over fifty glasses of lemonade at five cents each. His young friends, seeing his success, had been doing their best to buy lemons in the village, but not a single one could be obtained. Micky overheard one of the boys say he was going to walk down to the village of Dover, three miles distant, and buy some lemons there. Micky's sister Sally was standing by, and after the boys had started, Micky hailed a passing wagon going in the direction of Dover, and told the driver he would give him a glass of lemonade if he would let his sister ride down quickly to that village. Micky was successful in the negotiation, and furnished Sally with sufficient money to buy out the entire stock of lemons of the whole town of Dover, which she did, amassing fifty-two lemons, all that were in the place; then she walked back, as Micky had not said she could use any of the money for a return ride. The disappointed boys on their arrival at the village wanted to mob Micky when they found out what he had done, but he told them "he'd break der heads if dey fooled wid him."

At three o'clock in the afternoon Micky paid his mother back her \$2, and at the end of the day had \$11.15 from the sale of lemonade, and seventy-two lemons left, which he induced the grocery men to take back at the price he paid, as there was not a lemon left in the stores, and a considerable demand.

Sally, who had been helping Micky all day, buying sugar, carrying water, and other sorts of work, was delighted at the rushing business, but in the evening, when she found that her brother had made so much money, she demanded a dollar to buy a doll. Micky almost fainted and looked at her in perfect astonishment, and said he would do nothing of the kind, and upbraided her for such high and extravagant notions. Then Sally flew into a mad fit and threatened all sorts of things, and Micky, to make it all right, offered her ten cents, which she would not take, and she commenced to cry and called him mean and stingy. She said she wanted a dollar or nothing, as she had helped him all day and walked back from Dover through the heat, and he ought to give her a dollar for the doll. But Micky to stop her crying offered her twelve cents, and at last raised the amount to fifteen, saying he would not give a cent more, and placed it in her hand much against her will.

Sally was mad, and in anger threw the whole fifteen cents at him with all her strength. The pennies scattered over the grass in every direction. Micky spent nearly forty minutes hunting for them, and by the time it grew dark had found all but one. The next morning he was up before four o'clock and hunted an hour and ten minutes for that one cent, at last finding it over near the fence corner. When Micky's mother heard of his treatment of his sister she gave a sigh, and said it was "jist loike all the men folk's treatment uv der wimmen folks" and that Micky was stingy and mean enough to get to be a rich man.

Micky's mercantile fame spread throughout the village, not only among the children, but the grown people, and one gentleman met him on the street and said to him that he had heard he had made a "corner" on lemons. Micky disclaimed all knowledge of any real-estate transaction or of having any corner lots, and did not understand the word "corner," but gradually it entered his head that a "corner" among business men meant a man's buying up everything of one particular line of goods, so that no person else could buy any of the same kind, except by coming to him for it.

At the end of that year Micky's father died, and Mrs. Flynn moved, with her two children, to Cincinnati, where her widowed sister was residing, and settling in that humble portion of the city called Bucktown, she started in at washing to earn a living for her little family.

CHAPTER II.

FRED SCHMIDT.

FRED SCHMIDT lived on the outskirts of the village of Lotus, near Springfield, O., where he was born on the 29th day of February, at three o'clock A.M.

Summer-time had come; schooldays were over, and Fred was asked by Mrs. Carleton, of the village, if he would look after her horse while she and her maiden daughter were away for the months of July and August. Fred answered "yes" so promptly that it almost startled the good old lady.

The horse, whose name was Jupiter, was nothing to brag of for style, speed, or age. He was blind in one eye and could not see out of the other. He was at least twenty-two years old, but still had ambition and strength to keep up his old jog-trot that for the last ten years was as steady and as measured and as rickety as the strokes of the old ramshackle pump that day and night raised water at the railroad station.

Mrs. Carleton's ancient victoria was a match for the ancient horse; the antique, rusty harness was a match for the ancient victoria; Mrs. Carleton and her daughter were a match for the rest of the ancient outfit; and her old and faithful man-servant, when seated on the

box and driving, completed a picture that would have been a lingering dream for the world's most talented caricaturist.

Mrs. Carleton told Fred that for his pay for looking after her stable she would give him the pleasure of exercising the horse every day with the exception of Sunday. She was a strict Presbyterian, and had never been known to ride on the Sabbath. The horse knew when the Lord's day morning arrived as well as Mrs. Carleton herself, as he had never been known to see the outside of the stable on Sunday since he was two years old, when he entered the service of the now lamented Hon. Jeremiah Carleton, who once represented the Lotus district in Congress.

Fred waited at the depot for the family to arrive in the victoria. He saw them all depart, and received the key to the barn from the ancient man-servant as the train was moving toward the far-off seashore.

Fred drove the victoria back to the deserted homestead, locked the establishment in the stable, and then climbed up in one of Mrs. Carleton's apple-trees to meditate on the great responsibility that had been so suddenly thrust upon him.

Hay, oats, and corn for Jupiter's maintenance had been provided by Mrs. Carleton, and were safe in the barn. The only other necessity Fred could now think of was water, so he slid down from the tree, went to the cistern and satisfied himself entirely on that point, for it was nearly filled to the top.

Climbing again into the tree, he hid himself among the leaves, and first eating one of Mrs. Carleton's green apples, he next continued his meditations on his summer's future, and when two hours had thus passed he had mapped out his vacation's course and came down from the upper branches to the ground.

He had been told by Mrs. Carleton that for his pay he could exercise the horse. He had argued to himself

that as no particular style of exercising had been mentioned, he certainly was at liberty to arrange that little matter to suit himself. He never before had had at his own individual disposal the whole of a real live horse, and such an opportunity might never come again. He determined to make some money and to start an express and passenger line from Lotus down to Springfield, which was four miles distant; and for that purpose he would utilize Mrs. Carleton's two-seated spring wagon, that was seldom used, and was standing in good condition in the barn.

Fred wasted no time in the matter, and by two o'clock that afternoon had painted on cardboards and posted along the route twenty notices, as follows:

FreD SchMiDt
wiLl RuN aN
eXpreSs, paSSenGeR AnD PacKaGe buSineSs
frOm
LotUs to SpriNgFieLd
eVerY MorNinG & AfteRnOoN
FarE 10 ceNtS PacKaGeS 25 CenTs

The first three days Fred made his two daily trips to Springfield and back without a single passenger or a package, but he went regularly through the form as faithfully as any stage or mail line in the mountains of the far West. On the fourth day he had one customer—a stranger—who desired to ride down to Springfield. At the end of the journey he refused to pay the ten-cent fare demanded, which resulted in Fred getting mad, calling a policeman, and having the man arrested. The particulars of the arrest were mentioned in the next morning's paper, and proved a good advertisement for Fred's express line, which resulted in his obtaining passengers and packages to carry backward

and forward, and at the end of July he had made and saved \$27.60.

On the first Sunday morning Fred went as usual to the stable to harness the horse for the day's business, but Jupiter would not budge an inch. Fred coaxed him, and pushed him, and then used the whip, but to no purpose, for the old "steed" proved faithful to his religious training, and gave Fred most unmistakably to understand that he was a Presbyterian horse and observed the Fourth Commandment. So the stage line had to be abandoned on Sundays, which gave Fred time to count and recount the money he was accumulating.

Business increased during August, and by the 21st he had added \$40.10 to his earnings, making a total of \$67.70 on hand.

On the last-mentioned morning Fred was thrown into a state of consternation by seeing a rival express line started by that same stranger whom he had had arrested for not paying his fare. The newcomer cut the rates to five cents for passengers and ten cents for packages, and announced four trips per day, instead of Fred's two.

Fred immediately reduced his price to correspond with the opposition, and at four o'clock met the stranger in Lotus as he was ending his third trip. He called Fred to one side and told him confidentially that he was going to reduce the fare the next day to three cents and packages to five, but that if Fred would buy his horse and wagon for \$75, he would quit the business and leave the field free and clear to the old line.

It was a fine horse and wagon, and Fred saw that it was cheap at the price, and offered \$67, which was about all his accumulated capital. The purchase was made, the money paid, and Fred, after putting Mrs. Carleton's horse and wagon in the stable, started on his regular trip to Springfield in his new rig. He was

the happiest and proudest fellow in Ohio. He mused to himself that he owned the whole "bloomin' outfit," and commenced to dream of making hundreds of dollars in the express business, and by the time he had reached Springfield he had in his fancy worked his future business up to that point where he had an imaginary \$1000 in bank; but unfortunately for Fred, at that particular point in his dreamings he was arrested for having a stolen horse and wagon in his possession.

The judge heard the prisoner's story, but discharged him from custody, as the owner of the stolen property withdrew his complaint, being satisfied to get back his property.

The thief was never found. Fred walked back to Lotus with a boy's tear in his eye. He was as thoroughly mad as a boy of nine years could be; he had worked nearly two months exercising Mrs. Carleton's horse; he had made about \$68; he had been swindled out of it all, except \$1, and now he was walking home through the dust over the road he had many times ridden without a passenger. By the time he had reached Lotus he had made up his mind to spend the balance of his life in hunting for that swindler, and when found to kill him on the spot; and in order to do so, he would buy a pistol with his remaining money, which he did.

His misery was augmented on his arrival home to find that Mrs. Carleton had suddenly returned, and on sight of Fred she gave him a good sound scolding, and wanted to have him arrested for using her poor, dear old horse Jupiter and her wagon for an express business. Just to think, said she to a neighbor, that Jupiter, behind whom had ridden her lamented illustrious husband, who represented the county in Congress—to think that such an honored horse should be subjected to such dishonorable plebeian uses!

Fred stood in disgrace. On the fourth day, when his mother had scolded him for the twenty-seventh time, he could stand it no longer; and, taking his newly acquired pistol with him, he ran away from home, going all the way to Cincinnati on foot, where at the end of two weeks his poor, distracted mother found him.

She felt that her family was in irredeemable disgrace in the village of Lotus; and, liking Cincinnati better, she concluded to move there and live with this runaway boy, her only child; and, taking up her former profession of washing clothes, she settled in Bucktown in the Queen City, sending Fred to the public schools.

CHAPTER III.

SAM FORBES.

SAM FORBES was born in Ohio, February 29, at three o'clock A.M., in the village of Rouseville, situated on the banks of the Ohio River, near Maysville, Ky. The boys of the place considered themselves rich if they could ever manage to accumulate and have on hand at one and the same time as much as two cents; but when Sam was nine years old he broke the village record by gathering into his possession the sum of nine cents, thus winning no small fame among his comrades as a capitalist.

He chanced at that time to overhear a conversation between two farmers to the effect that during that season nearly every man in the county was going to try the experiment of raising hops, as the soil and climate had been pronounced adapted for their production. Sam had never seen hops grow, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he asked his mother about it, who explained all the particulars she knew regarding the subject. Sam had the habit of never forgetting anything he ever heard, and when his mother had finished, her information was securely and forever fastened somewhere in his brain, but without any

thought on his part that he would ever be able to make use of what he had heard.

But the next day, while playing with a crowd of boys at the river bank, he saw floating down-stream a vast quantity of hoop-poles, that had been lost from a flat-boat, which had sunk forty miles above. There was such a quantity of them that they immediately attracted Sam's attention, and he happened to remember his mother had said that hops had to twine or grow around poles that were stuck in the ground, same as bean poles; so immediately taking one of the many skiffs that were drawn up on the river bank, he rowed out and gathered sixty-three poles, and then called to the other nine boys that if they would try their hand at it, he would give them one cent a hundred for all they could save. Knowing Sam was a capitalist and could make his word good, the entire nine boys in their respective confiscated skiffs were almost immediately out in the current gathering poles. Each one succeeded in securing his hundred and then claimed the penny; but Sam refused to pay out the cash until they carried their piles of poles up and into the cellar of his house, which they did, consuming the best part of the afternoon. When Sam had time to count the pile he figured up nine hundred and sixty-three poles, and thus his entire capital of nine cents was invested in the lucky find from the river.

A month later the hop-growing season commenced, and Sam had no difficulty in selling to the townspeople the poles at two cents each, delivered. He hired the boys to carry the poles to different places at the rate of one cent for twenty poles, and when he had them all sold and delivered, he found he had on hand \$18.88, making a net gain of \$18.79 on his investment of nine cents, which he figured out was $23.487\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. profit; and as he was not versed in business affairs, he did not think much about it, as he had an idea that such a

percentage of profit was an every-day occurrence with men of money.

It would be an interesting book if everything were recorded in it that passed through Sam's head as to what he would do with that \$18.88, but the climax would be reached when the reader learned that Sam's final conclusion as to the disposition of the entire amount was in the building of a flying machine of his own invention.

Sam's father was dead; he had worked in the village machine-shop as draughtsman and pattern-maker; he was always inventing something, which was the main and natural reason why he was poor. Sam inherited an inventive disposition. By the time he was six years old he had dug a trench and turned some of the water in the brook up between the hills down onto the little farm that was on the outskirts of the village, where his widowed mother lived. The water from the trench turned a wheel, that churned the surplus milk from the eight cows that helped to make a living for the widow and her three children. Sam thus saved himself the drudgery of churning, and consequently had more time to whittle sticks, which was his favorite pastime.

They owned a balky horse that Sam drove in delivering milk at the village, and at the age of seven the boy gained great notoriety by his invention of a means to make the balky horse go. His invention was nothing more or less than not giving the horse anything to eat before starting on the morning and evening milk trips, and then, after hitching the horse to the milk wagon, suspending over the horse's head a measure of oats twelve inches in advance of his mouth, thus causing the animal to have a continual prompting to go forward-marching, in order to get something to satisfy his hunger.

Naturally, his next invention was a means to prevent the horse from always moving on or running away

when Sam desired to stop at the homes of his customers, which simple invention consisted of a short strap with a snapper at each end—one snapper for a ring attached by a strap to the hoof of the horse's hind leg, and the other to a ring fastened on the forward wheel of the milk wagon.

His third invention, at the age of eight, made him famous, and exalted him among the boys. He utilized the sun-dial in his front yard by attaching to it a focusing glass to fire off, at exactly nine minutes to twelve o'clock, a cannon he had improvised out of an old pistol barrel, and almost every boy in the town, wherever he happened to be at the time playing hookey from school, would spend about half an hour as noon-time approached in almost breathlessly waiting for Sam's signal to tell it was time to go home to dinner.

Sam, in his spirit of investigation, had raised himself above every other boy in the village by successfully putting his mother's clock together in good running order, whereas the other boys had made dire failures and received the usual thrashing before their parents sent for the clock-maker.

But the reputation of Sam as an inventor was "above ninety in the shade" on the subject of kites. He had made and flown all the usual shapes of small, flat kites until he was tired of them. He then conceived of larger ideas, and made a kite twenty-one feet high, which thirty boys out in the fields raised to a height of three hundred feet by the assistance of thirty-two clothes-lines purloined from their mothers' back yards. They used a heavy step-ladder and fifty pounds of wooden kitchen chairs for a kite tail, all of which became a complete wreck when the clothes-line broke and the kite had a fall. The boys each received a flogging and were in disgrace, especially Sam, who was named as the ringleader; but while in disgrace he conceived the idea of redeeming his lost reputation, and

his mind began to soar amidst the altitudes where his kites formerly floated at their highest. He departed from the usual style of kites, and out of tissue-paper made one in the shape of a box, which took to the breeze in graceful pose. He then made out of tissue-paper a hollow swan six feet long, and it sailed up in the air to the astonishment of the whole town. Then he made a huge tissue-paper whale with red, white, and blue stripes, that he attached to a heavy cord in the usual kite fashion and sent it up on the Fourth of July to the delight of the entire populace. These, with fifty other kites of different shapes, gave him great local fame; but he came near being arrested when he induced a small boy to risk his life in making an ascent in one of his box kites built on a gigantic scale. The town constable pulled the child out just as the kite was rising from the ground.

But Sam's career as an inventor in Rouseville came suddenly to an end; his mother's house and barn, which they paid \$200 a year rent for, burned down; the furniture was destroyed, the old horse and eight cows were burned, everything they had was gone, and the little family at midnight stood homeless out in the road. This misfortune resulted in Mrs. Forbes's leaving the town and going down the river to Cincinnati with her family, where her only relative in America lived on the river front, near the water-works at Fulton, and where she and Sam obtained employment in a paper-box factory, jointly earning just enough to keep body and soul together for themselves and the two younger children. The \$18.79 that Sam had made the week before out of the hop poles was all used up in the steamboat tickets and expenses of travel, and thus the construction of Sam's great flying machine was indefinitely postponed.

But Sam had not been in the Cincinnati paper-box factory six months before he suggested to the foreman

eight labor-saving machines, all of which were patented by the firm and no credit or additional wages given to the nine-year-old boy, who was in entire ignorance of the fact that he was entitled by law to a handsome compensation.

CHAPTER IV.

ED WEBSTER.

ED WEBSTER was a lad of nine years, and lived in the city of Cincinnati, O., where he was born on February 29 at three o'clock A.M. His mother was poor, and consequently their home was not on a particularly attractive street. She was ever happy in the thought that her son and only child was a descendant, on his mother's side, of one of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims; and she herself was proud to say that she was born in Boston, and that her father and grandfather had both been judges of the Supreme Court. Her husband was dead, and left nothing except his name and ancestral pride, being a member of the Society of Cincinnati, a Confederate colonel, and a native Virginian.

Ed's mother's heart was more than proud on account of her boy's precocity, especially in the direction of books. He was never known to earn a cent or bring a penny into the home, and would do nothing but read, read, read. When he was seven he found his grandfather's Latin grammar and studied it without the aid of a teacher. He seemed to be bright in all his books, but was especially so in grammar, being head of the

class, never missed a word in spelling, and was first boy for gentlemanly conduct. The best part of his life outside of school hours was spent in Squire Marchant's diminutive law office, where was a copy of the Statutes of the State of Ohio and other law books, and he read case after case with the same devouring eagerness as the other boys of the neighborhood ate their buckwheat cakes and syrup for breakfast. All the time he could spare from reading was devoted to listening to legal quibbles and quarrels that were constantly being brought before the squire for adjustment. By the time Ed was nine years old he had crude law down to a fine point, and could use all kinds of legal Latin terms and was becoming a seeming prodigy in his neighborhood, where all the boys and girls looked upon him as a wonderfully finished lawyer.

The squire took great interest in Ed, and often conversed with him in the deepest seriousness, and found the lad could give him points in law-book references, as his memory was marvellous. The squire on frequent occasions in open court asked Ed to look up the statute on questions in dispute, which would be done while the squire kept order in the room, and it frequently happened that when the squire would ask for the reference Ed could promptly call it out from memory. One day, much to Ed's gratification, he was called upon for his opinion, which he gave to the audience with a wonderful look of wisdom. His construction of the law always gave satisfaction to every one in the case, excepting, of course, the party on the other side; but the squire had such unbounded confidence in Ed, that in a most autocratic and excited way he would subdue any opposition and uphold Ed, right or wrong, after which the case would proceed.

Squire Marchant's office, nevertheless, was a very popular one among litigants; his adjustment of disputes almost always resulted in complete satisfaction

to both sides, for there was an unusual amount of what the populace called horse sense in his ideas of justice. He did not himself have the law down "extra fine," but his Solomonic decisions were very impressive and convincing. He was also quite a political boss in his ward, consequently no one in the district cared to appeal a case to a higher court for fear of his displeasure. Ed was warmly envied in having the official patronage, friendship, and endorsement of so great a local tyrant.

The squire was on intimate terms with the registry clerk in the great law office of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts; and one day, at the request of Ed's mother, but really on the suggestion of the squire himself, he asked the clerk's good offices in securing a situation for the lad as office boy, thinking it was about time he was bringing a couple of dollars a week into the family treasury.

This respect that the squire had for Ed's smartness was indulged in by other grown-up persons, and became "catching," so that the young gamins of the neighborhood soon imbibed it.

In using the term "gamin" it is with a desire to convey to the reader a full and rightful impression of the boys of that vicinity, for no fellow amounted to much unless he belonged to "de gang." There were several gangs in that section of the city, whose foremost object in federation was to wage warfare upon one another. In fact, it was the principal occupation of the policemen of the district to intimidate the young "rascals" to such a degree that on the mere presence or approach of a "cop" the gang would all stampede; they were afraid, since they well knew that all a policeman had to do was to arrest them on a charge of some kind and they would immediately plead guilty without asking questions, for there was nothing in the nature of a boy's offence for which their

consciences did not continually upbraid them to a greater or less degree.

It happened one afternoon that the gang was playing in Bender's lot, which covered about two acres. It was enclosed by a high board fence, official ingress to which was only through a large gate that was continually kept locked by the owner; the only other modes of entering were by climbing over the high fence or squirming through an aperture made by the removal of a very narrow board. This hole was only large enough for a boy to get through, no policeman ever having succeeded in squeezing in. At first the policemen determined to knock off another board for easy access, but on second thought, and after consultation among themselves, and also upon mature deliberation, they concluded to let it remain just as it was and thereby encourage the youth to go in, for there was no better place in the neighborhood for boys to congregate, and when they were in this enclosed place they were out of mischief elsewhere. So the policemen left the urchins in full possession, and it thus became an ideal city of refuge to which they could flee on all occasions.

Upon this particular afternoon above referred to a quarrel was in progress between "Dutchy" and "Red," two of the gang, in which the whole crowd had taken sides.

"Dutchy" was so called because his face resembled that of a Dutchman, but otherwise he was Irish to the core, including his name, which was Jerry McDugan. "Red's" name was Patsy McGuire, and it is almost needless to add that he received his nickname from the color of his hair, which was about five shades brighter than any other of the many boys in the gang who were similarly embellished.

The object or cause of their quarrel was a meek little white dog that had earned its title for meekness by just

having submitted without resistance to a very rough pulling, jerking, and hauling during the two claimants' struggle to possess him.

Angry words, interspersed with impolite language and blows, had passed between "Dutchy" and "Red;" the thirty other "kids" took sides and entered into the dispute, and the culminating point of aggressive attempts for the dog's possession was just about being reached when the slim, nine-year-old body of Ed Webster was seen to slip through the fence hole and approach the disputants.

Barney Higgins was the first to see him; he cried out for the crowd to stop fussing and "let de approachin' lawyer decide de case." All agreed to the proposal. As Ed neared them the quarrelling ceased and all eyes turned in his direction, for every one of them had respect for the little fellow, as he was their superior in every way excepting as to strength and size. He had no muscle at all, and there was not a boy in the crowd but knew that he could "lick" Ed with one hand; yet no one had ever had a quarrel or even a desire for hard feelings against him.

Barney told Ed that "de gang wanted him ter settle der bloomin' fuss."

Ed was listening to the case with the deepest attention when the talker's statement was refuted by several others, and in a minute more all was confusion; every one was talking at once, giving his respective story. Words ran high and loud, and a pitched battle was almost on hand when Ed raised both hands and asked for silence. It took a minute for the quarrelling to subside sufficiently for Ed to be heard, and then he addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, if you desire me to help you settle this case, you must be orderly and do things in a legal and lawful manner. In that case I will be happy to assist you in adjusting the difficulty, but you must consent

to act like law-abiding citizens." Barney spoke for the crowd and said: "All right, go on wid der racket in yer own way;" and they all agreed, as Barney insisted, upon having "de law take its course."

The boys, at Ed's request, then brought a large empty mortar box to the centre of the lot, where they turned it upside down. Ed mounted it and sat on it on an inverted soap box, and when all was adjusted he asked the whole crowd to sit down on the ground in front of him. After they were all seated he slowly said:

"Gentlemen, if you want the law to be enforced, it will be necessary to appoint a sheriff to take charge of the dog—the property in dispute. The sheriff must be a man who will obey the law and turn the dog over to whomsoever this court decides it belongs. In the next place, I will state that there is no use having a sheriff unless the majority of you, as honorable citizens, have a profound respect for the sheriff's high office, and back him up or stand by him when he starts to obey the order of the court." Then he asked the audience if they would consent to such arrangements and stand by the sheriff; all agreed, and then he asked them to elect a sheriff.

One of the boys proposed the name of "Jack" Sullivan, the largest boy in the gang, because he "could lick any feller in de crowd what would interfere wid him;" but Ed from his bench told them "that that would not be respect for the law, it would only be respect for the great strength of 'Jack' Sullivan, but that if they wanted to really be honorable citizens, they should elect some boy who was small, and thus prove that they were all gentlemen by respecting a sheriff who was under their size."

The new proposition was received with great apparent earnest favor, but secretly in some of their hearts they approved of it because their highest ideal was to have just such a sheriff or a policeman whom they

could overpower if occasion came. It was part of their education to long for such a Utopia. They agreed to respect the sheriff's office, and elected Matthew Arnold, a little fellow of the gang, who, on being instructed, went over, took possession of the dog, brought it back to the mortar box, and sat down with the animal on his lap near the feet of the judge.

Ed next asked the boys "to appoint three court officers to maintain order during the trial," which was done. "Jack" Sullivan, the mighty, was the first one named, then two others of the larger boys, and then all three came and sat on the edge of the box to be near the court. When all was arranged Ed said:

"Gentlemen, the proper thing to do now would be to choose a jury; but as every one present is prejudiced and has taken positive sides in the matter, the case will have to be decided in the manner of a 'reference.' I shall have to be the referee and not a judge on this occasion, so I will ask for testimony, and will first call upon 'Dutchy' to give his side of the case."

"Dutchy" stood up to tell his story, and had not said ten words before "Red" called out that it was a lie.

Ed stopped the proceedings and calmly told "Red" that he must keep quiet and let "Dutchy" finish, and demanded of the court officers that they must keep order.

When "Dutchy" had finished Ed then called upon "Red" to give his version of the affair, which he did.

Then Ed asked "Dutchy" to state whom he wanted for his first witness; a boy was named and called upon for his testimony, which was given. Then Ed asked "Red" to also name his first witness, which was done, and his story was heard.

The court officers upon two or three occasions had to suppress would-be interrupters; but take it altogether (for such an unusually uncontrollable crowd)

they behaved themselves orderly, much more so on an average than they did at school.

Ed then gave every boy in his turn an opportunity to tell his view of the case; he positively insisted that no one should be interrupted; and when all were through, Ed, finding the testimony so conflicting, asked time for reflection, and it was five minutes before he again spoke. The boys sat orderly and in silence awaiting the referee's decision as to whether the sheriff should deliver the dog to "Dutchy" or "Red."

At last Ed broke the silence and said: "Gentlemen, the testimony is so much at variance that I as referee am at a loss how to decide, but I have concluded to settle the question not by a rule of jurisprudence, but by one of prudence." These two words created a most profound impression on the boys. They did not know their meaning, but concluded they must be Latin or Greek and something very severe, or else Ed would not have used them.

Ed then asked all the boys to arise, and for those who thought the dog belonged to "Dutchy" to stand on the right hand and those who favored "Red" to stand on the left. The division was about even.

Ed next directed the three court officers to stand in front of him between the two factions, and that the sheriff holding the dog by the collar should stoop down in front of them.

Ed then sent "Dutchy" and "Red" fifty feet to the front of each of their respective adherents.

When all was arranged Ed in a loud voice directed that both "Dutchy" and "Red" should call in a kindly tone for the dog to come to them, which they did in their most coaxing voice, and when the sheriff, at Ed's command, let the dog go, the little creature with a whinny and a wagging of the tail and a happy bark frisked off as fast as his little legs would carry him direct to "Red" and jumped up in his arms and tried

to kiss his face, while "Dutchy," mad as a hornet, rushed over to "Red" to seize the dog; but the crowd hilariously yelled and with one voice cried out, "It's 'Red's' dog, it's 'Red's'!" and then "Dutchy" left the field crestfallen, and "Red" triumphantly carried the dog away.

CHAPTER V.

FLYNN & SCHMIDT.

EVERYBODY has heard of the great "Kite Trust." The company originally consisted of Micky Flynn and Fred Schmidt, and was organized in the city of Cincinnati, in the cellar under the cottage of Widow Flynn, which sheltered herself and two children—Micky and Sally.

Mrs. Flynn took in washing for a living. She was a devout Catholic, and was respected by her neighbors as a hard-working woman who wanted to pay for what she bought and live at peace with all the world. Her daily household affairs and duties were as regular as the clock itself, but if there was one thing attended to more faithfully than another, it was her prompt arrival, rain or shine, every morning at the five o'clock mass, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, day after day as the years rolled by. She had one longing wish, which was to give "both the childer a dacent education."

Micky was listless at school in every study excepting arithmetic, and he much desired to work and earn money; but as he was only ten, his mother compelled him to go to school, in spite of his regular morning, noon, and evening protest. Sally was more willing to learn. In fact, she was eager to study, and was bright

and at the head of the class in almost everything. Tidy in her appearance, her habits in this respect were a terror to Micky, who was forever being nagged by her for his tramp-like clothes, uncombed hair, and muddy, bare feet.

The day of the organization of the kite firm is one long to be remembered in the annals of Bucktown Hill. It was in March, yet the Fourth of July was coming, and Micky and Fred put their heads together as to how they could raise and save money to have on hand for the national celebration. They wanted a pistol, a cannon, some powder, ten packs of fire-crackers, and a few pin-wheels and Roman candles for the night show, all of which they figured would cost \$3.80. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and that suggested kites; so after considerable planning they concluded to make and sell kites, and then they went down into Micky's cellar to talk the matter over secretly.

Their combined capital was eight cents, of which Micky had six and Fred two. But when the subject of "division of profits" was discussed, the future great Kite Trust was in the gravest danger. Indeed, it came near never having any existence at all, as Micky insisted that he, having six cents and furnishing the cellar free of rent, while Fred only had two cents, should have three-fourths of the profits and Fred only one-fourth. Fred insisted on a "square game," and wanted half. A regular free fight ensued, and there is no telling what might have happened if Mrs. Flynn had not "taken a hand" and thrashed both boys soundly for raising a row in her cellar.

In the afternoon the boys "made up" and tried to talk on the subject of kites calmly and dispassionately. After half an hour of argument there was almost another explosion, but peace finally prevailed, for Micky, true to his grasping nature, had succeeded in convincing Fred for various reasons that he (Micky) ought

to have the larger share. Finally the proportion of interest in the firm was arranged to be nine-sixteenths for Micky and seven-sixteenths for Fred. On that basis of a division of profits was the firm of Flynn & Schmidt founded, the partners then leaving the cellar and going out to invest their capital in material suitable for the business.

When they reached the street they met Ed Webster, who lived in the neighborhood and was one of their "crowd," and who was looked upon by all the rest of the boys with awe on account of his knowing Greek and Latin, and also because he was earning \$2 a week as sweep and office boy in the great law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts.

The "Bucktown gang," of which all three boys were members, was not exactly agreeable to Ed Webster as companions, because they were rough and boisterous, while he was of a quiet and thoughtful disposition, and had very little to say on boys' subjects; but seemed, as the Bucktown crowd said, "always to be thinkin' whenever he wasn't readin' or talkin' law." He was a member of the gang from force of circumstances, as he lived in the neighborhood and there were no other boys to play with. He was so frail and such a little mite of a fellow that all the rest of the crowd seemed individually his protectors, and no one dared touch or hurt him without earning the wrath and indignation of the others. So with his little slim body of only eleven years' growth, and his big head, pale face, deep, piercing, black eyes, heavy black eyebrows, neat-fitting but faded knickerbockers, and patched but always polished shoes, he would come silently among them and say wise things and use such big words and legal expressions that they wondered how he could know so much. All this, with his connection with the great law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, made his opinion and companionship of wonderful value.

Micky and Fred confided to Ed their thoughts about their new kite business, whereupon Ed asked them in a most serious and professional manner if they had drawn up and signed the proper partnership papers. They both professed entire ignorance of what partnership papers were; whereupon Ed explained the necessity among business firms of having written and signed agreements, so there could be no subsequent misunderstandings and fussings, as nine-tenths of all the disputes and law suits in the courts were caused by people not having proper and written understandings before they entered into business transactions.

Both Micky and Fred protested that there would be no misunderstandings or fussing between them, as they "was on de square wid one another," and explained that they had settled the ratio of profits at nine and seven-sixteenths. Ed then asked Micky if he was aware that there was a rule in law that partners were compelled to share for losses in the same proportion that they were to share profits, but Micky insisted "there wasn't to be no losses." Ed then asked them if they had agreed to the kind of work each was to do, as to who was to do the buying or selling or manufacturing, and who was to hold the money and pay the bills, and how long the partnership was to last, and such things as that. This kind of suggestion was a bombshell in the camp, and in less than a minute Micky and Fred were quarrelling as to who should hold the money.

After half an hour's wrangling and almost a fight it was decided that Ed was right, and partnership papers should be drawn up and signed, and Ed was asked to prepare the documents. Ed said he would do it for a fee of five cents. This was a sad blow to the partners, whose capital was only eight cents. They saw, however, the necessity of the papers, but felt the

burden of contracting a debt for more than half of their funds.

Micky, who was never known to part with a penny willingly, commenced in a coaxing way to ask Ed to do it for nothing, but Ed insisted that it would not be professional to do it for nothing; he must insist on the five cents named as the fee, and they must leave it to him as to whether he would insist on their paying the bill if they made no money. Micky then asked him if he would not take his pay in kites or an interest in the business. Ed said no, that he would have to follow the example of his firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, who never took from their clients merchandise or interests in patents or real estate, etc. The law firm always insisted on "cold cash," for they would never allow themselves to be drawn into business enterprises, as it distracted their attention from their regular profession. Ed insisted that he had no use for kites, and would not go into business with them, as he wanted to be a lawyer of high standing, and must insist on profiting by the example of his illustrious employers. He must have his bill paid in money when it was paid. He said that Lincoln, Seward & Evarts did not present bills to some of their clients for a year or more, and he would not bring in his bill until that length of time if they preferred it. Micky said "he didn't want to run up no bills wid any one," and then in a patronizing tone said that if Ed would not charge for drawing up the papers, he would let him kiss his sister Sally for a month "widout interferen'."

Micky had touched a tender chord in Ed's nature, and his little white cheeks and face turned red with blushing. Ed thought Sally was the smartest girl in the world, and Sally thought Ed was the smartest boy in the world. Micky had kept his eyes open and knew what was what, and so for the sake of saving a penny or two, he, like many older persons, was perfectly

willing to sacrifice all of his relations to carry out his plans; but Ed, remembering the dignity of the profession he aspired to, and the disgrace such a transaction would bring to the legal fraternity, and especially to the great firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, of which he was now office boy, straightened up and said he did not want to kiss Sally, and insisted on five cents as being the amount to be paid for his professional services.

Micky proposed several other plans, but had at last to give in, as his partner Fred concluded it best to have regular papers drawn up, and it was agreed to pay the charge out of the profits of the concern for the first month at the end of the month, and if there were no profits, then there was to be no immediate collection of the bill. Ed consented to that, but after considerable talking Micky had him agree that the five cents to be paid at the end of the month was to include any additional legal services wanted during the month; and then the whole of that afternoon and evening was consumed in writing, rewriting, changing, and altering the duties and responsibilities of each partner; but at last, after much fussing and almost fighting on the part of Micky and Fred and the frequent threatenings of Mrs. Flynn to come downstairs and turn the boys out if they did not make less noise and stop quarrelling, Ed finally had the papers written out on manila wrapping paper in satisfactory shape. The boys both signed them, Sally coming down and witnessing it. It was agreed by all parties, at Ed's suggestion, that there should be two papers signed, of which Sally should be the custodian or holder, and then all went home happy, but not before Micky insisted on Ed's drawing up and signing a paper explaining about the lawyer's fee of five cents for the entire month's advice and services.

If it had not been for this partnership agreement, the firm would not have lasted two days, for every time

a quarrel was threatened they would go to Sally and ask for the papers, each taking one, and reading in unison to see who was wrong; and as Fred was somewhat in love with Sally, all would end peacefully, especially as Mrs. Flynn, who knew of the written contract, threatened to give Micky "a lickin'" if he did not do right and stand by his agreement. Sally would read the papers over three or four times a day just to admire Ed's neat handwriting, and at the end of the week told her mother that he must be awful smart in writing law, for there had not come up a single point of difference between the two partners that had not been foreseen by a clause in the agreement to meet it.

CHAPTER VI.

KITES.

THERE was never a Thursday ushered in with more at stake to the entire commercial world than that lovely March day in the city of Cincinnati when Micky and Fred, at six A.M., met to arrange for the investment of the entire capital of the firm of Flynn & Schmidt.

Perhaps every one who reads this has not been instructed in the mysteries and secrets of the kite industry; but be that as it may, there was not a doubt in the minds of Micky and Fred as to their thorough, complete, and masterly knowledge of every detail in kite manufacturing that had ever been invented, known, or published up to that day, hour, and minute.

Micky was up at three o'clock that morning, as he could not sleep. Procuring a piece of brown wrapping paper, he wrote out the following rules, and handed them to Fred upon his arrival. They were read solemnly and in silence.

“Furest—Yez cut 2 longe stikks like these in figur 1 wid a hole or knotch cutt outer de ens, same as der knotch on der cloths line poal, & each one uv der stix der same length as der odder, and den yez cutt anudder shorter stix like figur 2 allso wid knotches cutt outer

each ov der ends. Then yez takes er long pece uv thred and tyes dem altergether, likes in figur 3. Plez



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

notis yez furest tyes ther thread around der stix at der center tite az yer kan and den keeps on wid der same pece uv long tread rite up ter der end uv eny one uv der stixs and slips it in der knotch and den yez keeps rite around wid der same pece of long tread alaround der udder 5 knotches & kum back ter der fuerst knotch & den yer pulls der tread tite az yer kan & keeps rite on wid der same pece uv long tread down ter der centur aggain and tyes der last end uv der tread tite az yer kan,

same as Figur 3, and yer must have der ens uv der stixs all strate an even distance from der centur, an der top and bottum stix even frum der syde stix same as in Figur 3.

“ Den when yez have der frame maid all rite like in figgur 3 den yez lays it down on der tisher paper like in figur 4 & den yez cutts out der paper like der shape uv der dottud lynes like this

..... & then yez puts payste on der edgez uv der kyte shaped tisher paper & den yer putts der kyte fraime on tu der tisher papper aggain & turn der edgez ovur der edg uv der thread & den yez have a kyte made komplette az in figgur 5 wid der stixx onter sight at der back, & den yez take the skraps (which is der

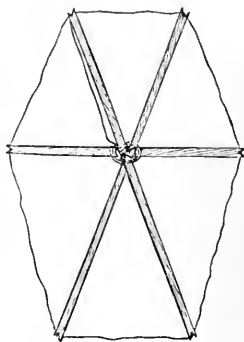


Fig. 3.

shaded parts uv der paper in Figur 4) uv tisher paper that is left or waisted & kuts out wid der scizzors sum

harts & starz & paystes dem on der frunt ov der kyte same as in figur 5 only yez must have a differunt kuller ov tisher paper fur der harts and starz than der kuller uv der kyte so as ter show der differrence uv kuller in der Kontrast uv kullered tisher paper; der starz kan be one kuller, der harts anudder & der kyte anudder kuller.

"We sells der kytes same az in figur 5, but we puts der belly band & der tail string if der kustumers pays 1 sent more fur der kyte same az in figur 6. Der belly band iz der two cross threds tu which yez tye der stryng tu, that yez fly der kyte wid, & wich i have marked A & B, and der tail stryng is marked X & wich iz ter tye der tail tu onter der kyte. D is der stryng & E is der tail. Der last two thyngs D & E we does not sells at all."

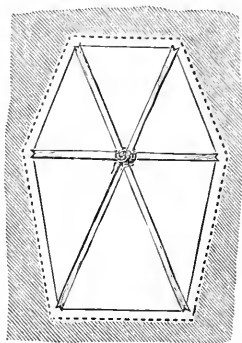


Fig. 4.

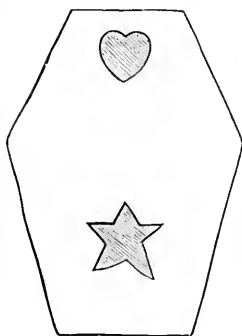


Fig. 5.

When Fred finished reading the above rules he looked very serious and then sat down on the steps and read them again. Handing them back to Micky, he said in a very grave tone "that he approved the whole bloomin' layout." They then proceeded to business.

After wrangling for three-quarters of an hour as to the exact quantity of everything to be purchased, they went to the stationery store, finally agreeing that three cents should be invested in tissue-paper at the usual rate of one cent per sheet of the

standard size of twenty inches wide and thirty inches long. They figured that four kites, each eight by twelve inches, could be cut from a sheet, thus making a total of twelve kites from the three sheets, which at the retail selling price of two cents per kite would produce a total revenue of twenty-four cents.

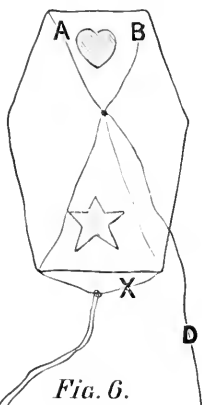


Fig. 6.

This was a very important moment in the kite industry, as it settled the future standard as to size and price. That sum of twenty-four cents was the figure for which they should strive, and for the present it was agreed that it was to be the height of their ambition to make and sell for spot cash twelve kites at two cents each. One sheet each of red, white, and blue tissue was agreed on as the colors that best suited their tastes. Micky at first wanted a sheet of green, while Fred in-

sisted on a sheet of yellow; but it was finally decided to drop all "foreign colors" and stand by Fourth-of-July decorations. Fred suggested that one cent be invested in flour to make paste, but Micky said that that was "a ded waist uv coin," and suggested they should go down to the bakery where their daily bread was bought and ask for the privilege to scrape the insides of the empty flour barrels. This permission they received, and after about two dollars' worth of time was invested in much dusting and turning of the barrels upside down and severe shaking, they succeeded in gathering about two pounds, enough, as they thought, for the season.

The next item was kite sticks, which they set down as not costing them anything, for they went to the carpenter shop, and from among the scraps obtained

a piece of pine board of very straight grain. The final article was thread, almost proving to be the last straw to their cash account. Five cents was all they had left, and it was the exact price demanded at the dry-goods store for a spool. In vain did Micky try to have the price reduced to three cents, and then he raised up to four cents. Then Fred asked if black thread wasn't cheaper, and if the man would not unwind it and sell them half a spool; but "no" was the only answer they received to every inquiry; it was a whole spool or nothing, and five cents was the price. When Micky found there was no use to talk any longer, he was about to hand over the "nickle" when he suddenly conceived of a brilliant idea, and wanted to know of the proprietor if "both uv us boys" couldn't earn the spool of thread by cleaning out the cellar or carrying bundles or something of that kind. The dry-goods man seized upon the opportunity, telling Micky and Fred he would give them the spool of thread if they would clean out the cellar, which they proceeded to do, playing "hookey" from school all morning, and only finishing in time to get home for dinner. Both Micky and Fred felt elated at having saved the price of the thread, because now if the firm "busted," they could pay Ed the five cents they owed him for professional services if he should present the bill.

Both boys went back to school in the afternoon, received with much wailing the teacher's usual thrashing for not being there in the morning, and when they reached home at four thirty P.M. they went to whittling kite sticks with a will, but were unable to finish until bedtime.

The following day, Friday, they finished notching the kite sticks, arranged the framework, and cut the tissue-paper into the proper shape for the twelve kites. Sally cut out for decorative purposes the "hearts and stars" from the scraps or wasted portions of the tissue

sheets, and also boiled the flour for the paste. By nine o'clock that night the twelve kites were finished and ready for the next morning, at which time the two partners were to go off on different routes to sell the kites, each carrying one half dozen.

Saturday was just the day for kites. A stiff breeze was blowing, and the voices of Micky and Fred calling out "Kites for sale, Kites for sale" were heard above the cries of the fruit venders, rag-man, and scissors grinder. Fred sold out his entire six kites and was home by twelve o'clock, but Micky did not get back until five in the afternoon, when he nearly got into a fight with his partner because Sally said that Fred was the better salesman of the two; but they stopped the disputing to give utterance to their joy and satisfaction that they had sold out everything in one day, this proving almost beyond their brightest hopes.

They counted out their money, amounting to twelve cents each, and by the terms of the contract or partnership papers Micky was the treasurer, and Fred handed him his twelve cents, when a solemn silence for five minutes ensued, at the end of which time Fred asked for a division of profits. Fred, who afterward became the great accountant of the "Trust," figured and wrote up the statement as follows:

Capital of firm at commencement of business	8	cents
Less amount paid out for paper.....	3	"
	<hr/>	
Balance of cash left at commencement of business after buying goods.....	5	"
Sale of twelve kites at two cents each.....	24	"
	<hr/>	
Total capital at end of first week's business..	29	"
Less capital invested.....	8	"
	<hr/>	
Total profits end of first week.....	21	"
(Two-thirds spool of thread and some paste on hand.)		

Fred wanted to divide up the profits, or at least have seven cents to spend for himself. Micky attempted to coax him to leave all the money in the firm to increase the business, but Fred referred to the partnership agreement, declaring it read nine-sixteenths for Micky and seven-sixteenths for himself, so he wanted sixteen cents divided up in that proportion and leave the five-cent balance of profits in the concern, thus increasing the cash capital from eight cents to thirteen cents. One word led to another, and before they knew it they were fighting. Mrs. Flynn, however, came out, and finding what was the matter, gave Micky a good flogging for not "doing der strait bizness as der contract agreed." So Micky handed over seven cents and went into the house mad. At the supper table he explained to his mother that he did not want "ter 'do' his pard out uv der money;" what he wanted was for both of them not to spend the money as fast as they could make it, but to keep it in the business for a big capital. After supper he went over and again explained the question to Fred. He told him the object of his solicitude was to have a large capital to work on. He talked about thousands of dollars ahead for them if they would not spend their money, urged him to economize in every form he could, and agreed to resign as treasurer, giving up that place to Fred, or, what might be better, let Sally hold all the money. What he wanted was to make a hundred kites next week, which would require more cash capital than thirteen cents. What was the use of spending the money for candy and tops and such things? He said: "Come, Fred, let us get rich and be merchants by and by, and have a store of our own." Fred objected; but Micky, fearing another "licking" from his mother if he got into another fight, suppressed his temper and talked on and on in a coaxing manner until Fred at last yielded, gave back the money, and went down for Ed

to come and change the agreement, so that they could not spend any of the money until July 3, also arranging for Sally to be treasurer.

Ed altered the papers to suit, and Micky chuckled to himself that the alteration and charge for additional legal services for the month was included in the "five-cents" contract. The money was turned over to Sally, and all went home and to bed the best of friends. As they parted Ed said in a most solemn, professional manner: "Gentlemen, this hour is the turning-point in your business career; the firm of Flynn & Schmidt has come to stay."

CHAPTER VII.

A FAIR BEGINNING.

IF boys were compelled to play ball, they would growl and call it pretty hard work, and likewise if they were ordered to make kites, there would be grumbling and "kicking" *ad infinitum*.

The foreman of any factory where boys worked would have turned green with envy could he have realized the industrious energy of the senior and junior members of the firm of Flynn & Schmidt cutting kite sticks the first three days on the second week of its existence. Every morning at six o'clock until school time, then at the dinner hour, then again from half-past four until six, and lastly from seven until as late as Mrs. Flynn would let them remain, the boys whittled sticks down in the cellar until the pile of splinters would have startled the slumbering liberality of an insurance inspector.

Every night Sally and Ed came down and joined in the conversation, and by the second night Sally had learned to notch the sticks, and "did it first class." For the first time in years she was complimented by Micky, which really made her a little suspicious as to whether he meant it or only wanted to encourage

her to work. Ed never lifted a hand to do a thing; it was not professional, he said to himself. Fancy either member of the great firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts calling on their clients and taking part in the common work of a mechanic. No, indeed! was his secret conclusion. So he simply sat by and talked—talked just as he imagined his illustrious employers would talk, and he confined himself strictly to legal technicalities, and every moment increased the respect of his clients for his wonderful knowledge of the law and Latin, and also doubled and trebled the admiration of Sally at his smartness. He never smiled; it was a serious world to him and he wanted no levity.

By Wednesday evening they had one hundred and twenty kite frames finished, and Thursday and Friday were devoted to purchasing supplies and cutting the tissue-paper and pasting it onto the kite frames and decorating them with hearts and stars. Two more spools of thread had been used and thirty sheets of tissue-paper, for which, by buying by the quire or more, they had to pay only at the rate of half a cent a sheet; and by buying two spools of thread at one time, they had succeeded in getting a reduction of ten per cent., or nine cents for the two spools.

Saturday morning at seven o'clock saw Micky and Fred starting from Bucktown with twenty-four kites each, both agreeing to come back as soon as sold out, and thus a rivalry sprang up as to who would return first. But Micky went away out of humor. Sally had been talking to him all the week about his dirty feet and untidy appearance, wanting him to wear shoes; but Micky would do nothing of the kind, and Sally, after breakfast that morning, had "riled" him by once more nagging him on the subject. He went away, therefore, in no good frame of mind.

It was a bright and windy March day, boys and little children being eager for kites, and by half-past

nine Fred had sold out and was back again for more. Micky did not return until noon, and met Fred coming back from his second trip, having sold a total of sixty kites to Micky's twenty-four. This touched Micky's store of jealousy, and a quarrel ensued as to who was the better salesman. Blows and blood followed, and things would have gone all to pieces if Mrs. Flynn had not sallied forth from the house into the street with a broom and pounded the prostrate bodies of both boys until they were glad to stop.

Micky got the worst of the fight. He was ashamed of his action, and began to realize how foolish it was for "pards ter care who sold der most." So after dinner he hunted up Fred and told him he was sorry, and that Fred was the better salesman of the two, and he did not care who sold the most kites "az long az they waz pards;" and from that moment there was never a jealous feeling between them. Fred recognized that Micky was a hustler for organization and scheming, and was the real boss or "head of the whole racket;" Micky appreciated his partner, and let Fred know that he considered him the best salesman and bookkeeper he ever heard tell of, and from that day on their seeming flattery of one another's ability was earnestly from the heart, and a girdle had been formed that sincerely united them for their giant commercial enterprises of future years.

At two o'clock they started out for a second trip. Micky picked out twenty-four kites and gave the balance, or three dozen, to Fred, and off they went in different directions. Fred returned at half-past five without a single kite left, having sold during the day seventy-two, or six dozen, at two cents each, and had \$1.44 for his day's sales.

Micky did not return until half-past seven. Mrs. Flynn was alarmed, as Fred had had his supper and had come up to hear of Micky's experience. He had

waited nearly an hour. Sally was afraid something had happened, and her eyes were almost full of tears at the memory of how she had nagged Micky and started the day wrong for him. Ed came up, and after learning the cause of their anxiety told them in a most patronizing manner with his little weak yet pleasing voice not to be alarmed, as the city was in a good state of security, the law being upheld on every hand, fewer cases coming before the police courts than for many years past. He begged them to quiet their fears and all would be well.

In the meantime, Micky had had one of the experiences of his life, one that was to affect his whole future; and he always remembered it as a prominent mile-stone in his career.

He had started off in the most prosperous portion of the city, and went from house to house, ringing the door-bells and asking if there were any little boys living there who wanted to buy a kite. Out of about twenty houses he succeeded in selling four kites at the regular price of two cents each. The next house that he applied at was a large, beautiful stone-front mansion, having a hallway in the centre, and with great rooms on either side with plate-glass windows and magnificent lace curtains. It was in the centre of a grand yard, with a handsome stable in the rear. Micky felt sure he could sell a kite here, so with much assurance and in a happy frame of mind he rang the bell. A maid with a kindly face opened the door, and he was about to ask his usual question about kites when lo and behold! his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak, but stood transfixed, for there, behind the maid, looking at him, was a vision such as he had never before beheld. Micky's eyes almost popped out of his head. Could he be dreaming? was his first thought. But no, he was not, it was all real. There in front of him was the most beautiful little

girl of his own age he had ever seen; she was dressed in a perfect maze of pure white lace, covered with spangles and diamonds, all ready to go to an afternoon party, and had come to the door, thinking it was the carriage. Micky tried to speak, but could not. She was his ideal of what he dreamed must be a little angel or a fairy queen. It was half a minute before he knew what he was there for, and at last he gained control of his voice. Presenting a kite with one hand, he was about to ask the usual question when suddenly the little angel face turned to one of anger. He saw the pretty little nose turned upward, and heard her say quickly, sharply, and scornfully: "Git out, you dirty little Irish kid."

If a hundred-ton cannon had been unexpectedly fired off back of him, or if a bullet had struck him, or if anything else dreadfully startling had happened, it would not have surprised or wounded Micky more. When he fully understood what had occurred, he instantly comprehended what she had said, and hastily glancing at his feet and clothes, he realized for the first time in his life that he was dirty. It was an awful contrast. Never before had he thought so many things in the short space of one and one-quarter seconds. He found himself growing warm all over, the deep blush coming to his cheeks, and he knew he was red in the face from his chin to the roots of his hair. He was mortified, embarrassed, and wanted to run, but could not move. At last when he was almost in command of himself and was about to hang down his head and go away, he once more gazed at the vision and saw the girl "make a face," and heard her laugh. It was like an electric shock. His humility turned to anger and his strength all came back; he felt as if he wanted to run in and "smash" her turned-up nose and "sass" her back. This he was about to do when once more he thought of his own uncleanly appearance; involun-

tarily he turned around suddenly and fled from the presence of the vision as if he were followed by a hundred ghosts.

He ran like a deer until he reached the corner and then stopped. He stood in a fearful state of anger for a minute, clinching his fists. With almost white cheeks for five minutes he gazed back at the house with a steady, winkless eyelid, and then, sinking down on the curbstone, he became faint and dizzy. In another minute he was roused from his stupor by the clashing of horses' hoofs. Looking up, he saw the beautiful face of the girl who had just insulted him driving past in a magnificent carriage, the little girl's eyes met his, and he saw her once more turn up her dainty nose and laugh. That again aroused his anger, and he sat there for half an hour nursing his wrath. At last he asked a passing boy the name of the person who lived in the fine house, and was told who it was. He was a great rich merchant. Micky swore in his inmost heart, deliberately vowing that he, too, would be a great and rich merchant, living with his mother in a fine house. He also would have a carriage. His sister should wear beautiful white clothes, and some day he would meet that girl and make her sorry for calling him "a dirty Irish kid." He would do this and do that, but in the meantime another half hour had passed by, no sales of kites being made.

He had been sitting on the curb in front of a grocery, and as he was about to go the groceryman, who was standing in his door, asked him what he was doing with so many kites. Micky replied he was selling them. The man looked at them, noticing that they were large, nice ones, and wanted to know the price. Micky said two cents each. The man offered him a cent apiece for a dozen. Micky said no, two cents each. The man told him he ought to sell them cheaper at wholesale than at retail. Micky then had a long

conversation on the subject of what "wholesale" meant, and in the end saw it was sensible to sell cheaper in large quantities, and at last struck a bargain with the grocer for eighteen cents a dozen, which was twenty-five per cent. discount on his regular retail price, and was a good enough profit, he thought, for the retailer. He also sold the groceryman another dozen at the same price, to be delivered the next Saturday, and went away. He was about to ring another door-bell to sell a single kite when the thought struck him of commencing to be a great merchant right off, and visions of revenge on that rude girl stirred him all up again. Coming off the stoop of the private house without ringing the bell, he started for another grocery, and talked that man into buying four kites at the rate of eighteen cents per dozen, and an agreement for another dozen the next Saturday; so he asked for a piece of wrapping-paper and wrote down on it both the grocers' addresses and entered up the two orders. He then went to the next grocery and sold two more of his kites for cash at wholesale, and took an order for a dozen to be delivered one week hence. That made all his kites sold for cash, excepting two, and he also had orders for three dozen more for future delivery; so he started home.

On the way he passed many more groceries, all being pleased with the sample kites. Before he reached home he had wholesale orders for thirty-one dozen (or three hundred and seventy-two) kites at eighteen cents per dozen, to be delivered the following Saturday. He sold the last two, or sample, kites that he carried in his hand at two cents each, retail price, to a man going home from Market; and tired out and hungry, Micky arrived home at half-past seven and told his anxious friends of his new experience as a wholesale merchant. All were amazed and delighted, Fred insisting that Micky was the better salesman, and Micky claiming that

Fred was the better salesman; but Micky kept the story of the beautiful little girl all to himself. That night his anger softened; he became ashamed of his dirty appearance, and wet his pillow with tears. He made a new resolve to be neat and surprise Sally and his mother, and all that night long he dreamed of a sweet little angel face that kept constantly changing into visions of a hundred varieties of horrid, ugly turned-up noses.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUSINESS BOOMS.

THE Sunday morning sun had not yet risen when Micky awoke from his disturbing dreams. He heard the clock strike three and four and five, and then springing from his bed, proceeded to carry out his determination to be a changed boy.

He built a fire in the kitchen, heated some water, and in one of his mother's tubs took the first voluntary bath of his life. Every other one he had ever submitted to bore recollections of a mother holding him by the ears and hair, and dousing soapsuds into his smarting eyes and protesting mouth. But now he carefully rubbed and scoured, and scoured and rubbed, and enjoyed seeing his body clean. He actually, thinking it was dirt, rubbed at and discovered two or three little moles on his chest and arms that he had never noticed before. Then he cleaned up things around the room, put on his Sunday clothes, and shined his shoes over and over again, until he could almost see his face in them.

His most difficult task was combing his hair into anything like peaceful submission. He brushed and brushed the sides, and wetted the front, and combed and combed the back until it at last seemed to be some-

what conquered. Then he looked at himself in the glass, saying to himself in half mortified and suppressed anger, "I'm a dirty little Irish kid, am I?" He brushed his hat and walked out with the dawning sunlight, sitting down on the wooden stoop to wait for "his pard" to come, which was very soon. Fred hardly knew Micky, and was about to ask the "new feller" sitting there whether Micky was in.

Micky explained to Fred that as they were now going to be merchants and do a wholesale business they must look decent and "paralyze der publick." Fred said he would go home and fix up too, but first he wanted to hand in his second weekly statement of "the biz," that he had made up last night before he went to bed.

*Report of Flynn & Schmidt for the week ending
March 12.*

Amount of capital invested.....			.08
Net cash profits for first week.....			.21
			—
Total cash on hand end of first week.....			.29
<i>Deduct purchases:</i>			
30 sheets tissue-paper at one-half cent per sheet.....		.15	
2 spools thread.....	.10		
Less 10 per cent.....	.01	.09	.24
	—	—	—
Cash on hand after purchases.....			.05
Sold 102 kites at 2 cents.....		\$2.04	
Sold 18 kites at 24 cents per dozen..	.36		
Less 25 per cent.....	.09	.27	\$2.31
	—	—	—
Total cash on hand.....			\$2.36
Less capital invested.....			.08
			—
Total net profits.....			\$2.28

On hand:

One-half spool thread,
some paste,
2 pieces pine board for sticks,
some scraps of tissue-paper.

Micky read the statement and said: "Fred, it's a beaut, but next week we'll break der rekord."

Sally almost fell over backward when she first saw Micky; but recovering herself, said nothing. She went up and gave him a kiss, and said: "Why, Micky, you're the best-looking boy on the hill." In a few minutes more Mrs. Flynn came home from early mass, and when she saw Micky she stopped dead still for ten seconds, almost froze with surprise; but she walked right past him without saying a word, went into the house, and, going up to Sally in great alarm, whispered in her ear: "Saints praseve us! What in ever the whole worruld do be der matter wid Micky?"

Monday morning at six o'clock found the senior and junior members of the firm whittling kite sticks in good earnest. Fred figured that the 31 dozen kites sold for next Saturday's delivery would require 1116 sticks—744 long ones and 372 small ones, and they calculated they would have to "hustle."

After supper Ed came in as usual, but Sally had to stay upstairs and study, as her examinations were coming on. Fred got mad because they could not make sticks fast enough, while Micky caught the same impatient fever, and both the boys mixed an unusual quantity of profanity in their conversation.

Ed listened for a long time, and at last said: "Boys, why do you always swear? Can you not get along without profanity?" Fred replied that it soothed their feelings to say cuss words. "But," said Ed, "I have been considering this subject of swearing, and have come to the conclusion that it is nothing but an admission of downright ignorance on their part for persons

to swear." "Why, what does yer mean," said Micky, looking up from his work; "don't edercated people ever swear?" Ed replied "that some men who have been educated swear, but no gentleman of real education would swear." "You see, boys," continued Ed, "educated people like to use choice and grammatical words, and when a person swears it is a 'deadly' admission on his part that he cannot find any other words to express himself, and is therefore lacking in education. Now, as you boys are going to enter the wholesale business, you will have to come in contact with some people who are educated and some who are not; and if you get in the habit of swearing, you will swear on all occasions, and may offend some one, and thus lose customers and business; but if you are not in the habit of swearing, then you won't swear, and you will never have to blame yourselves and feel afraid you lost business on account of swearing."

The result of the argument was that the partners agreed not to swear, as possibly they might lose some business that way. Both thought Ed's advice was good, and Micky said he was glad they had the contract with Ed by the month for advice, and would not have an extra charge in the bill for "talk on der swearen rackit."

When the evening work was finished they counted the kite sticks made during the first day, and were dismayed to find that with but three days to put aside for stick making they had only one-fifth of the necessary quantity completed. Micky and Fred both looked dejected, for, to put it according to Micky, "Dey couldn't fill der kontraks."

All three sat in silence for five minutes looking like they had lost their last friend, when Ed broke the silence by solemnly saying: "Yes, gentlemen, that is the one serious obstacle to your success."

"What is der obsterkle?" asked Micky.

"Sticks," said Ed, and another silence ensued; and

then they solemnly bade one another good-night and parted.

The next morning Ed arrived at the cellar earlier than ever before and found the boys working for dear life. He had a deep-set "professional" smile on his face, and after saying "Good-morning" he announced that he had solved the problem.

"What problem?" asked Fred.

"Sticks," said Ed.

"Well, what's der solution?" said Micky.

Then Ed, with an air of importance, said that he had given the matter much thoughtful consideration since last night, and it had come to his mind that one of the clients of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts was engaged in the manufacture of matches up on Wade Street, there being a machine in their factory that made little slim sticks twenty-five inches long, just about the thickness of kite sticks, and that the sticks had necessarily to be the full length of twenty-five inches when they were put in another machine that cut them and made them into small matches. He had noticed when he went up there to deliver a legal paper for his firm that a number of the long sticks would break and were thrown to one side, and he was under the impression that through the influence of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts the match company might give Flynn & Schmidt some of the waste or broken sticks.

"Do you think they would give them to us for nothing?" said Micky.

"Yes, I think my mentioning the name of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts to the foreman would have great weight toward that end."

"Let's go right off," said Micky and Fred in one voice, dropping their work at the same second. All three started on a half run, being down on Wade Street at the factory by half-past six, before the door was opened.

When the firm of Flynn & Schmidt saw a lovely pile

of waste broken kite sticks about ten feet high they nearly fainted. When the foreman recognized the representative of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, and heard his request in behalf of his clients, he told the boys they could have all of the scrap pile they could carry away. Ed then left them, and with a grand air of importance bid them good-morning, and said he guessed he would go down to the office.

Micky and Fred could hardly believe their eyes and ears, and when they found the foreman was really in dead earnest they fell down in the tenth of a second on their knees in front of the waste pile and straightened out into bundles enough sticks to make about twenty-five thousand kites, and nearly broke their backs carrying them home.

The thirty-one dozen kites were finished by Friday night and delivered on Saturday by the firm, who now had on clean clothes and shining boots, and the cash was received for the entire output and orders taken for fifty-three dozen kites for next Saturday's delivery.

Fred made out the statement as follows:

Statement for Week Ending March 19.

Amount of capital invested.....		\$0.08	
Net cash profits at end of second week.....		2.28	
		<hr/>	
Total cash on hand commencement of week...		\$2.36	
<i>Deduct purchases:</i>			
4 quires tissue-paper at 12 cents per			
quire48	
6 spools thread at 5 cents.....	.30		
Less 20 per cent.....	.06	.24	
		<hr/>	
1 box shoe blacking.....	.05		
4 candles for cellar at 2 cents.....	.08	.85	
		<hr/>	
Cash on hand after purchases.....			\$1.51

Sold 31 dozen kites at 24 cents per dozen	\$7.44	
Less 25 per cent.....	1.86	5.58
		<hr/>
Total cash on hand end of third week.....		\$7.09
Less capital invested.....		.08
		<hr/>
Total cash profit of business to date.....		\$7.01

On hand:

3 sheets tissue-paper,
1 cupful flour,
13.465 kite sticks,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ candle,
1 box blacking,
1 lot of scrap tissue-paper.

"Isn't that a daisy?" said Micky, looking with admiration at the statement. "Fred, you're a great man to know how to write up a biz in good shape like that," and then they turned all the money over to Sally and sat down and talked business for the coming week, and when they parted the last word Fred said was: "Bully for the sticks;" and Micky said: "Yer bet cher life on it."

CHAPTER IX.

LABOR.

THE flour for paste had now given out, and early Monday morning the "firm" started down to the bakery for the especial purpose of despoiling the dusty insides of more empty barrels. The work was in progress when one of the workmen said, "Vat for you cleans oud dot embdy parrels, don't it?" Fred told him they wanted the flour to make paste for kites. "Den why ain't it you don't goes mit dem Lock Sthreed down, und ghedts blenty of dem flours for noddings at dem piggest fire of dot week last gone, ain't it?" So off the boys started for Lock Street to the scene of the great flour-mill fire of the previous week, and there scattered around were hundreds of barrels of flour damaged and splintered, any quantity of the precious article being scattered in piles on the ground.

Micky informed the watchman what they wanted flour for, and was told that they could help themselves, so they carried off almost fifty pounds in two broken soap boxes, and were in high glee over their find.

Their next good fortune came through their legal counsellor. Ed called that night and told the firm that

one of the clients of *his* law firm was engaged in the wholesale paper business. While he was down at their store or warehouse that afternoon attending to "legal business" (delivering legal notices), he saw a pile of quires of various colors of tissue-paper that were marked "samples," and he thought through the influence of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts that Flynn & Schmidt might buy the paper at a large reduction or at least at wholesale prices. So at eight o'clock the next morning Ed and his clients appeared at the paper warehouse.

Ed stated their mission, and that he personally was connected with the firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, and that *those gentlemen* with him were his clients. The salesman suppressed a smile, and called for one of the firm, who questioned and tried to cross-question Micky and Fred regarding their business. Micky said he was the head of the firm and would do all the talking, Fred keeping quiet. Micky was smart in his replies, and would not divulge the sacred secrets of profits or particulars about kite making. Half a dozen of the clerks gathered about to listen to the conversation of the little fellow, and the proprietor was so much pleased with the self-important air of *Mr.* Flynn that to encourage him and his associate he sold the whole pile of sample tissue for \$1, which was a little more than the price of waste paper, as it was somewhat damaged. Fred said he would go up home and get the money. The proprietor, however, told him that if their counsel (Ed) would vouch for their responsibility, he would trust them for the paper, and they could carry it away at once, and pay for it any time in thirty days. Fred said he did not want to pay for it in thirty days, but would pay spot cash if there was any advantage to be gained, and was told if he wanted to pay for it to-day, he would get a discount of 2 per cent. Ed vouched for the responsibility of the firm of Flynn &

Schmidt, and the boys had hard work to carry the whole of the tissue-paper away at one time. That afternoon the firm came down and paid the bill of \$1, less 2 per cent., receiving a receipted bill for 98 cents net, made out in the name of Flynn & Schmidt. Their firm name was entered in the great ledger of the paper warehouse, which made the boys feel important, as they now realized that their partnership name was recognized and down in writing somewhere in the business world.

That night they sorted the good from the damaged and counted the paper, finding there were seven reams, with only about one-third of it spoiled. There was enough that was good to make ten thousand three hundred and eighty-six kites, and when Micky corroborated Fred's figures, they stared at each other for ten minutes, the deep silence being only broken when Micky said, "Well, I'll be blowed."

That night Micky could not sleep. He was very much worried on the subject of thread. Flour for paste did not cost them anything. Sticks were free. Tissue-paper was almost without price, but now staring him in the face was the prospect of his having to pay for thread the next day, for they were nearly out. Why should he pay for thread? Where could he get it for nothing? And as he tossed and tossed about he concluded the best thing to do was to call on Ed early in the morning and see if Lincoln, Seward & Evarts did not have a client in the thread business. This was answered in the affirmative, and Micky and Fred started with Ed down to a wholesale dry-goods firm, who sold them two hundred spools of thread for fifty cents for the lot. The thread had been damaged by fire and water, and had been on hand for nearly ten years. While it was not rotten, it was not strong, but was good enough for kite frames.

The experience of the last few days in looking for

bargains was a great event in Micky's life. It turned his head into the channel of first trying to get what he wanted, if possible, without costing him anything, and then, if that was impossible, to figure how he could get it for as near to nothing as possible. When he afterward became worth millions and millions, the habit seemed to have grown rather than to have diminished, as further events in the history of Flynn & Schmidt will prove.

That evening Micky and Fred received their first lesson in political economy, which helped them in after life to know so much about things. Ed and Sally were down in the cellar, and joined as usual in the conversation while the kite making was going on. The subject of the price of tissue-paper and thread came up, and Micky said he did not know how people found out what they should charge for things anyway, and Fred said he didn't either, for how does the man know what to charge for a ream of paper or a stove or a table? How do they get the price? All eyes, including Sally's, turned to Ed, who sat silent for some few minutes and then said: "The subject is a vast one, and I have been reading about it in the big books in the library of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts. It is very easy to ask such a question, but it is much harder to answer it in a comprehensible manner. It comes under the heading or subject called "Values." "What is the value of anything that is for sale? is the question," and the nearest answer is, that the value of anything is the amount it costs in dollars for the number of days' labor it took men to make the thing.

"But," said Fred, "the man didn't make the wood for the table, it grewed itself, so how did he know what a piece of wood was worth to put in his table?"

Ed was silent for some time and then replied: "Fred says the man, in the first place, did not make the piece of wood, and that is very true; but what is truer is that

no man since the world commenced ever created anything at all. Nature gave everything to start with, and ever since then nature has been making and growing things without price, and all a man can do is to take these things and manufacture them or change them into something else. Nature never charges a cent for anything; everything that is for sale or that you can see around you never cost any man a cent so far as making the stuff itself is concerned.

“The tree that Fred’s wood for a table came out of was produced in the forest, and any man could go and cut it down if he wanted to. Some men own parts of the forest, but there are plenty of forests that no one seems to own, and where you can go to-morrow and cut down a tree if you want to. The tree grew all by itself, no man doing anything to make it grow. It did not cost any man a single cent, but as soon as any man wants to cut it down and it takes him a whole day to do it, then the tree is worth \$1.50, which is the amount of a day’s labor in the lonely places where the forest is. Then two more men cut off the branches and haul the tree to the river, and it takes them a week to do it. Wages for two men for a week at \$1.50 per day is \$18 for the two, so the tree or log has cost $\$1.50 + \18 , or a total of \$19.50 by the time it gets to the river, at which place a man comes to buy it.

“Now suppose the men who cut down the tree and hauled it should ask \$50 for it, the would-be purchaser would get angry at them and not pay so much, because other men want money for their wives and children, and would be glad to go and cut down another tree and bring it to the river for \$19.50. So by having competition, or other men wanting to do the same kind of business, people do not get cheated and are not charged too much.

“Next, the sawmill charges \$5.50 for labor or time in sawing up the log, the boards being then worth that

much more, or a total of \$25; and as there are twenty-five boards made from the log, they are each worth one twenty-fifth of the total cost of the log, or \$1 per board. A carpenter comes later to the sawmill and buys three of the boards for \$1 apiece, being a total of \$3, and goes home and spends one week in making the table that Fred asks about. The carpenter in the town or city gets \$2.50 a day, which is \$15 for that week he worked in making the table, and he pays out \$2 additional for some varnish, glue, nails, and iron rollers; so the carpenter has paid out \$3 for boards and \$2 for other things, making a total of \$5, and then he adds that to his \$15 for his week's labor and wants (\$5 + \$15) \$20 for the table. So that is the way the price of anything is fixed. It is the total labor put into it. If the carpenter should ask \$100 for the table, the customer would laugh at him and go to another carpenter, who would be glad to get \$20 for making a table, and he would have and be satisfied with \$15 for his labor to take home to his wife and children."

"But," said Fred, "how about the \$2 he paid for glue and nails and paint and iron rollers?" "Well," said Ed, "the paint is made from lead that men dug out of the ground. All the mining man had to do was to go and work at \$1.50 per day, and get it out of the ground free of charge for the stuff itself. All it costs is the wages he wanted, and it was the same way with the iron rollers on the bottom of the table, and everything else about the table. Then when the customer buys it for \$20 he has to pay an expressman fifty cents for his labor and time in carting it home, and so the table cost the customer fifty cents more, or \$20.50; and every cent of it was for some workingman's labor, and not a cent of it was for any of the original material on which the men spent their time working. All man does is to change God's gifts from one thing into another, the doing of which is called transmuting or

manufacturing. Your flour was made from wheat that grew out of the ground. The thread was made from cotton that grew out of the ground. The paper was made from rags that were once good cloth, and the cloth was made from cotton that grew out of the ground. The farmer worked or labored to raise them from the ground, and sold them, and so received his pay for his hard labor in directing and cultivating and caring for the things that nature permitted to grow out of the ground. So everything comes out of the air or water or ground, and God originally made or created them, and all man has to do is to get them together and change them into things we want."

"Then," said Fred, "if our kites represent our labor, we are getting very good wages."

Ed said that was just the point on which he was having considerable anxiety for the firm of Flynn & Schmidt, for at any moment they were liable to have competition, and then the other boys who might go into the business might make kites and sell them for a less price, and thus cut down their profits.

Micky said he "would bust any feller's head that would try and hurt their business," and Fred said he would too. Sally was much alarmed at such a possibility of competition, and asked Ed if Lincoln, Seward & Evarts could not stop other boys from making kites, so that Fred and Micky could have it all to themselves, or, as Ed called it, a monopoly.

Ed said he did not see at present how such a thing could be done. Then all bid one another good-night.

CHAPTER X.

PROSPERING.

THE next evening, when all were assembled in the cellar, Micky said to Ed that he had been thinking about the statement that the value of a thing represented only the amount of labor put into it. "Now suppose," said Micky, "that I should go out into the wild woods and find under a stone in a creek a beautiful diamond that I could sell for \$1000, would I have put a thousand dollars' worth of labor into it? All I did was to stoop down and pick it up."

"No," said Ed; "that is one of the chance things you would run across in life, just like yesterday, when you discovered and got for nothing two dollars' worth of flour. You will not always have such luck. You might spend a month or a hundred dollars' worth of time in hunting around for another \$2 pile of flour lying around loose in some street. Such things do not occur often; and so in the same way you might hunt for a hundred years before you would ever find another diamond, which would be only an average of \$10 per year for your hundred years of time, and you certainly would not work for \$10 a year. If any one person could go out and find a diamond as easy as the

one you speak of, then diamonds would not be worth even a quarter of a dollar apiece, because it would be the easiest way in the world to make money if all you had to do was to go out in the woods in the morning and look under a stone and get a diamond and then come into town and sell it to a man for \$1000; why, if you could do that, every man, woman, and child would start out in the country early in the morning and almost break their necks to be the first to look under a stone and get a diamond or a dozen of them if they could, and then hasten back to town to find the man who would give them \$1000 apiece for them; and the man would have so many diamonds presented to him by ten o'clock on the very first morning that it would break up twenty Vanderbilts to pay for them all, and when he got them what could he do with them? No person would give the diamond dealer over twenty-five cents apiece for them, because they could buy them at that price from plenty of boys who would be glad to pick up diamonds all day long for less than a quarter apiece, if they were so easy to get. If you should find that diamond you speak of, then a thousand men would get excited and start out the next day to look for more diamonds, and when they came home in the evening without a single one between them, each man would have lost a day, a thousand days between them all, and thus a thousand days' time would have been wasted; so your diamond would have cost the average labor or time of a thousand men for one day, or a total of a thousand days' time, which would make for the \$1000 just \$1 a day for a thousand men. They had better stayed at home and worked at their trades and earned something, if only the price of a loaf of bread.

"If hams and biscuits grew on trees all the year round, and hot coffee ran out of the ground like spring water, then most of the people in the world would only work long enough to get money to buy a ham and bis-

cuit tree and a sweet coffee spring, and their children would afterward own it and never have to work at all, but just lie on their backs and let sandwiches drop down into their mouths, and then they would chew away until they went to sleep."

This idea of a ham sandwich grove set the hearers into a laugh.. They wound up the evening with a still more exalted opinion of Ed's knowledge, and Sally was up later than any of them, studying harder than ever to try to be even half as smart as Ed.

By Friday night the whole fifty-three dozen kites were finished, and on Saturday were delivered and money received, excepting for one dozen. Fred delivered that dozen to a groceryman in the morning, who said he was busy, and would Fred come back in the afternoon for the money. Fred trusted the man with the kites, and when he returned in the afternoon for the money the man refused to pay for them or give them back. When Micky heard of it he wanted to go right down and smash in the man's windows with cobble-stones, but Ed warned him against such a proceeding, as he would be apt to get arrested; the best thing for them to do was to let the law take its course, and he would bring suit against the groceryman. Ed took down voluminous notes on a large piece of manila wrapping-paper for the purpose of properly preparing the case.

That evening Fred made up the statement for the end of the fourth week, and after consulting Micky they paid Ed his five cents for legal services for the first month, as per agreement, and Ed wrote out the following receipt:

CINCINNATI, O., March 28.

Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt,

To Edward Webster, with

Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, Dr.

To professional services as follows:

March 3	Drawing up Partnership Papers	} Five cents (5 cts)
3	Altering "	
8	Advice	
10	Advice	
15	Services in the matter of sticks	
16	Services in the matter of tissue-paper	
17	Services in the matter of thread	
18	Advice	
19	Advice	
20	Advice	
22	Advice	

Received payment,

EDWARD WEBSTER,

With Lincoln, Seward & Evarts.

Ed received the five cents, and in the most courteous manner thanked his clients for the fee and wished them the greatest of future prosperity, being about to bid them good-evening, when Micky detained him and wanted to know if he would give them legal advice for another month for the same price. Ed replied promptly that he could not, as the kite business had been successful, with a prospect of a still greater draft upon him for professional advice, and that the least he could consistently undertake the responsibility for during the coming month was the sum of \$1.

"What!" cried Micky, jumping up in excitement, and upsetting the work-table and paste-pot. "What! \$1!" and he glared at Ed as if he would eat him up. Ed stood placid and undisturbed and eyed Micky for half a minute and calmly said: "Yes, \$1." Micky was about to get mad when Fred interrupted

and insisted on his coming upstairs, as he wanted to talk to him alone. Micky did not want to go upstairs, but at last yielded to Fred's request, and after five minutes' absence returned and offered Ed fifty cents; and if he could not take that, they would do without a lawyer. Ed hardly moved a muscle, and calmly said: "\$1 is the charge, and I do not wish to argue the matter. You are at liberty to employ our firm or not, just as you please;" and, bidding them good-night, left the cellar for home.

Sally had overheard the conversation, and asked Ed to stop, but he said: "No; his firm was not seeking business; business sought it." After Ed had gone Sally and the boys talked the matter over, and concluded it was best to send for Ed; but he would not come, so the firm went down to see him and talked the matter over on his front stoop, coming to his terms of \$1 for the ensuing month. They went up to Micky's cellar, and made out and signed the contract; but Micky insisted on including in the fee the charges for services in the coming suit against Lowenstein, the grocer who owed them for the dozen kites. Ed consented, but had it understood that the charges were only for advice or services to be performed during that month, and not beyond that time.

After it was all over Ed said: "Gentlemen, you have done a very wise thing, for I am sure if you had gone on without a legal adviser, you would have got yourselves into trouble before the end of the month. The firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts do not need you as much as you need them. They are prosperous and not dependent on any one person or firm for their daily bread; they are honorable, and give good advice and prefer to charge their clients for *keeping* them out of trouble rather than *getting* them out of trouble, and I would advise you always to remember that that plan of action will ever be the wisest one for you to pursue. Look ahead and keep out of trouble, so you will not be running

around for lawyers to get you out of trouble. The best clients that lawyers have are those who draw up their own papers or make their own wills, and who try to attend to their own legal affairs. Some lawyers are in need of business, and will take any case they can get hold of and complicate it, and let it run along as slowly as they can and get their client into all kinds of expenses and mystifications and then take the poor distracted man's home in part payment for services; but Lincoln, Seward & Evarts will do fairly by you, and my advice is for you to pay them well while you are prosperous, and if trouble comes, they will then stand by and help you for moderate fees to suit your circumstances. Please remember that any fool can get into a lawsuit with his fellow-man, but the real diplomacy of life is in masterfully skirmishing on the edges of disputes and avoiding the conflict. Right will ultimately prevail."

After Ed had gone Micky said to Fred that Ed would make a great lawyer some day, as he knew how to give advice in carload lots.

Statement for Week Ending March 26.

Amount of capital invested.....	\$0.08	
Net cash profits at end of third week.....	<u>7.01</u>	
Total cash on hand commencement of fourth week	\$7.09	
<i>Deduct purchases:</i>		
7 reams damaged tissue-paper....	\$1.00	
Less 2 per cent. for cash.....	<u>.02</u>	.98
200 spools damaged thread.....		.50
Legal services to Ed Webster, with Lincoln, Seward & Evarts.....	.05	
4 candles for cellar.....	<u>.08</u>	<u>1.61</u>
Cash on hand after purchases....		\$5.48

Sold 52 dozen kites at 18 cents . . .	\$9.36	
Less 25 per cent	2.34	7.02
		<hr/>
Total cash on hand end of fourth week	\$12.50	
Less capital invested08	
		<hr/>
Total cash profit of business to date	\$12.42	
On hand :		
13,306 sticks,		
28½ pounds flour,		
1 candle,		
½ box blacking,		
2081 sheets tissue-paper,		
1 lot of scrap tissue-paper.		

Sally felt the weight of responsibility in carrying so much money, so she told her teacher on Monday morning about the funds of the firm. Her teacher advised her to put \$10 of it in the savings institution, and said she knew the president of the bank and would stop with her at noon and introduce her, having her open an account and deposit the money.

Sally was quite impressed with the silence prevailing in the great bank; all was quiet, excepting the clinking and echoing of the coin as it was being counted. The president said something quietly to a clerk, who took Sally to a counter, and the clerk spoke quietly to another clerk, who looked up calmly from his big ledger, and this second clerk quietly beckoned her to follow him, and they walked on a rubber carpet in the most quiet manner possible to a third clerk, who quietly asked her name. Sally said her name was Sarah Matilda Flynn, and he handed her a pen and book in which to sign her name to show her style of handwriting or signature; it was a gold pen, and glided over the paper without the least noise. Sally was then quietly conducted to a fourth clerk, who quietly took

her money and very quietly counted it and laid it away in a drawer, and then a fifth clerk quietly wrote something in a little book and quietly handed it to Sally, who stood awed and half frightened at the quietness, being almost afraid to breathe for fear of disturbing the etiquette. She quietly walked out of the bank and wondered what the quietness was for, and gave a loud sigh when she reached the sidewalk and asked her teacher what it was all about. Miss Baker, her teacher, explained everything satisfactorily, and when she reached home she told Micky about it, who got quite excited and dreadfully alarmed that their money was gone, and wasn't a bit satisfied with a little book that was only worth ten cents "fur der security;" indeed, he was inconsolable until Ed came in in the evening, examined the book, and explained that the money was safe and everything all right, with the exception that Sally should have signed the word trustee after her name; but as it was now done that way there was no necessity of changing it, as he could make it all right by having Sally sign an acknowledgment. So he sat down and wrote out a paper, stating that the money was in trust for account of Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt, and that she would well and faithfully hold the same subject to their order. Sally signed the paper.

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT LAW OFFICE.

THE law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts was known far and wide in our own land and also in Europe, Asia, and Polynesia. There were forty-seven persons connected with the office, eighteen of whom, besides the three principals, being practising lawyers, making twenty-one in all who appeared in the courts; the other twenty-six were clerks.

It was a most orderly and systematic law firm and divided into departments or specialties. There were lawyers who attended to nothing else but corporation affairs, others to insurance cases, others to real estate, others to surrogate details and estates, and so on through the general division of practice. It was a proud moment for any of the boys and young men who entered the office when his name was written on the great ledger as a participator in the profits of the concern.

The clerks' salaries were charged under one heading, called expense account, none of their names ever appearing in the sacred pages of the great ledger; but when at last they were promoted to the dignity of an

associate, and had a clientage from which fees were received, then the index to the ledger was embellished with one more name for reference, and the object and aim of a cherished ambition was realized.

Ed Webster was the last employé engaged. He had been faithfully at his post for fourteen months and never missed a single day, and had been actually known to keep on steadily writing at his desk while the band went marching by.

Lincoln, Seward & Evarts had seldom come into contact with Ed, and upon the few occasions he was summoned to their private rooms he went into their presence with as profound respect and awe as that with which a Hindoo would enter the inner dungeon containing the sealed and sacred emblem of the sublime essence of the great unknown.

Monday was pay-day for the clerks, and before the rolls were completed Ed walked up to the chief clerk and without saying a word handed him the five cents received from Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt, accompanying it with a neatly written duplicate or memorandum of the bill he had receipted for to his clients.

The chief clerk, sitting on his high stool, first looked down at Ed for a few seconds as much as to say, "What do you want, sir?" then at the five-cent piece as much as to say, "What is this, sir?" and then at the paper as much as to say, "Who sent it?" and then he slowly read it, after which he took off his eyeglasses, slowly wiped them with the corner of his handkerchief, and re-read the paper. He stared with a blank expression at the wall in front of him, then he looked at Ed once more, and then at the five-cent piece. His face clouded, and a bewildered expression seized him. He put down his pen, and after again reading the memorandum he scratched his bald head with the tip end of the nail of the little finger of his left hand, and abruptly asked in a withering tone, "What do you

mean, sir, by this? Who are Flynn & Schmidt? What is this five cents for, sir?"

Ed explained the situation in as few words as possible, but by the time he was through the chief clerk was almost "wilted," and all Ed could hear was a sort of slow gasping out of the two words, "five cents."

The chief clerk had been at that desk for over twenty-two years, and had never seen a new firm's name or a client's of any kind entered on their books without a retaining fee of at least \$1000; and to have an individual or firm get legal advice for five cents for a whole month from one in any manner of remote connection with Lincoln, Seward & Evarts nearly took away the little blood that still remained in his cheeks.

He did not say another word for five minutes, but silently gazed at Ed with an expression as much as to say "God help us!" Then he told Ed to take a seat, and he started off toward the private rooms of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts.

Ten minutes passed, which seemed like ten hours to Ed, when suddenly all three of the senior partners came with the chief clerk to the door of the room, and, standing in the hallway for a minute, gazed in at Ed with as solemn faces as if they were looking for the first time into the open gate of a Parsee's tower of silence. Ed immediately stood up in their presence and returned their gaze without shrinking. It was the first time the senior partners had really ever taken notice of him, and his erect, slim little form, with his white cheeks, deep, flashing black eyes, heavy eyebrows, and tall, narrow forehead, rather impressed the onlookers, and then Mr. Lincoln and his two partners went in and kindly asked Ed all about Flynn & Schmidt and the five cents.

Ed gave a detailed and graphic account of his entire connection with that firm, and explained that his charge of five cents was made at a time when their

entire capital was only eight cents, and he thought that that proportion of their assets was as much as a lawyer could conscientiously ask. When Ed had finished Mr. Lincoln told him to fetch the documents that he had drawn for Flynn & Schmidt, as it was a rule of the office that one of the three senior partners or the head of a department should see all papers before delivery. Then Lincoln, Seward & Evarts went back to the last gentleman's room, and after closing the door, so that no one could see them, they smiled on one another for the first time in three years. Without saying a word they once more knitted their brows in unison, and silently returned to their respective rooms to their serious and solemn duties.

In the afternoon Ed brought the documents and all the papers and gave them to the chief clerk to hand to Mr. Lincoln, who next morning told Ed to bring down his clients at five o'clock that evening, as he wanted to make their acquaintance.

Flynn & Schmidt made their appearance at five o'clock prompt. Their shoes were shining and both looked clean and self-possessed. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts had half an hour's conversation with the kite firm, and requested them to send all of their various weekly statements for inspection, since they were particular as to whom they had for clients, and desired to know something about their business ability and financial standing. Fred was much pleased that his book-keeping statements were going to be read by such great men, and promised to send them next morning, which he did.

Ed presented them, and all four papers were read. Mr. Evarts called the chief clerk and told him, in front of Ed, to enter the name of Flynn & Schmidt on the books as clients, and Mr. Seward told him to place the five cents to Flynn & Schmidt's credit and charge up the memorandum for services, entering the name of

Edward Webster on the ledger for participation in profits. The chief clerk nearly collapsed at this last order, but did as he was bidden. Ed was then told by Mr. Lincoln to take charge of the legal affairs of Flynn & Schmidt and report to him as things progressed.

Thus was the firm of Flynn & Schmidt received as clients by the great law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts. The clerks treated it as a great joke, but they could never tell from a word, look, or gesture whether the senior partners considered it a joke or not. All the clerks knew was that the three famous lawyers seemed to be more interested in the affairs of Flynn & Schmidt than in those of any other firm or individual on their books.

Each of the twenty-one lawyers in the great office had his own private room; on the outside of the door was the last name of the occupant with simply the abbreviation "Mr." in front of it. It was Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown.

Ed had a humble little desk in a corner of the great entrance room, and one afternoon when he arrived later than usual from dinner he found that the clerks as a joke had pasted on the side of his desk a neat, white piece of paper, on which was printed in plain letters "Mr. Webster." Ed gave it one glance, and then without changing a muscle of his face moved or altered the position of his desk so the name could be more plainly seen from the entrance door. He then took off his hat, hung it in its proper place, and as if nothing unusual had happened, sat down at his desk, and without looking up busied himself with folding the letters and papers that were under his care.

Ed had always been quiet, gentlemanly, accommodating, silent, prompt, and obedient, and all the clerks treated him kindly, and among themselves respected his demeanor and unusual precocity; for although smaller and younger than any one of the clerks, he

knew more of Greek and Latin than many of the oldest of them, and spent most of his spare time in reading books on political economy. In addition, he was going through "Blackstone" for the eighth time, and seemed as much interested in it as the rest of the boys were in baseball, of which he knew nothing and cared less.

The clerks were watching Ed as he entered the office that day, when he saw for the first time his name in print on his desk, and all enjoyed the matter-of-course way in which he accepted it. From that hour every employ   in the place called him "Mr. Webster," which name he responded to with as much promptness and apparent unconcern as he formerly did to the simple summons of "Ed."

In the course of a few weeks the whole details of his connection with the firm of Flynn & Schmidt became common gossip in the office, and gradually as the weeks and months and years rolled by the interest in the welfare of Ed's clients increased among the clerks, until the morning papers had not half as much attraction for them as had the latest news from Flynn & Schmidt.

Secrecy was the corner-stone of the rules regulating the great law office, and when one's affairs were once committed to its keeping they were as safely guarded from the public as are the precious diamonds in the Tower of London. No matter how great or small the nature of the business was, it was sacredly pigeon-holed in the breasts of the employ  s, and so while the affairs of Flynn & Schmidt were common gossip among the clerks on the inside, they were an unknown quantity, as far as they were concerned, to all the rest of the world.

Ed made no mention to Micky, Fred, or Sally about the transaction regarding his name being entered in the great ledger, since it would detract from his past greatness in their estimation, for they had not a single

thought but that he was and had all along been the confidential adviser and managing director of the whole law firm.

The only person to whom Ed confided the incident was his mother, who was still patiently singing the song of the shirt, with its stitch, stitch, stitch, to pay the rent of their rooms; but she did it sweetly and hopefully, feeling in her heart that there was to be a great future for her gifted and only child; and while sewing, when Ed was with her, she never lost a minute in helping him with his home studies in his preparation for college. That was now the ambition of her life, and when she would lay herself down to sleep she dreamed by night, as she dreamed by day, of her noble ancestry and of her abiding confidence that "blood would tell."

CHAPTER XII.

GENIUS.

WHEN Ed arrived at the cellar in the evening he found Micky, Fred, and Sally discussing lawyers, doctors, and other professional people. The question was why some people must work hard all day and receive so very little money for it and almost starve, while others, like the lawyers, didn't work at all, but just sat down and did nothing but talk all day, and received more for it than the hardest workingman. Sally said it was not only the lawyers and doctors who did not work, but that the storekeepers did nothing either, and she wanted to know why one person in the world was not obliged to work as hard as another.

When Ed put in an appearance they laid the matter before him. After thinking for five minutes he said: "Now, you see, it is just this way; you know I told you the other day about how the value of anything was the number of days' labor put into the thing, and how the wood-chopper and sawmill man first gave value to the boards, and about the man who went to the carpenter for a table that had cost him \$20, the whole of the \$20 representing labor. Suppose that customer was obliged to go to another carpenter and

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see his style of tables. If he did not like the ones there, he must go to another carpenter, and so on to a dozen carpenters, so that before he knew it he had spent a whole day away from his work looking for a table. Still after all his trouble he might not find the kind he wanted; it was not to be found. At the last place the carpenter told him that no one in Cincinnati made the kind of table he wanted, and that all such tables were manufactured by a man in St. Louis at about \$20 apiece. Therefore, if the customer must have what he wanted, he would be obliged to wait and have one made in Cincinnati or write to St. Louis, or spend a day in going there, with no certainty of being suited, which would cost him \$25 railroad fare. By the time he would finally get his table from St. Louis it would cost him \$50, instead of the \$20, which was all that it was worth in days' labor in Cincinnati or St. Louis.

"Now a certain man named Smith finds out about the trouble it has caused the customer to get the kind of table he wanted, and he also knows that many other people are having the same kind of bother, so he says to himself: 'I think I will get a room and call it a furniture store, and put in it all the twenty-five different kinds of tables that are made by various carpenters. Then if any person wants a table of any style or pattern, he can come to my store, and in ten minutes' time pick out anything he fancies of all the different makes. I will thus save him the trouble of hunting up all the makers in Cincinnati, and so losing a day from his work or of going on that expensive trip to St. Louis.'

"Now, if Mr. Smith were a very rich man, willingly paying rent for a store and staying there year after year while gathering together a hundred different varieties of tables to exhibit and sell them to people, charging the customers \$20 apiece, just what they cost him, he would be a very kind-hearted man, and people would call him a philanthropist. Storekeepers, how-

ever, do not do such things. They have children to support, food to buy, and clothes to purchase, and they must make money to pay for such things, just the same as a mechanic has to support his family.

“ So Mr. Smith, having very little money, goes to each one of the carpenters and says: ‘ Send me down to my new store one of your tables; and if you will trust me, I will pay you for it when it is sold.’ All the carpenters consider Mr. Smith an honest man, and they do as he requests; and at last he has a hundred tables of all varieties of patterns, sizes, and styles for sale, which are advertised in the papers. He sells ten tables the first day, and says: ‘ I have saved all these people a lot of time in going around and hunting up carpenters, so I will for my time and trouble charge them \$22 apiece for the tables that have cost me \$20 each;’ and thus Mr. Smith makes \$2 per table, or \$20 profit on the ten tables. Out of this profit he has to pay rent and advertising and other expenses, with a little gain left to support and clothe his children; but for the day he saves \$2 or \$3 out of it all and puts it in the bank, and when three or four years have passed, if he has been a saving man, he will probably have \$1000 put aside, and with that money he can go to all the carpenters and pay for all the tables as he gets them without asking to be trusted. Then he possesses something of his own.

“ It is the same way with your kite business; you are not making tables, but you are by your labor making kites. You go to the grocery store and sell them for eighteen cents a dozen, the grocers sell them again for twenty-four cents per dozen. The grocery-men thus make for themselves six cents per dozen, or twenty-five per cent. on the sales, or, as some people would say, thirty-three and one-third per cent. on the cost price. You thus place your kites all over the city in the various groceries, some of them two or three miles

away from your factory, and the little boys in those neighborhoods can go down to their corner and get one; but if the grocery-men did not keep them on hand, then some little boy who wanted a kite would have to ride on the street cars all the way up to your factory to get one, and it would thus cost him five cents fare uptown and five cents back, or a total expense of ten cents carfare to go and buy a two-cent kite. Thus, you see that stores are necessary to have all around, so that people can have things handy. The man that keeps the store is doing a service for other people by putting in his time and capital to do it, although he is not working hard with his hands like the blacksmith; still, he spends his whole lifetime in thinking and finding out the best things to have on hand to suit and please his customers; and if he is foolish enough to overcharge, his customers will go to some other store where they will sell cheaper, and he will lose business. Thus competition, honest or dishonest, is the thing that keeps the prices down.

“Just as long as boys want kites and you have no competitor in the kite business you can keep on charging a retail price of two cents apiece; but if any other boy or boys go into the business and make them cheaper or are willing to take less profit, then you will have to come down in your price or go into another business or support yourselves in other ways.

“By this plan of men keeping stores and bringing things from all parts of the earth, it saves your mother the trouble of going all the way to far-off China to get a pound of tea, or to Brazil to get a pound of coffee, or you yourselves walking five miles out in the country every morning to get a pint of milk. All men who engage in this kind of business are doing a service for others, and get their pay by adding a little for their labor or services to the price of the original articles. All things cost nothing in their original form; man

labors or 'presses the button,' and nature 'does the rest;' and man only changes or prepares for the changes, or profits by the changes of every article used that originally costs the world nothing and was given by nature.

"It is on the same principle that you ask for the services of doctors and lawyers and ministers. If you get nearly killed or are dying with some disease, you want some one to help you at once; and I am sure if you were dying, you would not send for a boiler-maker or a kite-maker to hasten to your bedside; but you would want some person to come who knew something about sickness and medicine.

"In order to help people who are suffering with disease, some boys when they are as young as we are make up their minds to be doctors, so they study all kinds of books that help them to understand the body and its diseases. The boys grow up to be men, and have knowledge regarding these ailments. Consequently, when you are sick you do not send for the boiler-maker or the kite-maker, but you want the doctor to come right off, and you want him awful quick, too. Doctors are not all rich. They have to live and they need things to eat and wear for themselves and their families. They, therefore, charge you for their labors, which they call services.

"In the same way, if you get into difficulty or disputes with people, or one man wrongs another, or you want something done correctly and right about property that you own, at such a time you certainly would not go to a match-stick maker or to a flour dealer or to a blacksmith; but you would want to have a man who has studied all his life about how disputes should be settled, or, better still, a man who can show you how to prevent disputes. Thus, you go to a lawyer, who has himself and his family to support; but he cannot afford to do things for nothing, and so he has

to be paid. All these bills in the end must be added to the cost of all the things that are manufactured, and represent so much for labor or services, the same as the work done by the carpenter or the man who chopped down the trees in the forest. In some way or other, that you must carefully and consecutively think out in its complications, the 'fee' gets onto the 'cost' and is added to the price of the things which nature at first gives free to mankind."

To Sally's question, why it was that one person has to work harder than another, Ed said: "That is a very hard question to answer. If every person in the world were poor to-day, and all had to commence life over again, then there would be some people who were smarter than others, because they were born so or helped to make themselves so; and in twenty years' time some men would be lawyers, some doctors, some merchants, and some laboring men. Whatever a man is best fitted for he would soon drift into, thus finding his level; but some men would be more saving, and before long would be richer than others. Then they would be able to pick and choose their employment or profession; but even if they were rich, and could be doctors or lawyers or merchants at their own sweet will or choosing, still they could not make themselves great. Greatness is born in a person, and just as sure as one and one make two, just so sure will the poorest as well as the richest boys who have genius grow up and pass all others in every department of life, whether the competitors are smart, skilful, or stupid workmen, or whether they are millionaire merchants or far-famed professional men. Every one will sooner or later get to his level of capacity. It is genius that permanently commands, and genius ever courts infinite pains and hard work.

"Many persons get started wrong. All around us in the world are blacksmiths who ought to be ministers,

and ministers who ought to be blacksmiths; yet neither the minister nor the blacksmith should complain. If he had genius, he would surmount difficulties in some manner and be great to a considerable degree in whatever he undertakes. A successful minister would be a successful blacksmith, and a poor minister a poor blacksmith, and *vice versa*. Possibly he might stumble into riches or greatness, but the untiring spirit of genius that never slumbers is the force that lifts one man above another.

"The great trouble in the business world is that men do not know that mankind is divided into three classes. First, those who can work for themselves; second, those who are only adapted to work for others, and third, those who are not good for anything. The first are born to command and direct, the second to follow and obey; and when the first and second find themselves in reverse positions, it is inevitable that sooner or later they will change places, and the first two classes must take care of and support the third class, who are tramps, criminals, unfortunates, or incapables.

"Remember," concluded Ed, "what I have said about genius; and I will here repeat it, that the untiring spirit of genius that never slumbers is the force that lifts one man above another to his inborn specialty; and whether he be a minister or a blacksmith, a merchant or a mechanic, if he has genius within him, he will make history within his environments, instead of simply reading or writing it."

When Ed had finished they all sat silently for a few minutes. Then Sally said: "Ed, I think you have genius to be the greatest of lawyers away up at the top of the ladder;" and Micky said: "Fred, I think you have undreamed-of genius to make you the greatest financier and accountant that ever lived." And Fred said: "Micky, I think you have the most remarkable genius ever born in any man for organization and

accumulating and directing, and I am willing to be directed if you will do the directing." And Micky said: "Fred, I will do as you say, but I am not willing to direct anything without first advising with our counsellor;" and then Ed said: "I agree with you that both of you have the genius of which the other speaks, and am sure you have qualifications to impel and compel you to rise in the business world; and I offer you my professional services in your enterprises and take your case; but, gentlemen," said Ed, "I never read of a case where there was not a woman in it, and Sally shall be the woman, for she has genius for banking, and she shall be the custodian of the funds."

And Fred said that Sally would not only be a banker, but a great lady, and some day be mistress of the White House.

Then Micky slowly and earnestly said: "Den if we has between us der kornen on genius like that, den why kant we fellers just skoop in der whole earth?"

And they did it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

If we of the present could have lived five thousand years ago, we should not have had to study hard or to apply ourselves intensely to learn or master pretty nearly all there was known that was of practical value; but during the centuries that have since intervened a vast fund of information has been accumulated—a terror to the schoolboy of to-day who is indifferent to a college course, but a maze of anticipation to the aspiring youth who desires to grasp what is at hand and push into the jungles and mysteries of the great unknown.

It is of no use to try and shove forward a young person who has no ambition or inclination in that direction. He will gravitate to his own level without effort; and *per contra*, genius will surmount every obstacle that stands in its pathway.

There is nothing impossible with man from a material point of view. If you will give him time enough, he will at last, in some way, master the difficult problem of lifting himself over the fence by his boot straps, and succeed in controlling the forces of the solar system to such an extent that for advantageous pur-

poses he will move or slightly alter the swing of the earth on which he dwells into an orbit of his own selection.

Every well-conceived plan that ever succeeded has had its beginnings in effort of some kind; and the greater the outcome, the greater the amount of energy back of it, much of which is never seen on the surface.

Enterprises that have succeeded in our own day have been applauded by mankind, and the master minds have been honored by their fellow-men. No one but the man himself knows that the success which he achieved was the result of silent, patient, persistent work, or an ever-increasing application toward a cherished end.

Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt, from that night in which "genius" was recognized and conceded to each other, spent the remainder of their lives in one continuous effort after information, along with the possession of material things; and one of the simple channels through which their earlier knowledge was garnered was a childish game or pastime indulged in while working on their ever-increasing orders for kites.

It was the game of the "Three Kingdoms." Ed told them that everything on the face of the earth was either animal, vegetable, or mineral; and that all we ate, drank, wore, handled, bought, or sold was composed of one or more of "these three kingdoms." Man took these things that nature gave free, and manufactured or made or transmuted them into other shapes and sizes and forms; and the labor which man puts on all these things gives them intrinsic value. If they would look at any object around them, and learn from what it was made, how it was manufactured, how much of it there was to be had, and whether it was made by common workmen or skilful artisans, then they could, as soon as they saw the object, guess just about what it was worth. If they could do that,

they would never get cheated during their lifetime, and would have sound ideas as to the money value of objects.

The game or pastime was as follows: Ed secretly thought of something, desiring his companions to guess what it was. He was then asked if it was animal, vegetable, or mineral; he replied, "mineral" (if such was the case). Is it in "America"? Yes. Is it in Ohio? Yes. Is it in Cleveland? No. Is it here in Cincinnati? Yes. Is it downtown? No. Is it uptown? Yes. Is it in this house? Yes. Is it upstairs? No. Is it in this cellar? Yes. Is it on the work table? No. Is it on the floor? No. Is it on any one present? Yes. Is it on Micky? No. Is it on Fred? No. Is it on you (Ed)? No. Is it on Sally? Yes. Is it on her dress? No. Is it on her hand? Yes. Is it on her finger? Yes. Is it her ring? Yes; and then when they had thus determined the name of the object, it was Sally's or some one else's turn. In that manner hundreds and hundreds of things were silently thought of one by one, and guessed by the others.

Simple as such a game is, how few people there are who can tell offhand from what kingdom surrounding objects are derived? The first real dispute they had as to the origin of an article was "indigo." All except Ed said it was a mineral, and came out of the ground. He was not sure, and said he would look in the encyclopædia next day and find out positively; and he afterward reported that it was "vegetable," and came from the sap of plants in India. The next dispute was about "alum," which was thought to come out of some bitter tree; but on inquiry it was found to be mineral, extracted from rock or shale. They learned the nature of wearing apparel, and had disputes as to whether it was asbestos, cotton, or woollen; found out what was the nature of calico, gingham, silks, velveteens, crêpe,

etc.; differences in leather, as calf, morocco, kid, patent leather, etc.; varieties of food and material, such as yeast, baking powder, sugar, mustard; nature of combinations, such as brass, steel, solder, etc. It was a grand schooling for them, and Ed knew so much that he rose higher than ever in their estimation.

A piece of newspaper caused them much anxiety. Micky said "he thought of something," and wanted them to guess what it was. It proved in the end to be the ink that made the black printing. To start with, he told them it was of the "vegetable" kingdom, which in the end caused the discussion. Ed settled it the next evening by telling them that newspaper ink was made from a substance known as "lampblack;" but that such "black" could be made from either the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. Bones were burned to make "animal black." Wood was burned to soot for "vegetable black," and coal or petroleum was burned to make soot for "mineral black;" but he had found out that "mineral black" was the cheapest, and he presumed the paper must be printed with ink made from mineral black, and therefore they should class it in the mineral kingdom.

This form of mental amusement gave no end of variety to conversation, but it became more interesting from a geographical view-point. Micky and Fred had never before cared for geography; but now they were more than interested in the countries from which things came, and there was a map of the world constantly on the work table before them. The names of cities and provinces all over the globe became familiar to them, and when the map became soiled Sally made a drawing of a large map of the world. Micky had her write in fine print in the different parts the names of the things that came from each country that were mined or produced or grew there. Ed read in the encyclopædia about the low wages men received in

different parts of the world. They were all astonished to find that the people received in some countries only three cents a day for working thirteen hours, and Ed said he hoped those people would never make kites in that place and send them to Cincinnati to be sold. He asked Sally to write on the map in the different lands the wages the natives received, and all were wonderfully pleased to find that the people in the United States had higher wages than those of any other country.

The next subject they "switched" to was the routes by which goods were transported from one country to another. These were the kinds of ships, railroads, camel caravens, wagon trains, mule packs, and so on.

This was a great subject. Sally was required to draw on the map all kinds of lines to show the paths of steamships and other modes of transportation, and then they commenced to guess or estimate as best they could what it would cost for freight on various kinds of merchandise from one place to another. After informing themselves in all these subjects, they would figure up what such things as a bag of coffee or one thousand pounds of nutmegs ought to be worth in Cincinnati, until they settled the values of nearly every staple product.

They figured the cost to the planters of growing and handling coffee in Brazil with labor at twelve cents a day, and added to it the cost of a bag large enough to hold one hundred and sixty pounds; then they placed with it the amount the merchants, cartmen, and porters in Brazil wanted for their labor in handling and carrying it; estimated what the steamships wanted for their labor in transporting the coffee from Rio Janeiro to New York; what our Government wanted in duties for its labor in "running" the Government; added the freight charges the railroad wanted for its labor and expenses in carrying the coffee from New York to Cincinnati; footed up the amount the whole-

sale grocer in Cincinnati wanted for the labor of himself, his workmen, and his clerks for bringing it there so people could have it handy in a great city whenever they wanted it; added what the retail grocery-man wanted for his labor and his clerks in having it handy down at the corner so people would not have to spend ten cents carfare to go downtown to buy fifteen cents worth of coffee. They found out that, putting it altogether, the price of a pound of coffee down at the corner grocery was not very dear, but "awful" cheap, when they considered how many people had to labor at it and get their living out of it; and not only their living, but they figured out that the laboring man had to get a living for a lot of other people besides himself and family, for away down in Brazil on the plantation and in Rio Janeiro, on the steamships and in New York and in Cincinnati all these laboring men, including the farmhands, cartmen, railroad men, steamship captains and crews, and Custom House workers and officers, and everybody all along the whole line who get part of the money or charges, all of these people had to employ doctors, lawyers, ministers, school-teachers, dentists, and others who are called "professionals," who had to be paid out of these laboring men's wages; and besides these professionals being supported by the laboring man, they also had to pay their share out of the wages for policemen, street cleaners, road builders, and firemen; to support a lot of rascals in jail who do nothing, and to feed a lot of miserable lazy tramps who would not work. So they figured out these details, and found that everything in the end came out of the money that workmen received for their labor.

During all the evenings devoted to figuring, Micky and Fred never ceased one moment from their work, but kept their hands busy, hardly taking time enough to look up from their kite-making. Sally did all the

figuring, and used decimals down as low as ten thousandths, so exact were they in getting at prices; and while she rattled off the arithmetic Ed sat by her side supervising the calculations.

It was not all play to Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt. They were serious about it, and day by day as they went to school or around the city they would figure out what it would cost to manufacture familiar objects, which impelled them to compare the prices they guessed with the real asking prices of metals, woods, and material of various origins, until they would undertake to calculate offhand what it would cost to build a wagon or pave a street or make a locomotive. In fact, they were not backward in guessing as closely as they could to what the contents of a whole store was worth. Thus, they educated themselves to value things at their real value, soon learning that a thing was worth just about the amount of labor expended on it from the time when the natural material was first laid hands on by men.

The heads of children are like the empty barrels in a cooper shop. The barrels will be bought by a hundred different men for as many different purposes. Flour goes into one, ashes into another, molasses into a third, whiskey into a fourth, candy into a fifth, poison into the sixth, sand into the seventh, and so on. A child's empty head from babyhood is ready to receive whatever its parents and environments put into it.

It is seldom a child turns aside of its own will into a path of its own choosing. It thus becomes a great responsibility for parents to oversee what is being daily poured into the brains of their young offspring; but genius seems to be drawn in some mysterious manner toward its own inclination, as if an unseen magnet was within a few inches of the brain, drawing it gradually and persuasively toward its own longed-for ideal.

Micky and Fred seemed to have had suddenly awak-

ened in them a burning desire to own things and to learn what things were worth; and if there was an affinity to which they were unknowingly being attracted, it was eight thousand miles in diameter and twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, and they afterward aspired to learn its aggregate value and own it all.

If Micky's mother was astonished at the sudden transformation regarding neatness of dress and general appearance that characterized Micky and Fred's entrance into the kite business, that was nothing compared to the surprise of their teacher at their sudden metamorphosis from dull boys to the brightest ones in the class. They had no time to study out of school, but when they once crossed the threshold of the school-room there was not a moment wasted. Previously both were good in arithmetic, but now they seemed brilliant. Geography was as enjoyable as eating buckwheat cakes with syrup for breakfast; Micky commenced to take an interest in spelling and pronouncing English in a proper manner; and Sally, who was the head of her class in grammar, was actually politely thanked for correcting him, and no longer scolded for doing what Micky used to call "nagging him fur not speaking der korrekt glib."

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPITAL.

THOSE evenings in the humble cellar of the Widow Flynn were remembered as the choicest moments in the lives of the young founders of the most far-reaching association that the world has ever seen. From the realms of the unknown came the goddess of a new era and kissed the brows of these humble children in whose genius a new hope was born for mankind.

One evening Fred said that he had been figuring on the value of a steamship, charging up the labor of this man and that man, and following the thing all the way through from the beginning. He found an item that bothered him—the “interest” that was charged for the use of the money to buy the raw or unworked material, and also another item for the “rent” that was paid for the dockyards.

Ed replied that he was sorry that Fred had brought the matter up just then, as it was a very complicated affair to explain; but he did not blame him for doing so, as it was natural for a great financier and accountant to consider such things. He then stated that when a person speaks of “interest” it immediately implies

that there must be capital or money back of it. Some person must have money he wants to lend, and receives his pay for it.

"Yes," said Fred, "that is it exactly. The man that has the money sits down in his chair and does nothing at all but write checks. He does not labor or do anything for mankind, like the laboring man or the furniture dealer or steamboat captains and owners or railroad men, with their presidents and officers. He is just idle and does nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, coolly taking in his interest money to pay for his expenses. How can I add the interest expense to my labor in building the steamship, and then say every cent of the cost of the ship represents labor? That shows to me there is something wrong about your statement that all value represents labor; and then there is also the amount I have charged up against the building of the steamship for that rent of the great shipyard. The landlord does not do anything at all, but just comes around to make the poor shipbuilder pay out his money for the use of his property, going home in his carriage and eating and drinking and going to sleep without doing any labor at all, except walking from his carriage into his house. How do you call that labor?"

Ed then said that "both the banker and the landlord were once as poor as we are at present, and had to work for a living. Maybe they were both of them carpenters, starting out when boys to learn their trade with two other young fellows, and when all four were men and became real carpenters they got \$2 a day apiece.

"Two of the four boys spent in the saloon all their money by the end of each week, but the other two saved \$4 apiece each week. Now, what did that \$4 represent? Was it not the price of two days' labor? They each went and put those two days' saved-up

labor in the savings bank, and when the year came around they had saved a considerable sum, each having \$200 accumulated, which was the same as putting their days' labor in the bank, instead of in the saloon. After thirty years they each had \$6,000 saved, which represents about three thousand days' labor, while the other two men who never saved anything were still getting \$2 a day and spending it as fast as they made it, the same as they did the very first day they began.

"The first of the two careful, saving men bought the shipyard ground with the savings of his many days' labor, and built on it a large shipyard shed, putting machinery in it for shipbuilding, and rented it to a poor but honest shipbuilder, who did not have money to buy the place or build a shipyard of his own. The poor shipbuilder said to the rich landlord: 'You have labored hard all your lifetime and saved your money. You are getting old and want to have some comfort in your declining years, and you cannot work hard any more, so I will pay you \$1000 a year for your place, and probably I may later be fortunate enough to make and save some money also; and then if you will at that future time sell, I will buy your place and own it myself.'

"The other careful carpenter who saved his money or days' labor takes his \$6000 and opens a bank. The man who is building the steamship goes to this banker and says: 'You have worked hard all your lifetime and saved some money, and I have very little. Your friend who owns the shipyard has rented the place to me, as I want to build a steamship for some responsible men in New York, who will pay me for the ship when it is finished. I have not enough money to pay the wages of my workmen, nor to buy all the material with which to build the ship. If you consider me honest, I wish you would lend me \$20,000, and I will pay you six per cent. per annum, or \$1200

per year, for its use; and you can thus get the benefit in your old age of your saving up of your money;' and the banker lets him have it, because he knows he is honest and will keep his word and pay him back.

"These two rich men were at one time poor journey-men carpenters, and every dollar of the one who is the landlord and every dollar of the one who is the banker represented their hard days' work or accumulated labor. It also represented economy and self-denial; and if they had not saved their money, and no other person had saved any, then the man who wanted to build the steamship and who had no capital could not have gone into the shipbuilding business; and thus five hundred men that he put to work would not have had any method of earning money for themselves and families.

"Among these five hundred workmen who will be employed and get the benefit of this capital or accumulated labor are some who had not a dollar in the world the day they commenced to work in that new shipyard, and some of these poor workmen from that day will also commence to save their money as the landlord and the banker did when they were young men, and when twenty or thirty years roll by they will also be rich and own houses and shipyards and go into the banking or other business, and all they have will represent their saved days' labor as they went along and laid it up for future use. They did not spend it in saloons, like most of their companions, but put it aside, that they as well as others might have some future benefit.

"Some half-crazy people think that when that landlord and that banker were rich they should be compelled to give their money away to poor people or divide up with those fellows who saved nothing, or else lend it for nothing, without interest, not getting any benefit or just reward for their industry or saving habits, and

probably going themselves to the poorhouse. If such were the case, no one would want to save anything. Who, then, would have money upon which to do business or to start enterprises or to build railroads? The people would be one vast mob, and there would be no government to start or conduct anything or go into business.

“ If when the world started every person had kept on spending all they made, and no one up to this day had saved anything, then there would not be any money accumulated anywhere and no great enterprises could have started. We should all be like wild Indians without education and going around like tramps, trying to scrape up something to eat; and suppose a nation or colony of tramps issued paper money and tried to pass this among themselves, then all the work any of them would want to do would be to print money and make \$1,000,000 of it for each of them. In reality, it would be worth nothing. If, however, they had to work to dig gold or silver, their days' labor would be turned into gold dollars; for if they could find one or two dollars' worth every day, there would be some value to it. If they could find more than two dollars' worth per day, almost every person would go to gold-mining, as it would be easier than driving street cars or carrying bricks to housetops

“ In this selfish era the whole nation is not one family, the father owning it all and wanting every one of the children to be well cared for, educated, and clothed, and the weakest and most helpless one in the flock being the one to be most loved and watched over; this is the ideal family. But such is not the case; in its stead every man seems to be for himself. Of course, men want to own all they can save up, getting interest and rent for their capital or accumulated labor. When they die, they like to leave it to the children they love, not giving it to Tom, Dick, and Harry, whom they do

not care for, some of whom would spend their gift in a week if they once got hold of it. Capital, you see, is all right and should be respected. Rich men have a right to what they get lawfully; but before many years you will hear a great deal about capital and labor, and how labor ought to put down capital, and all such nonsense as that."

"Yes," said Fred, "I see that part is all right, just as you say about capital being accumulated labor; but I do not see how you can call or think of as labor the interest money that I spoke of at first. You said the banker had only \$6000 of his own, and in my calculation for interest I borrowed \$20,000 of him at six per cent. for one year. How was it that he had \$20,000 to lend me if he was only worth \$6000?"

"Well," said Ed, "it is this way. All during that banker's lifetime he behaved himself like a gentleman and an honest man, and people learned to know him and to have confidence that he would do things straight and right. When he grew older and wanted to go into the banking business, many of the people who knew him asked him also to take care of the little money they had; and there were so many people that had confidence in him and trusted him, that before he had been in the banking business a month he had \$100,000 entrusted to his care, and he paid all his friends four per cent. interest on their money, and he loaned it out to other persons, like your shipbuilder, at six per cent., and thus made two per cent. for himself for his trouble and also for his expenses to help pay for the rent of his banking office and for salaries or wages for the labor or services of the clerks he employed."

"But," said Fred, "that is just the point of my whole argument. The banker got his interest on his own money or saved-up labor. Why should he be profiting by other people's accumulated labor?"

"Why," said Ed, "I thought I just answered your

question by saying that he made a small amount, only two per cent., for his labor or time and for the labor and time of his clerks to pay him for his trouble and thoughtfulness about the banking business; and all the rest of it, or four per cent., went to the other men who trusted the banker with their saved-up labor money. Do you think the banker ought to work for nothing? He keeps a "money" store, just as others keep dry-goods or grocery or kite stores. Is he not entitled to pay or profit for his services?

"There are a lot of demagogues and crazy labor leaders who, through deception, earn a living by talking and selling their newspapers to people who do not know how to think right, and are all the time trying to tell poor people that the man who has money is his enemy and the one to be despised and put down. But this is not so. The richer a man becomes, the richer the whole world becomes, the better it will be for all poor men, and especially for poor men who want to save money and get rich themselves; for no matter how much the rich man gets, the laborer gets it all in the end. If the rich man builds an extravagant palace with his savings, then the whole structure represents the money paid laborers for days' wages. If he buys ornaments or decorates the mansion in a most lavish manner or spends it in a great feast or "house warming," it is all paid for in days' labor to the artisan and to the butcher, the baker, and the ice-cream maker. If he puts his profits in railroad bonds or railroad building, it represents so many days' labor for workmen in mining and forging the iron, building the bridges, laying the tracks, and constructing the cars, locomotives, and depots. Wherever he places his money for investment, it means so much for the laborer. If he puts it in bank, it will be loaned out to ship-builders and other people, who will use it where it is represented by the labor of farmers, mechanics, and

the world of workmen who are employed by the people who borrow it.

“The only way the rich man can escape benefiting the laborer with his money is to put it in greenbacks or other money and sit down on it. So there need be no sentimentality on the part of any one at what is called the extravagance of the rich or a wilful waste of money, providing the wilful waste does not injure mankind. It all goes in the end to the laborer, who needs it most. The man who loses his fortune in stock speculations has the cold comfort of knowing that some one else has gained it, and with the lucky profits will more than likely invest it in luxury that will cost days’ labor; but if he also speculates it away, another man will get it to buy a home with costly furnishings, for which the laborer has already been paid his wages, and then when he gets the palace he will have to spend his money to keep it going. His food represents labor, so do his clothes and comforts. In almost all cases of speculation what one man loses another man gains, and the profits of men in speculation or business or professions are eventually paid to the workman. So you see, Fred, interest is all right, and will be so until a better day comes on earth, when everybody will belong, as it were, in one home or family and feel as children do in their father’s house when they look all around at the furniture, books, and pictures, and everything, and talk about *our* things, realizing that their father is ‘square’ and is not keeping a set of books and charging them up with everything that is spent for them, and some day going to make them pay it back.

“But that better day will never be brought about by anarchy and bloodshed and stealing or taking away what others have, for people who would seize or steal money in that way are people who after they had other people’s money would not work in an honest manner,

but would soon spend it. Then these anarchists or thieves or murderers would commence to divide up again, murder and bloodshed following among themselves. In twenty or thirty years there would be no person left to tell the tale, for, like the Kilkenny cats, they would have clawed and chewed each other 'out of sight.'

"There is a way everything in the world can be equally divided, and that hour will only come when people all love one another and all are willing to work and do their share of the saving; and you can just bet your bottom dollar that that time will never come to stay in any other manner."

CHAPTER XV.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

MICKY came in late one evening to the cellar and said he had been trying to sell a hundred dozen kites down on Vine Street at Thurber's wholesale grocery, and had offered them at thirty-three and one-third per cent. discount, or sixteen cents per dozen net, in such large quantities. He stated he had had a long conversation with Mr. Thurber, who said his firm had unusual facilities for reaching all the retail grocers in the country, as they had two hundred salesmen traveling in all directions, and that his company would probably be contented if they bought at thirty-three and one-third per cent. discount and sold at twenty-five per cent. discount, and thus receive only two cents per dozen profit on kites. They sold millions of dollars' worth of goods annually, and could, of course, sell for much less profit than a retail grocer whose business only amounted to a few thousand dollars every year, out of which he and his few clerks had to get a living. Micky did not consummate the sale, as he promised to return the next week and give a lower price, if possible, on the kites in one-thousand-dozen lots, and he wanted

a few days to figure on it and talk the matter over with his partner.

Micky said that while he was waiting in the great grocery office to see Mr. Thurber there were some Congressmen and Senators there from the East, West, and South, all talking about something they called the "Silver Question," and he must confess that after they were through he did not know anything more about it than when they commenced. The principal thing he could make out, however, was that some of them wanted sixteen dollars' worth of silver for one dollar in gold, which he thought was a big piece of "cheek;" for if that were the case, everybody who had a gold dollar would go out and buy sixteen silver dollars, and then with these silver dollars could purchase all the things they wanted to eat, drink, and wear, not using their gold dollars, but only spending them for buying up silver dollars whenever they wanted to pay for anything.

Ed told Micky that he certainly must have misunderstood their meaning, as Congressmen and Senators were supposed to have some sense; and no one of them would expect to receive sixteen dollars' worth of something for one dollar's worth of something else, no matter whether it was kites, tables, flour, houses, gold or silver, or anything whatsoever. Everything that was for sale represented the labor of just so many days, and no person, unless he wanted to get rid of it for some funny reason, wanted to give anything that cost sixteen days of labor for something that cost only one day of labor, whether it was gold or silver, copper or lead, or anything man needed. If it could be shown by miners that one man could go out and find and dig just sixteen times as much silver in one day as he could gold, then it was a foregone conclusion that the gold was worth sixteen times more than the silver—that is, if it proved to be the experience of the average dig-

gings or minings of all the men who were engaged in that business in the world.

It might be that a gold-miner some day would luckily find a big piece of gold above the average size and make himself rich all at once; but it was also just as likely to follow that the silver-miner might do the same, and so the whole thing would keep about even. Some day it might happen that a few lucky gold-miners would suddenly dig into a mountain chain and find the whole inside to be a mass of pure gold, which could be quarried out by the ton, the same as iron ore, and also enough of it to supply coin for more than ten worlds. What would be the result? Why, it would be just this, that every person would just rush to that mountain chain by the earliest and fastest express train, working night and day to be the first to dig or bore holes into it and get out the gold by the carload and take it to Washington by long freight trains as fast as they could and sell it to the United States Treasury. The Government would have to receive it, because the law said it must do so, for there is a law saying that the Assay Office shall take all the pure gold that is presented. If such a thing should ever occur, the early birds would be the ones that would catch the worm, for the first carload that would arrive from the West on the first morning at the Assay Office in Washington would be received and paid for, and so would the second and the third and the fourth and the fifth carloads. By noon-time the cashier of the Treasury would become almost paralyzed with astonishment, and would telephone to the Assay Office to know why in the name of heaven he was drawing all at one time such big checks on the Government bank, as all the money that was on hand in the morning was nearly paid out and gone, and what was left would not hold out half an hour longer if he did not stop drawing such enormous checks. The chief at the Assay Office would

telephone back to the cashier to mind his own business, as he (the chief of the Assay Office) was too busy attending to his own duties taking in gold to be bothered by such "fool questions," for it was no business of the Assay Office about paying for the gold—that was the cashier's duty—for they at the Assay Office were obliged by law to do what they were doing, and would keep on doing so. Then the cashier would hasten to his chief, the Secretary of the Treasury, and tell him about it.

If such a bonanza as he had mentioned should be discovered in Colorado or elsewhere, here is probably about what would take place.

Another check for a carload of gold would very soon be presented to the cashier, who would find that there was not enough money on hand to cash it. The Secretary of the Treasury would tell the cashier to save back enough change to cash their own salaries due the next day, and to pay out all the rest of the money on hand on account of this last presented check for a carload of gold, and then for the balance of the amount due, for which they could not pay, he must give the man a draft on the Assistant Treasurer at New York, where the Government still had millions of dollars on hand.

The cashier then telephones to the chief of the Assay Office that all his money is gone, and that the Secretary of the Treasury orders him to draw the rest of his checks for that day on New York. So the chief of the Assay Office, as the fresh carloads arrive, draws his checks on New York and gives them to the long line of thirty-four miners from the West who have arrived with their train loads of gold, and they all go to the Treasury in Washington to get the checks or orders approved; then they take the evening train to New York, and by noon the next day every dollar in the United States depository at New York is paid

out, except the money retained to pay the salaries of the officers and employés, as no doubt they would look out for themselves in that direction.

In the meantime, telegrams reach the Treasury at Washington that three hundred and fifty-nine trains of gold were scattered all along the railroads from Colorado to Washington, each of them with two locomotives pulling and pushing ahead to get to Washington as fast as they could, so as to reach there first; and the additional news is received that enough for five hundred train loads of gold are scattered along the side of the mining stations and ready to ship, but no cars or locomotives arrived to carry it away.

The Secretary of the Treasury becomes alarmed. At midnight he tells the President of the United States that he cannot pay for a thousandth part of the gold he hears will be presented for sale during the next few days at the Assay Office. So at a quarter to six o'clock in the morning all the Cabinet officers are awakened and summoned to the White House to see what can be done. The chief of the Assay Office is also summoned, and is told by the Secretary of the Treasury that there is no more money on hand to pay for the gold that will be presented, and that he must not give out any more checks. "But," says the assay officer, "the law reads that I must buy all the gold that is presented. What shall I do? You should first change the law and not make me liable for dismissal, removal, or prosecution." The Secretary of the Interior replies that Congress is not in session and the law cannot be changed; and then the whole Cabinet sit in silence, until the office boy suggests that they had better coin the money out of the gold received on the day before, and pay it out for the gold to be received to-day.

That was a good suggestion, but the office boy was put out of the office for venturing to open his mouth. His proposal, however, was adopted, and all were

about to leave when the chief of the Assay Office happened to think that he could not coin before banking hours, which commenced at ten o'clock, the one hundred thousandth part of the coin necessary to pay for the gold that would be presented, for he had heard that even as early as four o'clock in the morning a line of miners was forming in front of the Assay Office, so as to be in position to get their pay first. The Secretary of Agriculture then asked in what shape the new gold was received from the cars, and was told in bars, each about the value of \$25,000. "Then," said the Secretary of Agriculture, "why not during the day pay the miners for their gold bars with the other gold bars received on the previous day?" That was considered a good plan, so it was adopted; but at eleven o'clock another Cabinet meeting was hastily called, the chief of the Assay Office giving information that the miners would not make the exchange, as they could find no good excuse for taking back the same kind of thing they were giving, the metal being too heavy to carry around. They had no place to put it, and clamored for checks. It was then decided to offer them silver for gold; but they would not accept that, as they said there was as much silver, if not more of it, out West than there was gold. Thus, the Cabinet was in a quandary.

It was then decided that the best thing to do was to give the miners certificates of deposit in amounts of \$100,000 each, stating that they had left gold for that amount in Washington, and with these certificates they could go out to the various national, State, and private banks and get money on them. This satisfied the miners, and they all went to New York on the evening train to raise money on their certificates of gold deposits.

In the meantime the bankers of New York had heard by telegraph all about the vast discoveries of

gold and about the gold certificates, and held a meeting at the Clearing House that night, which lasted until one o'clock in the morning; and they figured up the whole affair, and found that the quantity of gold in the new mines was fabulous and previously undreamed of, and was now of such unheard-of volume that they could not take care of or pay for it all. One banker from Bethlehem, Pa., said he had just received a dispatch from Colorado that the mountains were just full of solid gold, and that one man could dig out twelve tons of it in one day. "Then," said the banker from Bethlehem, "in Pennsylvania one miner can dig out twelve tons of iron ore in one day; if it was solid stuff, the miner could earn \$24 per day; but it is not solid iron, only the ore, and it is hard work now for a miner to find good ore enough in one place to earn \$2 a day, as it is not all pure iron; but now I" (the banker from Bethlehem) "have learned that out West unlimited quantities of gold have been found, one man digging out twelve tons of the solid stuff in one day, which at this present hour sells for \$750,000 per ton, twelve tons being worth \$9,000,000." "Can it," said the banker, "be possible that we are going to be called upon to pay out our savings and the savings in our banks of others entrusted to our care at the rate of \$9,000,000 per day for a Colorado laboring man's wages, while a hard-working man in Pennsylvania can only earn \$2 per day? If," continued he, "it were only a small, lucky find of a few tons or more, then it would make no difference; but the news is confirmed that there are unlimited quantities of it, just as there are unlimited quantities of iron ore in some places and of sand on the ocean shore; and," continued the banker, "the President and Cabinet have issued certificates of deposit for genuine pure gold bricks, and the miners and holders of them will be here in this city to-morrow morning wanting us to advance money on them at the

rate of \$9,000,000 per day for one man's labor. Can we do it? Shall we do it?"

The president of the Clearing House then called the speaker to order, and told him he did not think that the association wanted any such "fool question" put to them by any banker from Bethlehem or Jerusalem or any other seaport; of course, they would not do such a thing; for if, said the presiding officer, any person is going into a business where they could make \$9,000,000 a day or \$1,000,000 a day or \$100,000 a day, he would like to resign his honored position and go at it himself.

The meeting finally decided that the President and Cabinet at Washington and the chief of the Assay Office had a perfect right to issue a piece of paper that said that a miner from Colorado had deposited a certain quantity of gold; but that as Congress had not made the certificate a legal tender with an agreement that it was good for payment of debts, therefore it did not follow that the bankers or any one in America or elsewhere were obliged to take it; and that as far as the bankers' association was concerned the Government could keep on receiving gold until they had a pile as high as the Washington Monument if they wanted to. The only possible objection they could think of was that the Cabinet ought not to charge the expense to the Government, but ought to pay out of their own pockets for the handling of the gold and the paper on which the certificates were written.

The next morning, when the miners from Colorado presented their gold certificates at the banks, they were not cashed or placed to their credit, and there was much howling and an odor of sulphur in the language used. The miners found out for the first time that their gold was worth nothing, not even so much as iron, for it would cost more days' labor to get out an equal weight of pure iron. Thus, it was telegraphed all

along the line of the railroads, the freight trains being stopped in the woods. The miners had no money to pay the freight up to that point or any farther; the railroad companies dumped the gold at the side of the track, and no one cared to take it away, because it was too heavy and they could not get anything for it or did not know what to do with it. The only demand that ever came for it was from a board of trustees of a "New Jerusalem" church, who wanted it, as a matter of sentiment, to pave their sidewalk with.

The only persons who profited by that great gold discovery were the few lucky miners who got their gold to Washington the first day, and received Government checks, which they deposited to their credit in the various banks, and who were fortunate to check the money out immediately in payment for real estate and railroad and other investments.

The only great advantage that came to the country was the lesson it learned that gold was not worth anything in itself, but was only valued in proportion as it was scarce, and cost about one dollar's worth of daily labor to get one dollar's worth of gold, and that its past value was also in consequence of the Government having never refused to take at a uniform price all that was presented.

"Now," continued Ed, "the silver question has a good many points to it, one of them being the question of supply and demand just explained. Some persons claim that there is silver in such great quantities to be obtained that one man can dig sixteen dollars' worth of it while another man in the same time can only dig one dollar's worth of gold; and so has come that familiar expression 'sixteen to one.' It is a question of quantity, and means sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. But other people claim that silver is so plentiful that one man can dig thirty-two dollars' worth of silver while another man can dig

only one dollar's worth of gold, or thirty-two to one, thus making an ounce of silver of still less value than an ounce of gold; others claim twenty to one, others twenty-five to one, and it is so unsettled as to what really is the right proportion that everything is mixed up about it, and no one knows what to say or do. All they really do know is that silver was once scarce and for centuries was hard to find. People were anxious to get it, and there was not enough to be found to satisfy the demand for it by the governments and the people. Suddenly great silver mines were discovered in the West, and almost immediately other silver mines were found in many distant countries, and the precious metal commenced to pour into the great money centres in vast quantities. In one little town out West three or four men made \$20,000,000 apiece in two years. This luck made other people wild and half crazy, and hundreds of thousands of people in different parts of the world commenced to hunt and dig for silver, and so much of it kept coming in that the bankers could not take care of it all. The different governments of the earth who bought most of the silver got frightened, as they did not know what it was really worth, for a silver dollar was authorized by law to buy just as much as a gold dollar; and as silver dollars in the great aggregate could be mined cheaper or for less days' labor than an equal amount of gold dollars, it began to upset things, especially in the settling of exchanges between the nations. In consequence, some of the nations stopped coining silver, and said it should not be legal to pay off a whole debt with it; but those governments said they would only buy just enough silver to use for 'change,' as it was handy to have in the pocket and also convenient, and they had always been accustomed to use such change from their boyhood. Thus, the nations repealed all their laws that authorized a man to pay for a \$50,000 house all in

silver if he insisted on doing so. The reason they repealed the law was because the price of silver was so uncertain. The man might go out to-day and pay only \$49,000 in gold for enough silver to pay for the \$50,000 house, and then again the next day the price of silver might go down so that he could buy the same amount of silver for \$45,000 in gold. He would be angry and feel as if he had lost \$4000 by not waiting the extra twenty-four hours.

“Had all the nations stood together, offering to buy all the silver at a certain price, and say: ‘Come on, boys, bring on your silver to any amount, and here is your cold cash for it,’ then there would be no daily fluctuation in the price of silver, and the man that bought the house for \$50,000 could have nothing to get angry about, for the price of silver to-day would be the same to-morrow, and then it would make no difference to him whether he had paid for it in silver or gold, for he would just as soon have silver as to have gold in bank.

“That is what makes gold steady and even in price, as the governments of the earth say: ‘Come on, boys, bring on your gold by the wagon load or trainful and we will take it all.’ Miners can never find enough of it to satisfy the bankers and the Government, and men are to-day digging gold in all the corners of the earth to get more of it.

“If the time should ever come that they could find gold in unlimited quantities, it would cause the same trouble that silver is now making. The reason the governments refuse to say: ‘Come on, boys, with all your silver,’ is because they are afraid to say so, as they fear they will get swamped with the enormous supply that would roll in by every train. If silver should go up to the old price, then a million men over the whole world would start again at silver-mining and swamp the world with it. If the people who mine

silver could only just satisfy the governments and the bankers of the earth that they (the bankers and governments) are all mistaken, and that there is not such an awful lot of silver as is supposed, things would come back to the old times again, the governments singing the same old song of 'Come on, boys, with all the silver or gold you can scare up, and we will give you a price that is fair to all concerned, and when we fix the price we will stand by it.' The fact remains that the miners have not succeeded in satisfactorily answering the question, and now the governments and bankers only want one kind of metal for money, as after paying for all the gold that is presented they would not have enough money left to pay for all the silver that would come pouring in. One kind of metal is or ought to be sufficient for a standard, and silver can be bought in small amounts by the governments to use for 'change,' the same as they buy copper and nickel for the smaller pieces of change, like pennies and nickels."

Micky told Ed that his explanation was quite easy to understand, and he supposed the kite business was in the same position.

"Yes," said Ed, "the term 'supply and demand' steps in and takes a part in the problem of values. If kites grew on trees, and you had to raise and take care of a kite-tree grove, from which you wished to sell one hundred thousand kites per year at two cents each to satisfy the entire demand for kites that would come from exactly one hundred thousand boys, then everything would go on all right and well, and you would get rich if you had the monopoly; but if some Robinson Crusoe came back from a long voyage and told of an unknown and previously undiscovered island full of kite trees growing wild, from which fell like leaves to the ground five hundred million kites every autumn in each year, then I guess you would have to go out

of the kite manufacturing business, as kites could be brought over by the ship-load from that island cheap enough to sell to the boys at the rate of fifty-seven of them for a cent."

This last suggestion rather startled Micky, and so disturbed his slumbers that night that he worried whether the whole world had actually been fully discovered and explored. If not, then there might be any morning an announcement in the papers of a new island or new country found where kites actually grew. The result would be that his whole kite business would be "busted."

CHAPTER XVI.

WEALTH.

A FEW evenings later Micky said that while he was down at "Thurber's" he heard some of those Senators and Congressmen in their discussion say that there ought to be only one standard, and that it should be a "Gold Standard;" and he had been thinking over how Ed had explained the silver question, and supposed that the explanation in some way answered also why there should be only a single or gold standard adopted; but the whole question was so immense for a fellow of his size to swallow that he would like to have Ed make it a little clearer to him, if he could, what was meant by the gold standard.

Ed sat quiet for at least ten minutes before he opened his mouth. All the rest of them kept still for fear of disturbing his meditations, for they felt sure his thinking cap was getting wound up and would soon be ready to work, which was exactly the case, for at the end of the interval he said:

"Micky has just stated that the whole question is too immense for a fellow of his size to swallow; but if he will only look at the whole subject at one glance by taking a bird's-eye view of it, then it will be easy

to understand. The great trouble with people is that they do not look at the whole thing at once, but take it in sections and then get mixed up. If a man should stand on an elevation and take a bird's-eye view of or look down into an immense maze, he would perceive all of it at a glance and see the way in and the way out of the passageways in the puzzling thing; but if he got down on the ground level and walked into the maze, he would soon get mixed up in the intricacies of the arrangement and wish he had not come. Now," continued Ed, "the great trouble with people is that they think there is an awful, prodigious, unthinkable aggregation or quantity of movable things on this earth that people have manufactured and own, or, in other words, an immensity of personal property or made things, and it appalls them to think of the enormousness of it. They are afraid to tackle the subject, but when you come to boil it down there is not so much personal property or so many chattels after all."

"Not so much after all?" said Micky in surprise; "why, what do you mean? Are there not houses and stores and pavements and furniture and things to eat and wear and ships and boats and railroads and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold and everything else, and don't you call that very much?"

"No," said Ed, "it is not so very much if you would bring it all together brick by brick and board by board and rail by rail and stone by stone, and all the solid metal and everything just as man manufactured or quarried or mined it, just the solid stuff as it was before it was built into houses or made into furniture or clothing, or all that originally grew out of or was formed in the ground.

"If you could bring everything that is on the face of the earth to-day that man has manufactured with his hands or with machinery, everything that man owns in the world, that he has made or altered or

changed from one thing to another, and pile it up in one mass as a monument to man's wonderful material achievements on the earth, so that the coming generations would travel or make a pilgrimage there to see all that was left of what their ancestors for six thousand years had done, why, it would not be over a mile high and only fill up a valley a very few miles long, and people could get on top of the surrounding mountain peaks and look down at it in surprise, it would be so small; and if you would lay the whole pile down on the plains out West, it would only look like a respectable ant-hill, compared with the great, far-sweeping Rocky Mountain area; and the gods of the Grecians and Romans would sit on the floating clouds and look down and laugh at it and joke among themselves at man's boastful but diminutive collection of earthly manufactured material."

Micky laid down the unfinished kite he had in his hand, and for the first and only time lost his confidence in Ed. He looked at him for two minutes in blank astonishment, and then said: "Why, I bet you there are more houses and stuff in Cincinnati alone than would make a pile a mile high and a few miles long."

Ed shook his head and simply said, "No."

Micky then said: "Why, can't I see it with my own eyes—all these houses, factories, stores, warehouses, and everything around the whole city? I'll bet you it would make three or four cubic miles in itself of solid piled-up stuff, let alone all the rest of the things that must be around and over the world somewhere."

Ed sat quiet for a few minutes thinking, and then quietly said: "Why, Micky, all the houses and stores and goods and everything in the whole United States now on hand or that have been moved and sold if brought together and put in one solid mass, would not amount to half that pile you say is in Cincinnati alone. Why, Micky, the whole of the stuff in the

United States would not pile up three cubic miles. Please remember, I am not speaking of the value of the chattels, but of the bulk."

Micky did not answer for a few minutes, for he was roaming all over the city of Cincinnati in his mind, thinking of the block after block of factories and houses and stores and of their immense contents, and then when he could stand it no longer he said: "Ed, I'll bet you're not in it. I'll bet you're away off."

Fred and Sally both silently sided with Micky, but kept quiet and wondered that Micky had nerve enough to dispute anything Ed said, even if it was not so.

Micky stuck to his point, which resulted in Sally, by request, getting her slate and commencing to figure. The figuring and discussion continued during the evenings of nearly two weeks, and every item when it was properly calculated, "flattened out," reduced to cubic measure, and approved by Ed, was put down on a piece of paper. They had all passed "cubic measure" in their arithmetic class at school, and were up on the the subject.

Their manner of arriving at the result was by calculation that there were seventy million people in the United States, and that they all had or ought to have homes, and there ought not to be over five persons on an average to a house, and some houses ought to be large and some small; and at last, after considerable disputing, it was agreed upon as to what an average-sized house should be. Then they calculated the cubic contents of all the material in the walls, floors, roofs, and partitions, and when that was done it was put down on a sheet of wrapping paper under the heading of "houses." Next there ought to be a certain number of stores to a certain number of people, and then the average size of same with their contents and cubic measure of its construction was tabulated. Next came factories, next Government buildings, next rails and

railroad ties and bridges, next wooden and stone fences, next paving stones, then clothing, furniture, and food, and a hundred things that people ought to have, including iron and other ores, and gold and silver, and also diamonds and gems and everything they could think of.

It was a wonderful schooling and a never-ceasing fountain of information for them in after years.

The thing that astonished them was to find out that all the gold that people and banks and the Government owned in the United States and in the whole world, if melted into one solid mass, would not be enough to fill the cellar in which they were working.

One of the things they learned about was specific gravities, or the weight, and then the value of a cubic foot of the various commodities: and when they found that all the silver in the United States and in the world would not make a pile as large as their school-house, they had a good laugh, and wondered why people were making such an awful fuss about a little pile of silver like that.

And then they found that all the iron would not pile an eighth of a cubic mile, and that all the railroad rails would not cover a square mile ten inches high, and that all the railroad ties would not cover the square mile two feet high. The largest pile of anything was their collection of mortar, bricks, and stone material of the United States, which was less than a cubic mile, and they laughed at that, for it was not near as much as the cubic contents of Pike's Peak; and it caused them much amusement to think that all of man's building material on the earth to-day that had accumulated during six thousand years was not equal to the size of one respectable mountain peak with its foot-hills. They immediately had a howling contempt for the boastful "heaven-high building intentions" of the

workers on the Tower of Babel, and Micky said that the "whole ancient blinky crowd ought ter have had Sally there to kalkerate for dem before dey commenced such a foolish building job."

At last when everything they could think of in the United States was averaged and calculated, Fred suggested that all the people be thrown into the pile, and it amused them very much to find out that all the inhabitants of the United States in one crowd could stand on less than the area of Cincinnati.

Sally added up the total cubic feet of everything and divided it into cubic miles, and announced two and three twenty-eighth cubic miles. When the answer was repeated Micky gave up kite-making for the evening, and, leaning over Sally's shoulder, went over the various items and said: "Is dat all der is?" Then, sitting down, he said: "If dat is all der is in der whole bloomin' United States, then wid all *our* combined genius I don't think it would be very much of a job to scoop in and own der whole thing;" and then he apologized to Ed for doubting his statements, and they bid one another good-night. Micky hardly slept, for he was scheming how he could get everything in the United States that was in that little contemptible cubic pile into the possession of Flynn & Schmidt.

The next evening Micky said to Ed that he wished he would go on with his explanation of the "gold standard," which was interfered with by his taking exception to the statement about the cubic contents of the earth's visible store of fashioned material; then Ed, after thinking awhile, said people could get along without money, but it would be very inconvenient, as something easy to carry and small and valuable and acceptable to everybody is needed for a medium to buy things when wanted. If the governments said iron should be money, it would provoke people, because

there is so much of it and it is so easy to get and, besides, so inconvenient to carry around. If the Government said a small, round piece of iron the size of a silver fifty-cent piece should pass for a dollar, then such a dollar would be a legal tender, and every person would be obliged to take it; but it would be in a certain manner a waste of iron, for if the Government wanted the people to have cheap money like that, they might just as well stamp the word dollar on a nickel piece and call it a dollar, instead of calling it a five-cent piece; but if the Government insisted on it, then the people would have to take the nickel piece for a dollar.

"Now, if our country had an immense high Chinese wall around it, and no person or thing was allowed to come in or go out, then the little nickel dollar would be as satisfactory as a piece of paper that costs less to get and make than a nickel, and will pass for a dollar the same as a dollar bill or a fifty-dollar bill or a hundred-dollar bill, just as the government sees fit to change the type and make the same piece of paper good for a thousand-dollar, instead of a one-dollar note if they want to.

"But if we tear down that big wall around our country and look outside, we will find there are 'other pebbles on the beach,' there are other nations than ourselves, and we cannot compel them to do as we want them to do. We cannot hold a pistol to their heads and order them to take our iron or nickel or silver money.

"Those outside nations, as well as we, have their ideas of what money should be made of, and whatever they say has to be the law of their land for buying and selling among themselves.

"But when it comes to the various nations buying things of each other, they have the privilege to refuse to take any other kind of money than their own for their goods.

“ If there are two or three kinds of money that every nation is willing to take from the others, then there is no trouble; but at the present time gold money is the only thing that each is willing to take of the other, and that settles it, unless you send over a few ironclads and an army and make them take whatever you insist on.

“ The seventy-five million people of the United States are not willing to leave their homes and go abroad to ‘ lick’ the rest of the sixteen hundred million people in the world and make them our abject slaves and compel them to do just as we say. So we cannot have our own way, and must join the majority. The majority of the nations want only gold, and so gold becomes the single standard between the nations. We can have a gold, a silver, a lead, a copper, a nickel, or a paper standard among ourselves here in the United States if we want to; but when we come to owe money to our neighboring nations we have to settle in their own gold standard or fight it out or quit buying of them, and that is all there is to the silver question and single standard question until we can talk them into it, if we have a good argument; but up to the present time our arguments have not prevailed, and gold is the single and only standard now in general international use.”

Ed then said: “ What I wanted to explain to you when you disagreed with my statement about the quantity of earthly things was the real insignificance of the aggregate of all the things that man has made since the beginning of the world and that are now on hand; that they were utterly small compared with the awful mass that people generally supposed was scattered over the earth; and then, lastly, to show that if a person could only grasp all there was at one glance, he would not be bothered in his mind by chasing all over the world to think of it. In order, however, to

bring it easily before the mind of Flynn & Schmidt, I will at some future time commence away back at the beginning of things and give you a bird's-eye view of wealth."

CHAPTER XVII.

BLAVATSKY.

IN the retrospect of life we often find that the principal guide-posts directing our pathway are incidents in our history that corroborate the trite saying, "It is the unexpected that always happens," and when we more accurately survey our past and look for an explanation, we find that many persons designate our guide-posts as merely "chance." Their conclusion is unwarranted, for every life is directed or guided by some unseen force ever impelling it onward and onward, and it is our own will or inherent power or determination, or, *per contra*, our leniency with ourselves that sends us onward and upward, or onward and downward.

Many persons are imbued with the thought that there is a spirit or intelligent force of some kind that ever hovers over and around us, calling upon the secret forces of nature to assist in securing a certain wished-for happy and glorious end or result, while at the same time they say that there is another resisting force ever trying to annoy and thwart or destroy the better impulses that would lead us to the green pastures and still waters of success.

We see this enemy all around us in material objects. There seems to be nothing of atomic construction that can resist the ravages of time. Everything in the animal and vegetable world strives in its own way to accomplish the mission for which it was given existence, but when it draws toward its end it finds nothing to look back to but a continual fight for existence.

Back of the curtain that hides our vision are unseen controlling forces which in some manner or way influence our hourly and daily existence. Magnetism, hypnotism, clairvoyance, spiritualism, guides, and other terms give expression to that unknown force or power. Many persons with one majestic sweep of the hand flippantly wave the subject out of the category of even implied existence and call it humbug or fraud; but science comes to the rescue and says there is something, but candidly acknowledges it does not know what it is. In its dilemma it looks with pity upon a non-investigator who has the audacity to belittle such mystery without even attempting to approach it.

"Ignorance was bliss" to Micky, for he had never heard of hypnotism or clairvoyance or anything mysterious, excepting ghosts. Ghosts were an unknown but tangible quantity to Micky; he had never seen one, but had heard so much about them and believed in them to such an extent that if any boy had said in his presence that there was nothing of the kind, he would unhesitatingly in youth's language have called him a falsifier. Ghosts were a reality to Micky, and he wanted to give them as wide a degree of latitude and longitude as possible.

He had once heard some people talking about Theosophists, Mahatmas, reincarnations, and such things, but it was all Greek to him, except that the whole conversation flavored of something uncanny and sounded very much like ghost stories. That he

should ever come under the influence of anything of the kind was an undreamable and unthought-of proposition; but one evening it came all the same, and made an impression on his life that was never effaced.

The firm of Flynn & Schmidt, with their counsellor and fair young treasurer, had been indulging in conversation relative to the kite business in particular, and the commerce of the world in general, and Micky had repeated for the twentieth time that he saw no reason why Flynn & Schmidt could not own the whole continent if they tried. Fred twitted him regarding his "cheek" in wanting to own the whole earth, and Sally had nettled him by saying he had better leave a little something or other for Queen Victoria and King William, and Ed had entered into a long dissertation on the subject of legal and illegal possession, and by the arrival of the time for the usual parting, Micky had been quite severely crushed, or, rather, in their own language, considerably "sat down on;" and when Ed and Fred had said good-night and had gone, he found himself alone with Sally, who had fallen into a deep sleep.

The cellar was only dimly lighted by one small tallow candle that was flickering and flickering, and shooting its faint and dying rays into the far corners back of Micky where the shadows fell deepest. He felt sad that his friends were unable to appreciate the wish to possess the world that dominated his breast. He felt lonely, and the silence grew oppressive. He thought of himself as a unit in the wide, wide world. Sixteen hundred million people were on the globe, but there he sat in an humble cellar, disappointed in not having one single heart to respond to a gigantic wish that seemed to him only an easy task in its accomplishment; but he had earnestness, the one thing essential in life.

Micky was in earnest, and sitting up close to the

work table, he planted his elbows on a pile of tissue-paper and then pressed his two cheeks down against his clenched fists, and with knit brow thought of the whole world as traced on the map that Sally had drawn and later had filled up with data regarding commerce. He was absorbed in himself, and the candle burned lower and lower, and the cellar corners and shadows grew darker and darker, and the silence grew intenser, and the cold shivers played over his body, and his frown grew deeper and deeper, and his heart beat harder and faster, and he certainly would have fallen into a stupor if he had not been awakened by the sudden echoing from the cellar walls and ceiling—the repeated reverberations of his own deep, agonizing voice saying determinedly and slowly, “I will own it all.”

When the last echo died away there came an unearthly, blood-curdling thump or knock from directly beneath his elbows, and the table was lifted up ten inches from the floor, the jarring almost extinguishing the last gasping of the struggling candle. He gave one look of alarm toward Sally, but saw her reclining five feet away in the calmest and deepest of slumbers. To say Micky was frightened is not sufficiently expressive. His first thought was of ghosts. His jaw dropped two inches, but when, almost immediately, a second louder thump and higher movement of the table followed he fell backward, chair and all, into one heap on the floor. He lay cuddled up in a ball for a full half-minute without breathing, with both arms entwined around his head, and with one foot lifted upward toward the table to protect himself from whatever it might be that was ghostly or ghastly that did the knocking.

Gradually he opened one eye and, peeping out, was grateful to know that the candle was still burning and that he was alive; but the silence, however, was op-

pressive, and all he could hear was at intervals the deep breathing of Sally. He waited half a minute longer, and was about to jump up and run to his sister when another more uncanny knock on the table came that brought his heart almost up in his throat, and caused him once more to lie low and cover up his face and head with his arms, and kick one foot and leg upward toward the table to defend himself from its nameless awfulness. It was two minutes before he again ventured to open an eye, which in the oppressive silence he slowly accomplished, and then, after waiting a few seconds, he jumped up with almost the speed of a bounding ball, thinking to awaken Sally and run for the cellar steps; but he had hardly risen to his feet when he stopped and stood like a frigid statue, for as he rose he saw the heavy worktable lifted like a feather from off the floor and ascend almost to the ceiling; it sailed around in the air and came gently and softly down in front of the stairs, completely blocking his exit. He tried to scream, but his throat seemed frozen; he tried to start or run to Sally, but he was as immovable as the cellar wall; and all the while sweetly slumbering was his unconscious sister.

He stood for a minute, and then, horror of horrors, the candle went out, and all was dark, and he could hear his heart beat; then came a low, ghostly moan or wail close to his ear, suddenly changing to a sweet, gentle sound and then to a murmuring strain, and in turn to a lulling tune. He felt himself growing warm and the blood flowed back to his cheeks; then came little sparks of light floating around in the darkness, and then longer flashes; and as the flashes lengthened the strains of music filled the whole place and he seemed fairly floating in an ocean of melody; and when he was almost lifted to the seventh heaven of ecstasy, it all suddenly ended with a crash and a bang, like to the sound of an awful peal of thunder and cym-

bals. Micky in the intense darkness dropped on the floor like a collapsed balloon, for with the crashing noise the sparkling light disappeared, and he heard nothing in the silent darkness but the deep breathing of Sally.

For ten minutes Micky did not move a muscle; he had his senses, but was afraid to stir. At last he raised himself up, and as he did so the sparkling light returned. He gazed around and saw the table noiselessly and slowly lifted without hands from the floor and sail gently around and around in the air. Then it settled slowly down on the floor directly over him, leaving him beneath it; then up again the table slowly rose until it reached the ceiling and rested. Some unseen force lifted him up to the ceiling, turned him over and placed his back against the underside of the table, and left him, with arms and limbs outstretched, suspended, face downward.

For a seeming half an hour, amid the strange light and the intense silence, he remained there unable to move or scream or call for help, while down below him he could see Sally sleeping in the deepest sleep, not another soul being in sight. Then the table slowly descended to its accustomed place; the bench or chair righted itself to where it belonged, and Micky felt himself gently wafted from beneath the table and around and around through the air, and at last once again he found himself in his accustomed place, sitting just as he was before, with his cheeks against his fists and his elbows on the table. But it was now all dark, and Micky said to himself, "What a strange dream I have had!" and was about to rise and awaken his sister and go upstairs, when there came a deep voice from out of the darkness, slowly and solemnly saying: "What you have seen and heard is not a dream, except as life is all a dream;" and then came a strange noise and a blinding light, and suddenly appeared be-

fore him, at Sally's side, an aged woman, with electrical sparks and flashes encircling her body, with lightning flowing from her hair and hands and fingers, all gyrating around her with brilliant kaleidoscopic effect. She was wrinkled and gray, but beneath it all was the trace of a fair young face. For five minutes she looked steadily yet kindly at Micky, who was too completely scared to move or say a word; she did not remove her gaze until suddenly, with a tone of authority, she calmly and slowly said, "I am Blavatsky," and immediately with her announcement came a clapping as of thunder and the cellar beamed with a thousand times the splendor of day, and the name of Blavatsky was flashed in the letters of a hundred different languages around the walls.

The word Blavatsky struck a thousand terrors to poor Micky's soul. He had never heard of her before, but it sounded so much like the name of a man in the neighborhood who had been hanged for boiling alive and devouring two small boys, that Micky was now more than a million times alarmed at the prospect of a horrible ogreish ending to his ambitious life. Then came Blavatsky's voice, saying in deep and solemn tones:

No cause for fear should emanate from me;
I dwell where lives the essence of the vast eternity.
On earth I breathed and passed allotted days,
But did not garner in my life the holier ways
That soonest earn for all that longed-for rest,
Where in the joys of Karma souls are blessed.
I came from other spheres before I flew to earth,
Where, in the ages gone, I first found birth
In that vague thought that means the Ego, I,
That ever from one life through others fly
To be reincarnated with a wish for blessed goal,
Where upward in the evolution of a soul

The spirit or the life can lodge at last
With its earned blessing from the struggling past.
And as I wandered in the realms of space,
I saw to-night your earnest, upturned face,
And read the thoughts that dominate your zeal,
And by attraction could your deepest longings feel.
Thrice happy is the woman who gave birth
To a son who has ambition to possess an earth.
O'er all this globe there is no one like you,
Thoughts so o'erwhelming only come to few.
Such overtowering grasping is indeed quite rare,
No one has lived who can with you compare.
Age is no barrier for the planting soil
Where noblest seed develops noblest toil.
A child can be the channel for the greatest deed,
And you shall be receptacle for fruitful seed.
The Brotherhood of man in you shall surely find
A leader who will give to earth a holier mind.
Your sleeping sister is the medium through
Which mystic knowledge shall unfold to you.
And from the spirit land through her I call
The shade of one whose name is known to all.
Josephus! come! I summon you at last
To give this youth a knowledge of the buried past.

Immediately a flashing light illumined the whole place, which sent Micky almost into a fit, for he saw the figure of a man suddenly form itself from out of the surrounding nothingness and then stand beside the sleeping Sally. It was a clear case of materialization, but as Micky had never heard of such a thing, his overwhelming dread of ghosts almost took away his breath, and he certainly would have dropped dead if he had not been won back to his senses by the kindly voice of the new apparition, saying:

"Do not fear me, lad, you are safe from harm. I am the spirit of Josephus, an historian of the long ago,

and I have been summoned here by the seeress Blavatsky, who bids me talk to you of events upon this earth occurring millenniums since. Your sister is also safe from danger, but cannot yet awaken, as it is through her unconscious life I am enabled to appear to you. She is one of the few or chosen human organisms that have inborn adaptation to be the channel or medium through which spirits passed to future spheres can reappear to men. I am come to do you good, to help you learn of unknown things, to give you insight into past events that governed all the commerce of an earth. You have conceived a most wondrous thought, to grasp a world, and boy as you are, have attracted to your side the passed-on spirits of most wondrous souls. Look to your right and you will see Napoleon come again to earth."

Micky in an instant looked as directed, and once more lost his nerve, for there beside him, as natural as life, with massive brow, piercing eye, drooping head, and hand folded within his bosom, all in graceful pose, stood the man of destiny, thoughtful and silent, gazing at Micky.

"Fear not," said Josephus; "Napoleon sought to grasp the world through blood and war, but failed. He will ever be at your side and project his soul within your own. He sees the error of his day; he lived before his time; this age in which you live is the era of commerce, and could Napoleon live to-day, in fifty years the earth and all upon it would be his. You have conceived his thought of thoughts to own a world, and in you will the genius of his life be poured. Into Napoleon did great Cæsar pass; in Cæsar did great Alexander live; in Alexander did Alkimos, greatest warrior of Atlantis, dwell, and in Alkimos was reincarnated the warrior Bœotarchus of your pre-historic world, he who dwelt in that palatial city covered now with your Antarctic ice. So through your

life shall all these gathered ambitions of an æon find its vent.

"Look on your left and see the wizard Cagliostro, guardian spirit genius that hovers ever near your partner Fred."

Micky looked and nearly fainted at the presence of another ghost, whose eyes almost sent a dart of flame into his very life; but Josephus said: "Be not afraid; Cagliostro has rich words to say, but not just yet. More than a year will pass before he gives to you the secret wisdom of alchemic lore, and when he speaks your partner Fred must also be on hand to hear.

"Look once again and see behind your back the hovering spirit genius of your youthful lawyer friend. His name is Dondros, the leading legal mind of a noble civilization long extinct. He has lived over and over in the lives of giant lawyers through two scores of thousand years; he also will pass much information to you when Ed is by at some near future date.

"Now look once more at the side of where your sister sleeps, and see a woman with whom none other of these later centuries can compare, Madam Guyon, a soul from earth, freighted with gentleness and love; she is the guardian angel of your sister's life, and she will in the days to come inform you how when power would seek companionship with noble love, that earth will then have fruitage in its perfect form."

Josephus then proceeded, saying: "I have been summoned here to tell you of the past—the buried past. Much can I say, for history has its many channels, with their various special data for students' whims, but you require information of commercial ways, and wisdom in the systems that give finance its strength and in the end its death; and so in that direction I will freight you with knowledge of the vastness and the ending of accumulated wealth that will be a

partial foundation to you for your future great career."

During the first of this conversation of Josephus, Micky lived a day of agonizing fright for every minute it lasted, but toward the close his confidence returned and a feeling came over him that now there was some one to sympathize with him in his wish to own a world. If his ideas of ghosts were correct he ought to have been ground to powder by the end of the first three seconds, but as five minutes had passed, and he was still alive, he came to the conclusion that it was all right, and so in a short time, as Josephus proceeded with his talk, Micky became an open-mouthed listener, drinking in every sentence as it came, and for an hour in the presence of Blavatsky, Napoleon, Cagliostro, Dondros, Guyon, and the sleeping Sally, he sat respectful and silent, learning of things that to him were new and strange.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE IRON STANDARD.

AFTER the formal introduction of Micky to the "shades," Josephus—in the language Micky afterward used in relating it to the kite firm—proceeded as follows:

"Those people who study the Bible claim that the earth has been peopled for six thousand years. Others say it has been inhabited for six thousand million years; but their disputes make no difference to us, so far as our talk to-night is concerned, whether it is six thousand or six thousand million, for there is not a thing left on the earth that any one to-day knows of that was made or fashioned by man back of only a little over six thousand years. Some say the pyramids, which are the oldest monuments on earth, were erected ten thousand years ago. To satisfy such chronologers, we will go back to fifty thousand years, if necessary, and commence the earth at that date with nothing of man's handiwork, just as you would find it if you went to some lonely island in the far-off South Pacific Ocean to begin, like Robinson Crusoe, to raise a nation.

"So we will say that fifty thousand years ago there

was not an object on the earth that man had made, because there had never been a human or intelligent being there to make anything. Everything that was there at that time grew of itself. There were some animals, insects, and other living creatures, and trees and other vegetation.

“ At that date, 50,000 B.C., a lost balloon arrived at your uninhabited earth from the planet Mars with a man and his wife and a small colony of a dozen of their neighbors. They had been sailing in the air for a long time, and their provisions had given out and they were hungry. So they looked around, and found fruit and vegetables and fish and game and plenty of good drinking water, and that made them feel better; and after their long ballooning experience they concluded that as there were eatables and drinkables around, they had better make up their mind to settle and stay, and not venture back through space to their old home sixty million miles away. They afterward had children and grandchildren, and they died and were buried; and at the end of fifteen hundred years there were living many thousands of their descendants, who, finding the climate cold, had learned to make clothing to wear and huts to shelter them from storms. During their first few years on our earth everything they made belonged to the whole party, and there was no word in their language that meant ‘mine’ and ‘thine’; the only expression of that kind was one word, ‘ours.’ They were all like a loving family of father, mother, and young children, not knowing any such thing as selfishness; but each wanted the other to have enough of whatever there was. But later they grew numerous, and divided themselves into families, who moved hundreds of miles apart; and they then felt responsible for their own people only and their neighbors. It was all the men could do to find time to raise food from the ground and hunt game; and it took all

the time of the women to spin yarn, make clothes, and cook food, as none of them had any inclination to go back one or two hundred miles or so to visit their old friends and relatives. Then in eighty or ninety years the great-grandchildren forgot their fifth cousins and other distant relatives; and as they did not know how to write, and there were no books or newspapers to read, or even alphabets to form words, in a few centuries they were forgotten to one another as kindred, and only heard of each other through those who were venturesome enough to travel. All of these came back and told their friends that wherever they went they found unfamiliar things to eat, and saw other kinds of clothing and new inventions; but they could not bring any of the new things back home, because they themselves, like tramps, had nothing to give in exchange.

“But later one of these travellers who had returned home thought of something in a distant settlement he wanted; he concluded to go after it and take some apples, of which there were none in that far-off place to exchange, or, in other words, to pay for it. But he could not carry such a large quantity of fruit, and was about to give up the trip when his wife asked him if they did not need some sheep up there. He replied: ‘Yes, I think they do.’ ‘Then,’ said the wife, ‘why do you not drive up some of our sheep? You will not have to carry them as you would apples, for the sheep can carry themselves.’ So the man patted his wife on the shoulder and told her she had a ‘big head;’ and he drove up a lot of sheep and a yoke of oxen, paying the stranger the sheep for the goods he wanted, which were fifteen buffalo robes and a wooden sledge; then he hitched his yoke of oxen to the sledge, and thus hauled his buffalo robes home.

“After that sheep became the money or medium of exchange between the two settlements, and the custom spread to other villages; and by and by horses were

added to the list, and then other animals, until this animal money became quite complicated; for one horse was equal to ten sheep, and one cow equal to five sheep, and one sheep equal to two dogs, and one dog equal to four cats. Things were getting badly mixed as to the kind or breed of dogs and cats that were to be given, and some one said he wished there was only one thing used for money, or a single-standard arrangement for exchanges; but as there was not a single standard, disputes arose; and, having forgotten their relationship, the men went to war, and had unhappy times generally, until one day a man made a great discovery. He found a piece of iron, something unheard of before, and with it made an iron hoe; and he became widely known as the Man with the Hoe. Then every farmer wanted an iron hoe; and as almost every person needed one, they became a sort of single standard of value. A good-sized hoe was worth a horse, a half-sized hoe purchased a cow, twenty hoes could buy a hut, and three hoes a suit of clothes. It kept on in this way for hundreds of years, until hoes were recognized as money over the whole known earth, which extended for five hundred miles in all directions from the ancient Plymouth Rock, where that balloon from Mars first landed.

“But one day a vast deposit of heavy rock or ore was found in a distant province, and some one discovered that by burning or melting this heavy rock they could extract iron out of it at very slight expense. They erected a smelter and made so much iron that the whole system of ‘hoe’ currency ultimately collapsed, for a company of a hundred men could now produce as much iron in one week as the whole known world could previously gather in fifty years. The nation was then flooded with hoes, and iron was melted into large blocks and stored up in high piles, and enough hoes were made to supply the farmers with ten

thousand per month, while all a farmer needed or could really wear out was only one hoe per year.

"The iron miners kept selling hoes until they found the people did not care to take any more, so they inveigled the government into buying all they could mine and manufacture. Before long the government's money and storage warehouse capacity gave out, and heavy taxes were levied to raise money to satisfy the iron miners. It was not long before the government found itself in trouble; the people were willing to pay the taxes as well as they could, but there was no other money known except 'hoe' money for the tax collectors to receive, and they took the hoes that were deposited in the banking houses and offered them to the iron miners in exchange for their product; but the miners wanted something else than the hoes made last year in exchange for their output of new hoes made this year, and the whole business world came to a standstill. Two hundred billion dollars' worth of chattels had accumulated during the four thousand years since the landing of the ballooners from Mars. It consisted of the houses in the cities and towns—not the land—and articles of furniture and luxury and of farm improvements and other things owned and needed by man, and a grand civilization was about springing into existence. No doubt they could have adjusted the hoe-currency affair by abolishing it entirely, and letting every person on a certain day lose the value of all the hoes they happened to have on hand, pocketing their losses and then burying their hoes from sight and wetting their graves with their tears. No doubt some arrangement could have been made of that kind. But a disaster came to the earth, which saved all the sorrow that would have fallen to all those citizens on whom the hoes had been 'saddled' by a few smart financiers, who, foreseeing the impending trouble, had got rid of their hoe holdings in

exchange for houses and land and other good merchandise.

“No doubt this smart scheme of shifting the losses on to the unsuspecting by the sharp financiers would have resulted in some men being sad and others happy; but fortunately or unfortunately, just at that time the earth, in its far-sweeping orbit, swung into a snowflake nebula that was floating around in the universe, and in one night that whole part of the earth where these descendants of those few adventurers from Mars lived was buried under five miles of snow, which afterward turned into solid ice, the ponderous weight of which, in sliding onward to the ocean, destroyed the people and all traces of their accumulated wealth of houses and other chattels. The tonnage of ice crushed every piece of man’s handiwork, and as it moved forward it rolled and tumbled and crunched and ground everything to powder. Thus, a whole civilization, people and all, was blotted from the face of the earth; and not a monument or a brick or an article or a trace of anything of value can now be found, except that the Sahara Desert is covered with the powdered and sanded remains of that past civilization; and the gods sat on the clouds and winked an eye at each other and laughed at the vanity of man; and as they saw the \$200,000,000,000 of human handiwork disappear they satirically said in a strange language of their own: ‘Thus passeth away the glory of the world.’”

CHAPTER XIX.

BRICK STANDARD.

“BUT,” continued Josephus (in Micky’s way of telling the story), “the earth still remained, and went rolling on and on, and on and on, and in other lands than the present site of the Sahara Desert the animals and insects and trees and vegetation kept growing, but there was not a human being left to claim or quarrel about an inch of the vast domain, for wickedness and man left the earth at one and the same time, and the earth was free from sin; but four thousand years later, about forty thousand years ago, a new sort of a flying machine came eight hundred and ten million miles, with a colony of eighteen souls from the planet Saturn, and landed on our globe and took possession of the entire earth in the name of their country.

“Now these strangers from Saturn were entirely different from those who came from Mars. The latter were primitive and ignorant, and worked their way upward along the slow lines of progress to civilization; but these Saturn voyagers were somewhat advanced in the arts and brought with them knowledge. They had an alphabet of hieroglyphics, and were the offspring of the planet Saturn people whose bent of mind

turned in the direction of astronomy. Their planet was seven hundred and fifty million miles farther from the sun than Mars was, and, being more distant from its influence, they had grown up, under a sense of its mystery, to be sun-worshippers.

"They were a nation of builders, spending their greatest energy in erecting temples, of which untold gigantic examples dotted their own entire planet, and they brought to earth with them their custom or medium of exchange, which was bricks. Their money was bricks, and a certain size brick was the unit or of standard size in a day; therefore, one hundred bricks of standard size in a day; therefore, one hundred bricks, or a day's labor, was the dollar bill or measure of exchange, and each brick equaled one-hundredth part of a dollar, the same as one of our cents. If one man was stronger or quicker than another, it was his in-born advantage, and he could make more per day than his neighbor.

"When these new colonizers reached our earth, they landed on that portion of it now known as Egypt, and after looking around and satisfying themselves that the soil was capable of supporting life, and finding fruit and game in abundance, they concluded to stay and to venture no farther with their air-ship toward the centre of the solar system. Having been taught that labor was honorable, they set to work to make bricks thirty-five minutes after they landed, which was at twenty-five minutes after five o'clock A.M.; and by night-time of the first day each person had made for himself or herself a hundred bricks. Then after arranging their handiwork in individual piles, they sat down on top of them and commenced to talk.

"They all agreed that they were not making bricks for the fun of it, nor because they especially liked it, and they all also agreed that they were not exactly making them for eating purposes. They knew per-

fectly well that something to eat and to wear and a house to live in were necessary, and that some of their number on the next day had better spend their time in gathering food, others in making clothes, and others in building houses; and, according to agreement, they commenced their separate vocations the following morning. Some added the bricks they had made during the second day to the previous pile that they had made on the first day, while others from their individual piles of bricks made on the first day took enough when the second evening came to pay others for their second day's necessities; and each of them added to their brick piles the additional bricks received from their own individual sales of food and clothes they had accumulated or made during the second day. But as the weeks flew by, somehow, the quick and more industrious and the economical among them found their individual piles of bricks growing larger, while others, who lagged or idled, found their piles diminished, with sometimes all their bricks gone and nothing left but their empty plot of land; but they had good sense enough to see why this was so, and why others grew richer and had more bricks than they, and thus they did not upbraid the others for their own personal idleness and extravagance. The only man who made himself obnoxious during the first ten years of the colony was one who, in a moment of pride, paid all of his pile of bricks for a beautiful diamond that one of the party happened to find. After the purchaser's wife had adorned herself with it two or three times, and the novelty wore off, he wanted to sell it back; but when the lucky finder would not repurchase it, and no one else was extravagant enough to buy it at any price, a fuss ensued, of his making, that endangered the harmony of the entire settlement.

“Three hundred years passed by, and bricks were still the single standard of exchange. The accumulation

of bricks of the three centuries was represented in beautiful residences. The population had increased to nearly half a million souls, and the more powerful and wealthy directed and governed affairs, until at last strength ruled entirely and kings owned everything in sight.

"A thousand years passed, various kings ruling in the different cities. They fought, bled and died, but the one great satisfaction they experienced at their last moment was in the fact that their wealth could not be carried away to distant empires, for they had increased the size of their bricks to such enormous proportions that no one wanted to remove them. When a rich man had a thousand bricks of the regulation size he would exchange them for a large piece of scarce building stone of the same aggregate cubic dimensions, and if he had a million bricks, the stone would be still larger in proportion. As an indication of wealth, rich men placed these large stones in their front yards as a boastful sign of their prosperity. Kings outshone their richest subjects and erected monolithic or obelisk evidences of wealth, covering them all over with hieroglyphics, telling flattering things about themselves; and not satisfied even with such things, they erected great abiding pyramids, and as the people passed by, or as distinguished travellers came from other lands and viewed the mighty treasure piles, the keepers or officers pointed to them with great pride and told of the multi-billion evidences of the prosperity of their kings.

"All around the bases of these brick or rocky treasure heights were groves and temples with sphinxes at a thousand points, and down underneath the pyramidal piles were gold-lined chambers, the resting places of the kingly dead, and their burial-service songs told that he who rested beneath that pyramidal form was covered or roofed over with the wealth of a mil-

lion, million, million days of labor, all of which he hoarded in the hours he ruled on earth.

“ The currency of the Egyptian kingdom was seemingly everlasting, but certainly inconvenient for more modern methods. The wealthy had numerous slaves to follow them and carry along the bricks necessary for daily purchases, and this currency thus had the advantage of being safe from extensive robbery. Trusted men never absconded with a brickyard in their valises, and although gold and silver abounded, it was never dreamed of for monetary purposes. It was too plentiful one year and too scarce another, and did not represent to them a day’s toil, as its value was too often changed by each great and newly discovered mine, and every king could alloy it at his own pleasure, and thus cheat his overburdened subject slaves; but bricks for money were all right, as one hundred bricks were all an average person could make in one day. It was established and satisfactory.

“ But wealth is never safe when gauged by any form of earthly toil, and after their fifty centuries of existence, one hundred bricks still was the standard of a man’s daily work, that daily work being represented by the stately monuments on every hand that rich men owned.

“ But a sad day came for all their hoarded gain, for from the brain of a man evolved a thought which gave impulse to inventive skill, and brick machines of wondrous size were built that gave a man the power to make a million bricks a day. A score of men built up a pyramid with liquid cement that hardened into blocks, and finished in a week’s time what heretofore had cost the labor of two million men for fifty years. Thus the finance system of five thousand years collapsed in ninety days, and rich men walked the streets and found themselves compelled to enter into competition with their former slaves.

“That Egyptian era was the richest known to earth, but it passed away, for in that far back hour, when brick machines unsettled the foundation of wealth, the earth suddenly swung forward through a great nebula of mist that turned to tropic rain, and bursting clouds came pouring down the mountain sides, sweeping the towns and cities out of existence, and the entire race of man, with all his wealth, was buried beneath the roll of a million-fold Niagara’s gathered force; and when at last the earth in its orbit emerged from this vapory, nebulous cloud, the waters swiftly eddied to deep caverns in the earth, sucking down with it the soil and surface coverings in its dreadful onward rush, and thus a world’s wealth of architecture and ornament disappeared with the mighty flood. All that remained on the surface of the storm-swept globe were a few gigantic pyramids and a massive sphinx to tell the tale of the slavish toil of millions of souls whose labor represented a world of wealth that vanished in an hour. Man and sin were once more gone, and naught but silence reigned.”

CHAPTER XX.

CHECK STANDARD.

JOSEPHUS, continuing, said (according to Micky): "Nothing of financial importance occurred to our world after the aforementioned incidents until the year 20,000 B.C., when the inhabitants of the moon emigrated in a body to our earth, coming in private conveyances of their own invention. The facts regarding the moon and the causes of the emigration are as follows:

"When the various planets were originally formed they were hot to the degree of ten million furnace power, although in the course of ages they cooled off. Of course, the smaller the diameter of the sphere, the sooner it parted with its heat; consequently, the moon's inhabitable life was of comparatively short duration on account of its smaller bulk, and when at last it parted with its remaining store of heat it gradually grew colder and colder, until the people could endure it no longer. They then (with the exception of one man left to guard the place) came to our globe and settled on an island continent called Atlantis.

"They had the industrial experience of their ancestors in their moon life, and had found out that all of

man's treasure and workmanship was liable to tumble or decay, for they had seen two eras of the moon's prosperity entirely destroyed by cyclones and other disturbances. So in their third and last era in the moon they had abolished the erection of buildings, that they readily saw could only be built to come down again. To profit by past experience, they dug for their habitations vast holes in the ground, that could not fall down in any manner, and at the same time they could thus dwell nearer to the central source of what little heat still remained in the interior of their sphere.

"The island of Atlantis was almost the size of our South America, and the Moonites upon arrival plotted off the whole land area into square yards and divided it up equally, so that every man, woman, and child started even. They did this because of former experiences. All their previous buildings and treasures had been torn away, and had left them an impoverished people; and they had to desert their former homes in the moon, that had cost countless treasure, and now they concluded to try and own just the barren, naked land of Atlantis, and to depend on that and nothing more.

"For each square yard of land was issued a certificate, each certificate being divided into nine shares of one square foot each. Each square foot had attached to it one hundred and forty-four coupons, representing square inches, and every full certificate was recorded in the record office of the great city of Alladina, the capital of the nation. These certificates became currency, and great prosperity ensued; but it was the old story over again of some people saying 'the rich grew richer and the poor poorer,' until the Emperor was empowered to behead any one on the spot who whispered such an untrue sentiment. The poor people, when they found they had to do so, opened their eyes and found out the true state of affairs; and a new

motto came into existence, which was, that the saving man was the one who grew richer, and the spendthrift the one who grew poorer. At last, when every one appreciated the truth of the new saying, there came an era of economy, and land certificates became the currency of the nation, being sold and hoarded up until every one was on the road to wealth; when, to the sorrow of the great majority, it was discovered that fraudulent certificates had been issued by unscrupulous parties. A panic immediately ensued, the bad certificates could not be told from the genuine, and anarchy prevailed in the general scramble of each individual to save himself.

“ Two thousand years had passed since the Moonites landed on the earth, and a change had come in reference to ideas regarding the erection of houses, for the great island continent of Atlantis had become beautiful with its dwellings and temples so lavishly erected; but when the panic came no one knew who was the proper owner of the soil.

“ In the midst of the tumult the Emperor called a halt, deciding that all certificates, good or bad, were null and void, and seized the entire ground for the benefit of the government. He, however, gave a privilege to every one to use for himself that portion of the earth on which his house, store, or factory stood; and to every farmer he leased as much land as one man could till, and when all was adjusted he found every man, woman, and child provided for, and all started anew. The Emperor agreed nevermore to disturb or tax a dollar's worth of anything that was on the land, providing his subjects would pay, per agreement, a rate of tax per square yard on all the land they needed or used. In this manner the land belonged to the Emperor or State, while the subjects owned everything else on the land, on which no tax could be levied; and thus capital, or accumulated wealth, was forever free.

“Land certificates for the entire surface were then the property of the King, and used by him for financial security to the nation; and a new system of currency was adopted, which was checks on banks. Everything down to a penny was paid for in checks, and no one, under penalty of death, was allowed to buy anything unless he had funds in the bank to pay for it, and gave his check at the time of the purchase. All bank officials who defaulted were executed on five minutes' notice.

“This monetary system prevailed, a model of success, for two thousand years, making a total of four thousand years since the landing from the moon. They had no other nation to deal with, and the integrity of a check was the safeguard for them all; and when a check was found to be spurious the general government made it good one day after the execution of the delinquent.

“The most gorgeous houses and luxurious furnishings abounded, property valued at \$12,000,000,000 had been accumulated, and every one was rich and happy. Living on earth was voted a success, but earthly possessions were considered not abiding or lasting.

“But again, in a moment's time, all was changed; a great monster sun spot suddenly affected the terrestrial magnetic currents; an awful earthquake occurred, houses and temples and palaces tottered and fell, and upturned, terror-stricken faces saw the dark, gathering clouds suddenly descending and enveloping them in a blinding mist; and then came a rumbling, reverberating, roaring, appalling sound, deafening every one. Then a sudden sinking of the earth, a rushing in of mighty waters, and a whole island continent, with its freight of struggling human beings and garnered treasures, dropped like a huge mountain and sank far down beneath the inrushing ocean waves. Almost in an instant the great island of Atlantis and four thou-

sand years of humanity, with its struggles and hopes, disappeared forever from earthly view. Man and sin had once more vanished; but the stars looked down, and alone saw the surging waves gradually receding, until a peaceful calm sent back to their silent eyes nothing but their own abiding reflection, and Atlantis was no more."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ART STANDARD.

“VENUS,” continued Josephus, “like the rest of the planets controlled by our sun, as well as the planets of every other system, commenced its usefulness under circumstances common to them all; that is, it took ages for its surface to cool sufficiently to admit of both animal and vegetable life, and when that era did at last arrive, then seaweeds, grass, flowers, trees, fruit, insects, and animals in their order began their upward progression from indefiniteness to perfection. In fact, no world has power within itself to resist its own order of evolution. Each earth has the life-principle in its general make-up, which is bound to assert itself sooner or later, and at last reach its highest ideal in man. And then from manhood evolves a something, that after death can emanate from the planet itself, to live eternal amid the general cosmos.

“The inhabitants of Venus from their own humble life germ developed into superior mortals, as their turn of mind was toward the scientific and æsthetic; and when, in one of its inventive centuries, a daring company of experimentalists were rash enough to allow themselves to be shot in a steel cylinder from a

pneumatic cannon into the spaces beyond the control of their own world's gravity, they sped for a woeful period, until by chance they reached the attracting influence of our earth, and then commenced their downward flight until they plunged and sank into the ocean that surrounds the beautiful Eutomia island, now called Ceylon. At the depth of one mile, the mighty force or dive of their descending air-tight cylinder was arrested by the water's resistance. It arose to the surface and drifted landward, where the occupants made their exit, and found themselves on solid earth, breathing the pure atmosphere of an uninhabited world.

"The company consisted of eight married couples, and their first act was to take possession of the earth in the name of the planet Venus, by planting on the mainland their flag, which consisted of a large field of deep blue silk, on which was exquisitely designed in white the figure of a beautiful woman, covered loosely with only the most delicate of ganzy apparel.

"For their new earth name, these Venusians called their island Eutomia, and styled themselves Eutomians. It was a word from the language of the planet Venus, signifying what would be defined in English as 'grafting' or 'cross breeding'; for the principle underlying the whole structure of their Venus civilization was an endless effort to assist nature to the loftier ideals in the æsthetic.

"For instance, they cultivated flowers for the sake of creating a rivalry to unfold the highest perfection as to beauty and fragrance; and grafting was the manner of its accomplishment. But fragrance and beauty were only portions of their cherished purposes. Artificial zephyrs were created by a system of delicate machinery, to convey the pollen from one flower to another that was placed in special and experimentally discovered proximity; and heat to cer-

tain temperatures was adjusted to produce scientific results. New varieties of insects were propagated with a view to their influence in their gentle flittings from one flower to another, to help the original pre-blooming organizations; and the more beautiful the advancement in the floral art, the better were the results gained by placing them near the bearers of unborn children.

“This last thought was the real basis of their high ideas regarding the reproduction of the human species; for that which surrounded human beings at certain periods of existence was deemed to influence future lives, and thus ‘environment’ became the chief concern of humanity; and in this thought art, in directing nature, became the central incentive to occupation, as human beings craved the possession of that which would help to mould posterity to loftier perfection.

“Grace and beauty were deemed of far more consequence than speed or utility; and animals, flowers, vegetation, and manufactures were arranged for with careful forethought, as object lessons for the vision only. If outward imperfections existed in life or in objects of any form, they were destroyed or removed from the sight of man.

“The entire Venus world bathed in a continual presence of grace and beauty. Curves predominated in all classes of architecture, as well as in everything adapted for man’s uses. An artist’s canvas was never debased with a single reproduction from flora, forest, or lower animal nature; to paint a rose or a woodland was a misdemeanor, as it was deemed an encroachment on the domain of nature itself, and no one would dare to approach nature for the purpose of imitation; it was considered beneath the dignity of lofty genius. Art was legalized only for an advancement in perfection in the realms of the ideal; one exception only was

made, and that was the imitation of the human form was encouraged. Perfection in the naked was demanded, but the nude was shunned, and every safeguard was thrown around the sculptor's and artist's efforts to raise the mind of mankind to exaltation in the chaste and pure. Human form in perfection, in marble and on canvas, was met with at every turn; pose and muscular strength in man was depicted to make mind impressions of power, sanitation, and longevity; woman's form was constantly before the public to give the highest ideals of grace and beauty; and all of this was primarily intended to assist in bringing into existence perfection in physical mankind; and the longing wish, above every other, was for noblest parenthood.

"Thus was the planet Venus clothed with a mantling of man's handiwork that ever appealed to the æsthetic. The cities were masterpieces of imagination, and the villas and country scenes were wide-sweeping day-dreams of classic beauty. Lawns were floral pictures of scenes of love, and vast grain fields were arranged to be tinted tableaux of prowess and valor. Statues of Jupiter, Hercules, Venus, Hermes, and a thousand others abounded in every place of vantage, and homes and palaces were beautiful visions of delicate lacework in marble. But the temples of music were divine, and oratorios were the acme of the world's education. Everything of pastime was subordinated to music, and from childhood onward the conservatory was their chief delight, and temples to the Muses were erected on even a greater scale of grandeur than is, or has been, characteristic of the glorious cathedral buildings on our earth.

"Gold, silver, and metals were unknown, but forestry was the chief department in the Royal Service, and foliage of a hundred tints was arranged each with its respective trees, to form a pictured national

thought when viewed in vast area from some great mountain height. Such were the scenes in Venus, the beautiful morning or evening star to earth, when came their emigrants to our Ceylon's shores.

"The sixteen souls commenced in an humble way to colonize our earth and stamp the impress of their home civilization on the coming man of earth, and when three thousand years had passed, a second Venus scene had spread o'er Ceylon's balmy isle, and lovely homes and charming groves and dazzling cities were owned and peopled by a race of men and women whose perfection of physique was envied by the gods.

"These beings from another star felt humbled at the thought that money must be used to measure things in art. Experience had taught them the necessity of having a standard of value. It was hard, very hard to feel that 'price' was one of the requirements of daily life. They loved their art work, and in their love would gladly give away whatever another wished; and it was so for ages that each one toiled at whatever his talent directed. Every one's needs were met, and no one took of anything which he could not in equal measure return. No one went hungry, naked, or in lack of anything that could be lovingly supplied, for it was all exchange of love.

"But selfishness at last developed, and when it came, a change was necessary in the manner of supplying wants. Price was fixed; each man's work or service had its grade, and money developed into use. Statues of the human form became the money or medium of exchange, and little art-work forms of men and women represented smaller change. Larger carvings, covering special days of work employed in their making, had their corresponding value, and marble statues had their higher buying capacity in proportion to time and skill in workmanship. When a 'Venus de Medici' or a 'Milo' was created by some

master hand, it was placed in the royal gallery, with its value affixed, and rich men had shares in its possession, these shares being represented by ivory tags that passed as currency; and rivalry existed among wealthy men to gather in the entire issue of one series of tags, so as to own an entire statue to carry to their homes. As the years rolled by, tags became numerous, wealth abounded, and banking houses were established, in whose deposit vaults were marble and ivory gods and statues of every name, all of which passed from bank to bank and hand to hand in the usual course of banking or channels of trade.

"A man's precious wealth, if not in the bank, was in his parlor or on his lawns, and no one would steal a statue, large or small, for fear of the anger of the gods. No one could counterfeit art. Attempts were made by moulding powdered marble in imitation of celebrated forms, but the world was educated in the smallest details of its choicest work, and no one dared or wished to offer spurious work for sale.

"No trouble was experienced in this 'currency of art,' and the wealth of the government was seen on every hand in the lavishness with which beautiful statuary lined the thoroughfares and decorated the public buildings; and the people loved the money that was in their pockets, parlors, lawns, or highways. They could see the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood constantly before them to remind them of the responsibility devolving on them in their desire to realize what they owed to posterity.

"And so our beautiful Ceylon Island of Eutomia became the garden and art paradise of earth, and would have given its share of glory to mankind to-day had it continued to exist; but in the four thousand nine hundred and sixty-seventh year of the national existence of the Eutomians a great plague of stone-boring and wood-powdering insects came swarming

down on the island from the unknown cloud-lands. As they approached, the heavens were darkened as at midnight; they came like the cloud-bursts on our Western plains; like the rushing of a tornado, with the ponderous might of a volcanic wave; they came in hunger, like the fury of starving, savage lions. They covered the entire land to the depth of the sands of the desert. They came in the morning; they powdered and ground and destroyed everything on the surface of the land and sea, excepting living humanity, and when evening time settled over the land, the insects flew away as suddenly as they came; but the glory of the fairest place that earth had ever seen was gone. Vegetation had disappeared; not even a tree or its trunk, or a branch or a twig or a leaf remained. Not a house or the smallest object of its contents could be seen. Not an article of clothing was left on the people. Not a blade of grass or a flower or a statue or a penny's worth of a world's wealth was visible; not a living object save naked mankind. Nothing around but powdered wealth.

"In all directions, north, south, east and west, up the mountains and down the dale, over the field and over the moor, in the city and over the farmland, everywhere, stretching in uneven layers, was a yellowish, sandy vista, mocked by the golden smiles of a glorious evening sunset; and bewildered, terror-stricken, dazed mankind sat down on the new-made desert, and, speechless, looked into one another's faces and bowed their heads on their knees and wept. The rollicking gods refrained from jesting and sat in silent sorrow as they gazed down on the heart-crushing agony of the most magnificent types of physical humanity their eyes had ever beheld; and when morning dawned, not a human soul was left alive to tell the tale, and heart-broken Eutomia was no more. The angels of earth who had folded their wings and sor-

rowfully bowed their heads the night before now welcomed the new-born spirits into their kingdom, and talked with them of the vanity of mortals who labor for ages to accumulate treasures on earth, that give no permanent or abiding joy.

“And thus, fair Ceylon—beautiful Eutomia—was for a day one vast ‘Tower of Silence,’ strewn with the snowy-white lifeless remains of the loveliest of earth’s forms of manly grace and womanly beauty, and the breezes drifted the new-made sand in wavy rifts. When the second evening spread her mantle o’er the scene, a hundred million mounds told of a hundred million buried human temples, whose winding sheets were powdered remnants of a once-loved wealth of glorious art that had been all their own.”

At the close of Josephus’s talks on the money standards of vanished civilizations of former ages, he graciously bowed adieu, and with a sound as of a clap of thunder Blavatsky and her associate “shades” suddenly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXII.

TAXES.

“WHAT do you mean by free trade?” said Sally to Ed one Friday evening in the cellar when Micky and Fred were pasting the tissue-paper on and giving the finishing touches to their week’s work of kite frames.

All eyes turned to Ed, but he sat silent for ten minutes; the silence was “catching,” and the rest kept quiet to let Ed get his thinking mill wound up, which, when accomplished, he commenced as follows:

“Free trade, as you hear it spoken of, and as you read about it in the papers, is mixed up or interwoven with those other questions of tariff and protection and taxes and internal revenue. I will first talk to you about taxes, as that is the easiest understood, for you all know that people in communities have to first support themselves by getting food and water for themselves and their families; for getting food and sustaining life is the primary requisite on earth of each individual, as it is quite evident that a community of dead people is not a very enterprising one; and no food and drink means death. The next thing of importance is to get clothing, and the next is houses to live in, and

after that there are hundreds of things that men want that follow in their regular order.

“Now, clothing, food, houses, books, and such things do not grow wild in the woods; and to get food, clothing, houses, and other desirable things, it takes about all the time a father or brother has, for he goes away early in the morning and comes back late at night barely to get a living. The mothers and sisters work even longer hours than the men-folks; and as all their time is so fully occupied, it is necessary in the city where we live and in other cities and towns of the land to have some one to look after the government of the place, and people must be hired and paid for that purpose. There has to be a mayor, or head man, and he must protect the people in their lives and property; so he employs policemen for their respective duties; fire-engines are bought and men paid to save property; streets are expensively paved and kept clean, and parks and pleasure places arranged for; reservoirs are built, pipes are laid, and men hired to supply pure water; school-houses are established and judges elected to settle disputes, and all the other necessary numerous arrangements are made. How to pay for them all is the important question.

“The mayor of the town has grave duties to perform, one of which is to see that every person in the place who is able to do so pays his or her rightful share of all those expenses; so he employs men to study into the subject and find out who has money in bank or property of any kind, and how much.

“The sum of money to be raised that is necessary to pay for all the city expenses is called taxes, and the question is, who shall pay the taxes? There is a great controversy on this subject. Some say that labor should be free, which should also really mean accumulated labor or wealth. Now, what does all that man uses, excepting God’s earth or ground, represent? Is

it not all, as I have said, accumulated labor? Have I not explained to you that everything man owns, excepting the land itself (or the original earth or globe), has been made or manufactured or changed from one thing into another or cultivated in some way or attended to by the work or time of some one, such as houses and their furnishings, fields of grain, orchards and food, clothes, and all other of man's possessions? So there are only three grand subdivisions of everything on earth that can be taxed in order to raise the necessary money.

"The first subdivision is the people themselves, for some say the best way to raise taxes is to charge so much per head, or, to use the Latin expression, *per capita*; but this is very unpopular and not adopted. The second subdivision is the bare land, or real estate, as it is called; and the third subdivision is the chattels, or, in other words, all the handiwork or accumulated labor of man that he has placed on the land or real estate. Now, as the per capita tax is unpopular, the other two—land, or real estate, and chattels, or accumulated labor—necessarily are attached or levied upon by the tax collectors to raise the money for the city expenses.

"I cannot vote yet, and have no say in the matter; but when I am old enough to vote and make speeches I am going to use my influence to show people that labor of all kinds should not be taxed, whether it be to-day's work or the work accumulations of last year or the last century; for wealth is labor, or what you might call stored-up labor. I am going to show people that the easiest and best and fairest way to raise taxes is to tax the real estate, or land, only; and that all houses, stores, and accumulated labor or chattels or personal property, as it is called, of every kind should be free.

"Everything comes out of the earth, and man

should be charged or taxed for only just the part of the flat earth he wishes to use. And when he or his father or his grandfather or his great-grandfather has been smart enough to get anything out of the earth, he or they ought to be complimented for it, and not pounced down upon by their fellow-men and made to pay taxes for their smartness.

"When a citizen of the nation travels over his country and sees the treasures, homes, and factories of the cities, and the cultivation and habitations of the farms, he should be proud and glory in the business of his people; for the work or labor of all can really be called by one name—business; and why should business be taxed? Business should be free, as all prosperity depends upon it, and all that business produces should be free."

"But," said Sally, "how can you tax the land only and not the houses and call that fair; for the rich city man only owns a little piece of land a hundred feet square with a palace on it, while the farmer owns a hundred acres and a cottage? You certainly would not want the poor farmer to pay a great sum in proportion to the extensive land he holds with his humble cottage, and the rich merchant pay only on his little small lot, and all his fine, expensive place and furniture and fixtures on it go free?"

"Why, no!" said Ed. "If it were arranged to tax only the land, and not the house or other things on it, the farmer would not have to pay any more tax than he does now, or the rich city man any more than he does now; there would be no difference whatever in the end, because city land is worth so much more than country land. Why, I read in the paper the other day of a piece of land, one hundred feet square, on Fifth Avenue, in New York City, on which there is no house whatever, just simply a vacant lot, and the owner has paid for this year's taxes \$8000. Just think of it! Why, the

taxes he paid for one year on his little quarter-acre city lot are more than any one of three-fourths of the farms of the whole country are worth.

“There are just so much taxes to be raised to run the city government and just so much to run the country government; and if the sum is charged all in one lump on the land itself, the farmers are no worse off in the end in their district, and each one is saved the inquisitory humiliation of some assessor coming to his home and questioning him—a freeman—as to how many horses and watches and pigs and carriages he has, and about his wife’s clothing and about his furniture and how much money he has in bank and how many stocks and bonds he has, which should be no man’s business except his own. The great difference it would make is that the rich farmer and the rich city speculator would not try to grab so much land; and if taxes were heavy on land, and houses and stock and other things free, they would only want to own what land they could cultivate or use, which would, consequently, give other people a chance to get the good unused land and farm it. Just think of the thousands of farmers who have five or ten times as much land as they can cultivate, and who would soon part with their farms if taxes on land were high. They would take this money received from the selling of the unused land and build houses on which there were no taxes, or put it into some kind of trade or business where there were no taxes; and in this way their money would give employment to laboring men, and not be in uncultivated land tracts, doing nobody any good.

“It would be the same way in the towns that grow to be cities, where hundreds of men, in advance, buy ground on speculation and let their money lie idle, waiting for energetic business men to erect houses around them, start stores and build street railroads. Thus,

without any effort on their part, others make their property valuable, and they become rich through other people's energy, hard work, and suffering. It is not a bit fair that great landed estates, owned by idle men and boys who never did a day's work in their lives, should increase so in value; it is not right that those boys should have been made rich and independent by their fathers buying land around cities, which land became valuable not from any labor of their own, but because working people and pushing business men built up all around them and made them rich. If the people made the land rich or valuable, who should get the benefit of it? Why, I think the land or ground should belong to the State or the people themselves; and every person who wants to use land should ask for as much as he or she actually needs and can pay rent for to their community, city, or town. The price they pay per year would be the necessary tax per year; and then if the ground grows valuable, the whole people would get the benefit, and not a few heirs to estates which have become vastly valuable because other people than the owners made them valuable by building up around them. If these land speculators had to pay an equal tax on all their land, they would not be able to hold it; and then, instead of their investment money lying idle for years in land, it would, directed to other channels, be doing good all those years in business enterprises, in employing people and supporting families, and other people would be tilling the vacant or unused soil.

"This thought of a land tax was advocated by Henry George. It was not altogether new with him; it is as ancient as Joseph and Pharaoh. Henry George deserves great credit for writing about it and talking it up, and when other people know more about it they will agree with him. He has written a book that every one should read. Most of the people who talk against

the plan are those who do not know anything about it or have not looked into the subject.

“The question of land tax is a very deep one. In the first place, nature gave the earth free to man, Adam and Eve at one time having it all to themselves. They needed no money to buy clothing; and the climate being perfection itself, no house was required. As for something to eat, all they had to do was to go out in the natural groves and pick bananas, pineapples, and peaches until they were tired, and they had good sense enough in those days not to eat meat; but when a change came to Adam and Eve’s independent mode of life, and work was instituted on the earth, then they had to hustle and earn a living as man does to-day.

“As the centuries rolled by, people took up the land and farmed it or raised cattle. Various communities or tribes were established, settling in countries of their own selection; and as the centuries rolled by, they increased in numbers and grew rich, having kings and rulers, who taxed the people in various ways. Later a number of tribes joined together and formed nations, and after this some king, more warlike and formidable than others, conquered various provinces and formed empires, and on several occasions aspired to have the whole earth under one government, like the Assyrian, Babylonian, Grecian, and Roman Empires. Adventurous men went beyond the bounds of the then known world, discovering new continents and islands, until now every land is known and owned by somebody; and out of our planet’s soil, air, and water everything that man uses is derived.

“All of us are on this earth without any will of our own. We were born and could not help being born. We did not have will or sense enough even to object to our own birth; and by the time we began intelligently to realize that we were on the earth we, in order to live and keep our soul and body together, had to start

in to work and hustle to earn a living, digging it out of the earth or else doing a service or work of some kind for others who do get it out of the earth; for if man stopped work in getting things out of the earth, air, or water, then in a year or two, when everything was gone out of the stores and off the farms, we should all die.

“There is no good reason why some few men should own all the land. The earth itself belongs to all the people and not to individuals; and every one should have all he can rightfully and economically use or till or personally occupy, and thus pay his share of the earth's expenses. He should have that and no more. It should not be in his name or ownership; it should be in the name of the whole people or government, as it is called, and every person who thus takes the land should pay his share of the expenses of the government. Everything that man produces or builds on the earth—that is, all of the accumulated wealth—should be free of taxation, for wealth is accumulated labor, and labor of no kind should be taxed.

“Thus, when any person asks the government for a piece of land to till or build on, it should be a lease and be his or his heirs or assigns forever or as long as the taxes are paid, the same as ground is held now; for if a man to-day does not pay his taxes, his land is sold to some one who will pay. It would be just as is the present way of leasing for a long term of years a piece of land, only instead of leasing it for a few years from some individual who has speculated for it, you lease it from the government or the people, and all you, with your enterprise and energy, put on the land belongs to you free of taxes, and your personal property can be sold when the lease is transferred to some one else as improvements on leased property are now transferred. In this way no man will be defrauded of his goods or personal possessions, and he will be

smart enough not to want to ask his fellow-citizens for more land than he can use or on which he can easily pay the taxes. Then as the valuable lots in the city or the suburban property or farms become more valuable, the people or government will get the profit or advantage of it, instead of the individual speculator; and the profit to the people will show itself in reduced taxation to every one, including those first persons who leased their portion of the ground and used it at the time the town or city was founded. Laboring men will then have to pay less rent; for, in other words, more people will have assembled in one community to share the expenses of the government, and the people all together, both rich and poor, have reduced the taxation by making for themselves the profit, instead of a few rich families who now make their landed wealth by sitting down and doing nothing, letting enterprising people build all around them, thus making more valuable their ground every year, and making them richer day by day and even by night while they are sleeping. The great landed wealth of the country to-day is in the hands of a few rich families in each town and city, whose wealth was produced by no labor of their own, but by the efforts of the people who built up around them. The people who made the additional values are the ones who should be benefited by it in some way, and the way to do it is for the people as a community to own all the land themselves."

"But," said Fred, "how can the people get back the land, now that other people own it; would it be 'square' to take it away from them?"

"No," said Ed; "they got it all right, according to law, and they deserve it, as it is the custom and usage and way of the present time; and nothing that belongs to a man rightfully should be taken away from him without pay. Please bear that always in mind. Do

not get any crazy, anarchistic notions in your head to want to take away from any one or rob him of what he has and owns rightfully and according to law. For the good of the common cause all present landowners should be paid with land certificates, bearing a low rate of interest, by the government for the land only (not for the houses or improvements), and a small amount of the taxes set aside for the next fifty or a hundred or two hundred years to gradually pay the owners for it; but nothing on the land should be purchased, but should be the owner's personal property, free of taxes, to sell and dispose of and transfer to whomsoever they please, just as houses on leased land are disposed of at present. But the owner would have one advantage, and that is, that the new lease of the land would be forever (or as long as taxes were paid), and not for only a few years, as at present, and a lease would thus have stability."

"Has the government," asked Micky, "a right to buy the land from any one or all who own it?"

"Yes," replied Ed; "the government has what is called the right of 'eminent domain'—that is, they can take land from any one or all of its owners where the public requires it for the good of all the people; and this proposed plan of the people taking all the land, and gradually paying for it in fifty or a hundred years or more, could come under that ruling if the people thought it was best. If the rich men of to-day would only look carefully into the matter themselves, and not let a few smart writers or stupid ones do their thinking for them, they would find out that they and all future generations would be far better off to have business and corporations and houses and everything else free of taxation, excepting the land, and the land all owned by the people or government, the people getting the profit on the rising of land values, instead of a few families. Every person on the earth would then be

paying a small rental or his rightful share of the rent of the whole earth for the privilege of being on it.

“Land only would then be taxed. The farmer’s house and barns, live stock and implements, clothing and furniture, grain and fences, and everything, except the land itself, would be free of tax; and the well-to-do farmer’s shares of stock in the cheese factory and creamery, oil wells and gas mains, and other investments would also be free of tax, and it would be no person’s business what personal property he owned.

“The village man’s house and furniture, his store building and stock of goods, his shares in the village factory, and all his possessions other than land would be free of taxes, and it would be no person’s business what he owned.

“The town man’s house and furniture, horses and stable, watches and jewelry, clothing and ornaments, store and goods, factory and material, county bonds and trolley stock, bicycles and rowboats, stock in town enterprises and gas companies, all would be free of tax, no assessor coming around yearly to pry into his private affairs.

“The city man’s residence or palace or country seat, with their costly furnishings, that by his lavish expenditure gave employment to hundreds of laborers and skilful artisans; his clothing and that of his family; his horses and coaches; his bank and railroad and a thousand other stocks; his government, railroad, and other bonds; his great business house and stock of merchandise; his cash in bank and debts owed him by merchants all over the world; his great factories and steamship lines and corporation stocks and all his possessions, excepting land, would be free of tax, and he could be independent of an assessor’s prying into his affairs.

“Each community would practically pay its own land taxes, as each township has its own characteristic

grade of expense. The city would pay its own heavy taxes for its own expensive style of government and the farmers would pay their lesser amount of taxes for their less expensive governing necessities.

“ It costs just so much for taxes each year in each community, and what difference does it make whether the tax collector charges all of it to the land or divides it up into a dozen items? The tax bill is all the same in the end; and the farmer, townsman, and city dweller would average up the same dollars and cents in the annual tax bills as in former days. Some men might pay more than formerly and others less, but it would soon adjust itself in a righteous way.

“ To tax land only is the fairest way, as no one can evade or cheat the tax commissioner. His land is all in sight and cannot be hidden; and if the government accumulates and has on its hands an unusual surplus area of unused or idle land, then the taxes will have to fall in heavier amount on the land which is being used; but that will adjust itself in time in a proper and satisfactory manner.

“ As taxation stands now it is very unfair; for the enterprising man who is successful and helps others by giving them employment, thus supporting them and their families, is pounced down on by the tax collector and made to pay on all he has gathered, while the shiftless, idle man who has the land, and lets it run to weeds, and employs no one, and is in no way a public benefactor, and makes his land no good to any one, and is a nuisance on the earth, is assessed at a low figure. The present system thus puts a premium on idleness and slothfulness; and the energetic, enterprising man whose land is teeming with grain and cattle, and who employs others and who is born with genius for business, has to pay double or tenfold price for his enterprise, for his land is assessed so much the higher. It is all wrong; for if there is a man who owns a large

tract of land and will not work it, he ought to be taxed his full and high share for his idle or disgracefully kept land, and thus be compelled to work it himself or give others a right to do so, not being let off with a paltry tax. If he will not work hard enough to pay his full share of taxes, the government or people who own the land can transfer the lease to some one else who wants it and will work and employ others; and he can sell at private sale or auction his personal property that is on the land or move it to some other place, as leaseholders do at the present time.

“ If rich men tried to own no land and schemed to get rid of their holdings, and only own chattels on which there were no taxes, then there would soon not be enough chattels to meet the demand for the investment of their money; and, consequently, there would be a great impetus to business and manufacturing so as to create more personal property. But there is no danger of such a thing happening, for the people cannot get permanently away from or off the land if they try. They are obliged to have homes, factories, farms, and mines, and somebody will be found ready to build the houses for other people to live in if they do not want or are not able to build on their own account; and before they commence to build they would have to procure leases from the government, and on this leased land they would have to pay the taxes. Rents might be a little higher, but other things would be cheaper and average up the same in the end. There is bound to be a supply where there is a demand.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

REVENUE.

THE next evening Ed resumed his talk as follows: "Every city, town, or village has its idea of how it should carry on its own system of spending its tax money to make its citizens comfortable and have protection for life and property, and I have explained how I think tax on one thing—land—would be the easiest and simplest plan to meet city or town expenses. There are a hundred or a thousand towns or villages in a county or state, each of which has no particular interest in what the others are doing. Each one of them says: 'We want to be let alone to educate our children, and pave our streets, and arrange for our fire department and police force, and we will raise our own taxes and pay the amount, whatever it is, ourselves, just as we please, and it is no other town's business.'

"While each city or town is thus in a measure independent of the others, still they cannot live like hermits all to themselves, since it is necessary for each community to have both friendly and business or trade relations with the others. They have to be con-

ected by wagon roads, canals, trolleys, railways, telegraph lines, and telephones; and in order to do this amicably, for the good of all, and not be continually quarrelling or at war with one another, as the small towns were in the old Bible days, they necessarily have to band or join together in townships and counties or parishes, and as most of the people individually are busy with their own affairs, they have to employ some of their number to look into and attend to the matter of government for them. Then, again, a number of counties or parishes join together into a large state, and for this reason still other men have to be employed and paid to attend to their respective duties for the state. In this manner there grows up in a community an ever-increasing army of office-holders, clerks, and public laboring men who, with their families, have to be supported by the rest of the people. In many places in the country the farmers take turns and spend a few days a year in making and repairing roads, and in some towns there are no paid fire departments, but they organize volunteer companies and 'whoop it up' themselves. In this manner a little money is saved to taxpayers, but the sum total does not amount to much.

"Now, as these county and state officials must have rooms and buildings in which to attend to their duties, the people have to build a state house and court houses, county jails, state penitentiary, lunatic asylums, and other institutions, all of which require money; and more money is required for the officials to take care of the buildings and keep them in proper order.

"Many plans have been devised for raising such state taxes, but after much experience it is found easiest to look ahead for twelve months and calculate about how much money will be needed, and then ask each township, county, or city to contribute its just

share for all these general state expenses—those that are necessary outside of town limits or boundary or corporation line. Each town or city then adds its small porportionate share to the larger general tax levy, and when collected pays it over to the state treasurer; and thus the state and county expenses are settled by the united townships, all of which is done once a year. If there were enough criminals or lunatics or orphans in one village, then that place or town would erect buildings of its own and ask no other town's help to pay the expenses; but as such is not generally the case, the whole county or state does it for the benefit of all, and each community pays its small share.

“How much better this is than among the old uncivilized communities, where they killed off or left to die the old folks who could not care for themselves, and burnt up insane people for witches! The world is growing better every century from a humanitarian point of view. The sick, insane, cripples, orphans, blind, deaf and dumb, old persons, and all unfortunates who have no money are not left to perish, but every year new appliances are invented and paid for by the whole people to make brighter and more comfortable the days of the aged and the afflicted. If a man who lived a thousand years ago could arise from his grave, one of the chief things, if not the chiefest, would be his admiration for the manner in which our age tries to care for the unfortunate.

“I have now explained to you how towns, cities, counties, and states raise money to pay the expenses of their various institutions and the salaries of the army of office-holders and laborers who are chosen to look after their local affairs; but there is one more department for which money must be raised by taxing the people. It is the general government. A number of states join themselves together into one federation

and call themselves a nation, and choose some central headquarters or city in which shall be the capital. Rulers must be elected, executive and legislative buildings provided, an army and navy maintained, post-offices established, and people employed to do the clerical work, all of which requires more or less money in proportion to the extravagance or economy of the government.

“In olden times, as in almost all of the nations of the earth to-day, kings and emperors ran their nations as if everything in the whole land was theirs. They ruled and owned everything by what they called divine right—that is, they said God had made them kings or emperors, and they spoke of every man, woman and child and boy and girl and baby as ‘my people’ and claimed to own them body and soul, as well as all their property. The fact of the business is, that if God would speak out as we can, He would show them all to be liars for making such a statement, because they do not rule by divine right. Every good or wicked one of them or their ancestors obtained their throne through intrigue, strength of arms, bloodshed, war, fire, and destruction generally; yet every one recognizes that some one must rule a nation. Almost every one would like to do so, but as all cannot, then it is best some one should have the power who will do it right. In our country we choose from among the people the one whom we think will do it right and best, but what is best or right is always the question.

“This question of what is right troubles citizens of all nations, as people differ in their opinions regarding things. In absolute monarchies, like Russia, the people have no right to have an opinion of their own as to what is right. The Emperor is the only one who can settle any great debatable question, and what he says ‘goes,’ and any person who values his life or freedom had better be particular what he says over

there, for if he has the courage to differ with his ruler, he is liable, at the whim of the Emperor, to have his head chopped off or go to prison or Siberia.

“Going to war and having his soldiers killed off is not the worst thing an emperor or king can do. When a person gets killed that is an end of his earthly existence, and he is past worldly cares and sorrows, but the real hardship comes to those who are left behind, as in past ages kings and emperors have made the lives of their subjects awfully miserable by imposing heavy taxes on them to pay for wars and for their riotous and luxurious living and round of pleasure, and regal entertainment for themselves and friends. Often the people have had to give up to the tax-gatherer one-half or two-thirds of all they made, and then hardly had enough left to keep themselves from starving. There is a great book in heaven where an account is kept of the sorrows and sufferings of the tax-ridden poor of earth, and their old rulers will some day have to rise up and explain things.

“The highest thought of governments should be to make their people contented and happy, and protect them in their lives and property, and then for their own services to take as little as possible in the name of taxes.

“But how to tax a nation for its expenses is always a debatable question. In our country at present we have two great parties which differ on that subject, and some of each of them wish the others were all dead—a foolish wish, for the safety of the Republic is in having an honorable opposition to the party in power. If the party in power had no opposition it would grow despotic, and the people in the end would suffer; for the meanest animal on the face of the earth is man when he has absolute power. It is always best to have two parties, so that in the end they may settle that vexed question, What is right? Because if

they do not settle some great questions by argument, then it too often is settled by war, and right does not always win.

“ ‘What is right’ is hard to determine, and sometimes both parties are right, like the two witnesses in the country court. One witness swore by all that was holy that the guide-post sign was black with white letters painted on it, and the other swore by his sacred oath that it was white with black letters painted on it. As both men were reputable citizens the judge adjourned court for all to drive out and see it for themselves, and they found out that both witnesses were right, for the sign board was painted differently on reverse sides, and each witness had seen it only from the branch of the road from which he was in the daily habit of approaching the sign, or from his point of view; and both swore according to the truth as he knew it.

“ We have two parties in our United States of America who swear to opposite statements regarding the same question of taxes or tariff or internal revenue, and the reason they do so is because they look at the question—as at that guide-post—from different view-points, and I will now show you that both parties are right, or how Free Trade is all right, but the policy all wrong, and how Protection is all right and the principle all wrong.

“ There is no question as to the necessity of raising the money to pay the expenses of the general government, for every one is patriotic and loves his country. He wants it to exist as a nation, keeping the flag waving from our ships and forts and school-houses forever and ever, and to do so every person with common sense admits that it is necessary to have money; but the great question is, How to raise the money?

“ In the old days, when the emperors or kings robbed the farmers and traders of everything they had,

and found the poor people with nothing left at the commencement of the harvest, they would turn to the chief tax gatherers and tell them to go down with their compliments to a place like New York or Boston or Chicago and call upon the Vanderbilts, Peabodys, and Pullmans, and request a little contribution of twenty or thirty million drachmæ, and as the said Vanderbilts, Peabodys, and Pullmans were somewhat anxious to keep their heads, they sent the money back with 'thanks, awfully.' Nor was it altogether kings who did such things. For instance, young Julius Cæsar, after having a good time, when he was only twenty-two years old, found himself with all his inherited fortune gone and in addition thereto he was \$10,000,000 in debt. Such a trifling thing as that did not worry him even a little bit. He simply gathered together a band of his fellow-gladiators and marched to a rich town in a distant province, and by force of arms carried off \$25,000,000, with which he paid off his debts and divided the balance between himself and companions. Such plans of raising money, however agreeable to the strong and mighty, were inconvenient to the other fellow; but in these days of enlightenment and commercial integrity money for government expenses is raised according to law and order, and the people who have to pay it all look into the matter closely and want to know about it, and ask such questions as 'What for' and 'Why.'

"Now the best and most convenient way to pay the general government expenses and 'run the nation' would be, in my opinion, to charge so much per head for every person, man, woman, and child, and each State be responsible for, or see that the amount was collected; in this manner every person would pay for dwelling on the earth whether they thought life was worth living or not. It would be the cheapest, easiest, and most direct way of taxation. In this man-

ner all taxes could be derived from two things. First, the land only should be taxed for city and State expenses, and it would be easy and non-fraudulent, as no one could hide his real estate, as no matter how small the area, it is four thousand miles deep and cannot be carried away, and every person in some way would thus be obliged to pay rent for living on the earth. Secondly, the people should be taxed so much per head for the expenses of national existence. But the working people foolishly object to this poll tax of a certain sum per year for each person, and let other ways be adopted that in the end cost them twice as much without their realizing it—twice as much per year for every man, woman, child, and baby. I hope some day to talk up, and write up, and make speeches in favor of abolishing all the present complicated forms of gathering taxes and see that all revenue or governing expenses come direct from two sources: first, from the land for local expenses, and second, from each person direct for national expenses; and if, then, it is found that some unfortunate people cannot pay their poll or per capita tax, why then each village, town, or State should be required to raise among themselves, in some manner of their own choosing, the deficiency."

When Ed was through, Micky said he was glad to hear about all these things, as he never knew or understood much about taxes before or where the money came from. He approved of Ed's plan and said it was good as far as it went, but that he (Micky) when he was a man, was going to turn his attention to writing and talking up some plan of doing away with taxes altogether. (And he did it!)

All laughed at Micky, and as they were parting for the night Sally remarked that Ed had not answered her question yet as to what was meant by Free Trade.

Ed replied he would finish up the subject the next night; and thus from day to day the firm of Flynn & Schmidt filled their heads with information that became useful to them personally, and in coming years useful to the whole world.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

NATIONAL DEBTS.

“SEVERAL times,” said Ed, “I have tried to tell you of the utterly helpless condition of the people under the ancient and mediæval kings and emperors. The poor people in those days were nothing more than slaves trying to work something out of the earth or air or water that somebody wanted, and thus earn a little money; but when they got it, the king’s officers generally took it from them forcibly under the name of taxes, and even the poor men’s families were taken from them and sold into slavery for debts. Life was a burden, and they could have truly said it was not worth living. In this advanced age there are at present millions of men in distant parts of the earth who are still working year after year for five and ten cents a day.

“The workingmen of the civilized world, especially those in the United States, where wages are the highest, think they have a hard time of it; no doubt they have had and are having a hard time, but it is child’s play compared with the long hours under the lash of the taskmasters in the olden days. A poor man of to-day spends more for beer in a month than would

equal an entire two years' wages of a laborer in the middle or earlier ages. Things are getting better for the poor as the centuries roll by, each hundred years as it passes is an improvement on the preceding one, and when any politician tells a poor man that such is not the case, he simply lies. He is a mischief-maker, and ought to be placed where he will do no further lying.

"The taxes of this country per person are small compared with those of Europe a thousand years ago. To-day they are higher than they ought to be because government expenses are higher than they ought to be, and the principal cause of the high rate is war. Abolish war and the happiest kind of an era will come to man.

"Only two or three centuries ago wars were paid for as they occurred. When a king wanted money for fighting purposes, he put on extra taxes for immediate necessities, and called on the rich people for the balance. But war has become so expensive since gunpowder, cannon, ironclads, and other modern improvements have come into use, that a nation cannot raise in a month or a year for fighting purposes all the money necessary for that month or year. And as wealth has so vastly increased, rulers, when war is declared, have resorted to borrowing large sums on long time and they give bonds that promise on their face to pay the money back.

"This new bond plan puts another burden on the people in the way of annual interest, which in the end, in some cases, amounts to more than the original loan, beside the fact that the money-lenders often only give the government about \$50 to \$80 for a \$100 bond. Thus, when the amount of the loan has been paid back by the government at the rate of one hundred cents on the dollar, the people have that much additional taxes to make up and be accountable for, or to pay back

money that the government has never even received. For instance, a nation might want to borrow this year for war purposes \$500,000,000 on bonds payable at the end of twenty years at 5 per cent. annual interest, and the Treasury or War Department can only get \$400,000,000 cash down for them, which is a shortage of \$100,000,000, or a discount of 20 per cent.; but when the bonds are due at the end of twenty years, then the government has to pay the bondholders the full \$500,000,000, which includes that extra \$100,000,000 that the treasury never got, and which was clear profit in advance to the investors, they being generally banks or money-lenders; and then, beside, during that twenty years at 5 per cent. interest per annum, the government has paid out another enormous sum of \$500,000,000 for interest, which in itself was equally as much as the original loan of five hundred million issue of bonds, or, in other words, in the end, the government would have paid out \$1,000,000,000, where they only actually received \$400,000,000 twenty years before, for the war expenses. This makes for the bondholders a total profit of \$600,000,000 on the original \$400,000,000 loaned the government, and the people have to pay every dollar of this eventually in the shape of taxes.

“It is this that makes modern warfare so heavy a load to the people. But dreadful as the burden is, the people do not in the end seem to lose by it, for who is it that gets the profit? It is certainly not the government, for they pay out \$1,000,000,000 for that for which they only received \$400,000,000. It was the rich people and the banks who had the money to lend who made the profit; and at the same time it is not the rich people alone who are chiefly benefited by the profit, because the question arises, What do those rich people do with it? They certainly do not draw out of bank the bills or gold and sit down on them or

let the money stand idle. No; they build houses and factories and machinery and railroads, and buy mines, and travel on the cars, and give entertainments, and buy furniture and horses, and build churches and trolleys and steamboats, and invest it in a thousand other ways, and all this time the laboring man and clerks are getting it all in wages. It is thus that that vast sum of \$1,000,000,000 paid out by the government has been making business and supporting families and supposed to be doing untold good.

" If there had been no saved-up fortunes, and no rich men in the first place to lend the money, there would have been no \$1,000,000,000 put into the laboring man's pockets. Under the present commercial system some persons must get rich, or no one would have money to do business with, and in most every case it is the saving man who gets rich in the end. Almost every rich man of to-day was once poor like the rest of us, and the poor men of to-day who save their money will be the rich men of the next generation. Every one who has ability has a chance at fortune. There is no way of accumulating money except by saving it, only by stealing, and that is what anarchists want to do. A man who earns \$2 a day and saves 50 cents is better off, if others are depending on him, than the one who gets \$2000 a year and saves nothing. This \$2-a-day man will be the rich man in thirty years, and he will be employing men and loaning money to others, and his family will be the one to have the comforts and ' put on style.'

" The reason why the rich men loaned that \$400,000,000 dollars to the government was because they believed the government would in the end be able to pay the money back, but if the government had asked for ten times the amount, or \$4,000,000,000, then no one would have been willing to advance that much, for all would feel ' dead certain' the government could

not repay and they would never see their money again. You thus see there is a limit even to the amount of money a nation can readily borrow, and when the governments have to confiscate or forcibly take money, then their character as a nation and credit are gone.

“It is in the same manner that in war times the Treasury Department can print paper money called greenbacks, bearing no interest, and ask the people, for their services to the government, to take it and use it instead of gold, and the patriotic people say yes, they will do so, and they will take it for all their wages or services or for war material furnished, a total of \$500,000,000 or a \$1,000,000,000 of it, because they believe the government is good and in future years can pay back or redeem that much paper money; but if the government should become over-needy or over-extravagant, and want to issue ten times as much, say 5,000,000,000 or 10,000,000,000 greenbacks, then the people would not willingly take it from the government for wages, or services, or material, nor would they take it from their employers, because they would know that the paper money was worthless, as the government in the end would not be able to redeem so much, and they would consequently ask for their wages to be paid in coin.

“In the West India Islands a gentleman once went ashore from his boat to entertain two or three of his travelling friends at a good dinner. After the meal was finished a bill was presented amounting to \$6347.15. The gentleman was astounded at the outrageous charge, and as he could not pay it he was arrested. He offered \$20 in gold, which was all the money he had in his pocket, and was quite surprised to see the pleased expression on the face of the hotel man, who counted out \$4 of the gold, and returned the other sixteen, with many apologies, stating that

the charge of \$6347.15 was in the paper money or greenbacks of the island, and this fabulous sum was worth only \$4.03 in gold. It would result the same way in any country where the government issued paper money or greenbacks beyond its ability to pay back or redeem—no person would have faith in it.

"It would be just the same as your confidence in trusting some man. If you have the money to lend, you would probably trust a certain man with \$10,000, because you know something about him and also know that he is a hustler and an energetic and honest man, and has property and credit, and is able and willing to pay back that \$10,000; but if he, being a man in moderate circumstances, asked you to lend him \$500,000, you would think he was a crank. If he issued his paper notes for so large a sum no person would take them at 5 cents or 1 cent on a dollar; and likewise the people soon find out if the government is over-issuing its ability to pay back, and in this enlightened age they are bold enough to ask the rulers the pertinent question: 'What are you giving us?'

"It has not always been war that has brought heavy taxes and burdens on the people. There was once an era of cathedral building in Europe that nearly sucked the life-blood out of the people. The erection of that magnificent cathedral at Milan impoverished a whole province for nearly two hundred years, and thus, in the name of religion, were the poor people allowed to go almost starved.

"But next to war, that which has been the greatest curse to burdened mankind was the awful selfish magnificence and lavishness on the part of the kings and nobles of the realm. They lived in idleness, and the definition of the word gentleman in those days was a man whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather, as well as himself, had never worked. Some person had to do the work and pay for the other man's

fun, and it was the laborer who did it. The poor stood it along with the insults of the noble libertines, until in France, a hundred years ago, it could not be borne a day longer. The suffering, insulted people rose and for a short time inaugurated a reign of bloody terror previously unknown to the world.

“In England the imposition upon the poor was as bad if not worse than in France, and similar bloody scenes might have been enacted on the shores of Cornwall and eastward, if it had not been prevented by religion, and in large part by the teachings of a good man named Wesley, who exhorted the poor to suffer in silence, as did the Master before them. France was not justified in her bloody manner of righting the wrongs of man, as two wrongs never make a right. England, with her right hand in the grasp of the Master, silently suffered and withheld the avenging sword, and in a civilized manner the people thought and talked the matter out, and she has consequently given more real liberty to the world than her southern neighbor. In the art of honest and efficient government England leads the world to-day. She has much yet to do to right the wrongs of the downtrodden, but the day will come, and soon, when those who feel the most oppressed will be rewarded for their patience, for argument and ballots are more powerful and potent than dynamite in the hands of lawless men.

“War and government extravagance has lately piled upon all the civilized nations of the world gigantic bonded debts, until the amount has grown so great that the people are perplexed as to how they can pay the annual levies or taxes made upon them by their respective rulers. Many ways have been devised to collect the taxes from the people, and the plan that seems to give satisfaction, or the one that is generally adopted, has a flavor of trickery about it that

would be rather laughable if it were not so serious. The governments, instead of putting the question to every one in a manly way and saying, you are a part of the nation and your share of the running expenses is \$5, and you will be called upon once a year for that amount—instead of doing that, the governments burden the commerce and industry of the nation, which really ought to be untrammelled and free from taxes, with all kinds of troublesome and vexatious charges, and change and alter the rates so often that very few understand it, and those that do, do not know what to expect next.

“To explain more fully, the present system of raising the government revenue is designed to not let any man know exactly what he is paying; it fools many persons into thinking it is costing them nothing; it amounts to a little on what a man drinks, but how much he does not know; it is something on the clothes he wears, but how much he cannot calculate, and thus the rich miser who buys only one suit in two years gets the advantage of the liberal man who gives employment to others by ordering two or ten suits a year, and thus a mean rich man gets off cheaper than his enterprising and poorer neighbor.

“There have been many wars in the last century. Some of them have been for conquest, some for freedom, some for defence of home, and some because of downright foolishness and stubbornness on the part of rulers, but whatever was the cause, the result has been that enormous debts have been fastened on every country, and as nations should be as honorable as individuals, it is the pride of each people to keep up their credit and pay dollar for dollar for all they owe.

“Public improvements and pension rolls have added to the great burden, and each government is now at its wit's end to know how to raise the grand

annual national taxes or assessment. These great debts are having one good effect, and that is, that some of the nations cannot borrow any more money and are obliged to suffer insult and are really forced to remain at peace. Such kings and their nobility are suffering a good deal of wounded pride at this present moment, as they have no funds for war purposes. If they should issue greenbacks no other nation would take them, and the paper bills would not be worth 2 cents on the dollar among their own people. If to-day all European nations were free of debt and could commence to borrow all the money they wanted, there would be in two months' time such a general war as was never known in the history of the world. There would not be enough iron or armor-plate factories or shipyards to build one-fiftieth part of the squadrons wanted. They are just aching to get at one another to satisfy their cruel rivalries and right their fancied wrongs."

CHAPTER XXV.

PROTECTION.

“ THERE are two general plans for raising money to pay government debts and annual expenses. The first plan is to tax home productions, such as liquors, matches, patent medicines, business documents, etc., by a system of revenue stamps; and the second plan is to tax or charge duties only on things that are made in foreign lands.

“ In the United States, as elsewhere, there is a great difference of opinion as to which way is right. Some say: ‘ Tax things made in our own land, but nothing that is imported from other countries.’ Such people are called ‘ free traders,’ as they want free trade between all the nations, and claim that we should raise our taxes only on our own home industries. Others say: ‘ Put a tax on everything that is made in other lands, that we import or bring into our country, and have no tax on anything that is made or produced in our own land.’ Those who think this last plan is the best, vote to have laws passed so that our laborers and artisans can make everything we want here in our home factories and get the wages for it here, instead of sending orders abroad and permitting workingmen

in foreign workshops to get the employment and wages. People who believe in this last plan are called protectionists, because their thought is to protect our own working people against foreigners, to have the money earned here and spent in our own land, and not to give the employment to workmen of other nations.

“The two parties in the United States that have been quarrelling over the question for so many years are the Democrats and Republicans. The Democratic party are the free traders, and the Republicans are the protectionists.

“The free traders say that merchandise shipped between the various nations should be free of tariff or tax charges, exactly the same as goods are shipped free of duties or tax charges from one State in our Union to another, where there is now no such thing as a tariff-collecting custom-house anywhere along our own various boundary lines.

“There is one thing that both parties agree about and have to admit—viz., that money has to be raised by some means for the United States treasury, and raised promptly, or else the national expenses that Congress annually arranges for cannot be paid; the government would then fail and go into bankruptcy, like any unfortunate business man.

“The people of our land have a sense of commercial integrity, and would not permit such an event to happen; if perchance any party in power should let such a thing occur, it would be defeated at the next election with such overwhelming majority that it would think it had been struck by chain-lightning.

“It makes no difference, therefore, whether Democrats or Republicans are in power, each has to see that the National debt and expenses are paid. The expenditures amount now annually to about \$1,000,000,000, a sum to make one dizzy. It is about \$14

per person of our population, and is all raised by charging a little on what every man, woman, and child eats, drinks, wears, handles, or enjoys.

“ If every man, woman, and child paid his or her proportion, or \$14 per head cash down (they pay it now in duties and revenue tax, but do not realize it), doing away with all classes of revenue and duties, then all would be just as well off in the end, for the poor man would have to get that much additional wages out of his employer, and at the same time, if such a plan were adopted, it would save years of wrangling and disputing and do away with heated discussions on the subject of free trade and protection.

“ By such a system of per head or per capita taxation there would be less government extravagance and fewer wars, as the people would then be more forcibly and personally made aware of each additional 10 cents or \$1 added to their own share, as shown by the rising or falling of their annual personal tax bill, and they would feel perfectly cool and contented if the rate went downward toward zero, but they would make it ‘hot’ for their representative when the extra added dimes forced their tax upward among the higher figures on the tax thermometer.

“ But this plan of per capita or per head tax is unpopular, and the poor people and farmers will not have it. They are really working against their own interests by talking it down. It seems to be so unkindly regarded that I probably had best never have mentioned it, although in bringing it before you I have tried to inform you of what the individual responsibility of citizens will be.

“ On the other hand, when the tax is put on what we eat, drink, and wear, we do not exactly realize it or know about it, and it sweetly glides from our consciousness; the politicians know this, and have schooled themselves to this kind of deception in rais-

ing revenue; that is, the deception of letting no one know exactly what taxes they are personally paying, and then they, the politicians, can more easily raise the grand total.

“The reason why most people are poor and have so little to pay taxes on is because they do not know how to save money or to do business. They are born without the least particle of genius in that line. They will always be poor and will always fail, no matter how often they go into business. They are adapted only to work for others, and it is a kindness to let them know it. But others are born with a genius for business. They can command and engineer enterprises. They are the ones that devise plans and enable the world to get a living and add to its wealth, and when the poor people try to ‘down’ their employers, they are sawing from off the tree the limb on which they are sitting. The anarchists who want to take property away from the rich would ruin the industry of a nation in five years if they were put in charge. They are not business men. They are idlers and non-producers, and want to appropriate or, in more direct language, steal the savings of others.

“All commerce and business should be free. Genius should not be taxed. But since the government money has to be raised by the present custom or iniquitous practice of directly taxing business, or, in other words, taxing the genius of business men and corporations that engineer the wealth of the nation, then necessarily comes up that interminable discussion about free trade and protection.

“The subject is, against whom are we to protect ourselves? With whom are we to have free trade? And, of course, it is evident it does not mean against ourselves, but against foreign countries. Now, if a nation had a barrier of icebergs one or two hundred miles wide, or an extended high wall, shutting it completely

in, and it lived all alone, to and for itself, and it had no business transactions with any other, and did not want another's produce or manufactures, or never allowed an outsider to come within its iron gates, then it would live in ignorance of other nations, just as we are uninformed concerning the inhabitants of other planets. But we are beginning to learn that this is only a little world, and the earth seems to get smaller every year as the railroads and steamships go faster and faster, and now only a few days are required to bring us face to face with other nations that formerly seemed so far away. A few dollars only, where it used to cost thousands, will carry us to other climes or bring to our homes the produce and manufactures of far-away lands.

"The question naturally arises: Why do we want things from other lands? Why do we not cultivate and manufacture at home everything our people want? Many answers can be given to these queries. In the first place, there are many things that cannot be found or will not grow in our land, and as the people insist on having them and will not deny themselves, those articles have to be imported, and vast sums of money are sent out of the country to pay for them, such as tea, coffee, spices, indigo, rubber, tropical fruits and oils, nuts, silks, diamonds, gems, and hundreds of rare drugs.

"Then, again, in our country are many foreigners who have come here to make it their future home, and when they are able to pay for the things they were accustomed to have in the old lands, and they find such goods made here are not to their liking or are poorer, or are not made or grown here at all, they send their orders across the ocean, and the goods have to be imported. Thus workmen in the old country get wages instead of the workmen here for making such things; but if those new citizens of our

land had been satisfied to eat and drink and wear and use such things as we make in America, then our own idle workmen would not stand day after day on the corners with empty pockets, but would be receiving welcomed wages as each Saturday night rolled around.

“In foreign lands there are articles of luxury, fine wearing apparel, jewelry, choice wines and foods, bric-à-brac, furniture, and a thousand other things that the rich as well as poor of our country prefer. The workmen or artisans abroad can make them cheaper and better and in some cases handsomer than we can make them here, and they can do so for several reasons. First, there are workshops in foreign lands where such goods have been made for two or three hundred years, and entire families, consisting of father, mother, grown sons and daughters, and all the small children, work at the same table on the same kind of articles from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night, becoming expert and quick, and are really born into their future trade or business. Second, because the whole family work such long hours and can live so cheaply over there they can afford to work for low wages, such as 10 to 40 cents a day, while our laboring families in America, where it costs more to live, want from 50 cents to \$3 a day to pay their expenses and building association dues, for we are more ambitious in America, and the poorest man aspires to have a home. All of this means that certain articles made abroad would cost \$2 in labor, while over here in America they would cost \$5 or \$6.

“If you go to a store in America, and find on the shelf an article made in America for \$5, and by the side of it another one as good, or even better and more beautiful, made in Europe, costing only \$2.50, it is natural that you would take the cheaper or European article, the foreign workshops consequently getting

the money while the goods made in America would remain on the shelf. The result would be that our American workshop would have to quit business and our workmen remain idle; while, on the other hand, the storekeepers would send large orders to Europe for more of the same cheap-labor goods, keeping the foreign factories busy, and all the workmen abroad would get wages and be happy; while our workmen here in America would walk the streets in idleness, or else they could all go to farming and raise grain for a living. This, in the end, would be of great disadvantage and disaster to the present farmers, as too many tillers of the soil would overstock the market and make the wheat and corn lower in price than it is now. That would be a great misfortune, as the farmers find the price of produce low enough at present, and can hardly earn a good living as it is, much less save something each year on which to get rich or for their old age, and their only chance for profit is when famines are in other unhappy lands.

“When the tariff is put on, then the articles rise in value and people have to pay more for them, and it is then that unthinking people get mad and want to vote the protecting party out of power. When they do so they find our mills and factories must shut down, every person is idle, our laborers are without money, and all worse off than ever. Then they want to vote the old party into power again, and clamor for a new tariff, so that people will be employed; and thus this question of free trade is continually destroying government tranquillity.

“The question therefore arises, if the farmer is sure of a living, what to do to help the workmen in the factories, as they know nothing of farming, and are skilful in only their own trade. The farmers are pretty certain to get something to eat out of their land and to keep themselves from starving, even if they do not

all get good clothes; but if the factory men, women, boys, and girls have no work they are helplessly stranded. They are far worse off than the farmers, as they have no land to cultivate for food, and they not only cannot get good clothes, but find nothing to eat on the breakfast table, and they naturally are filled with sorrow as they see people buying foreign goods in their own American stores—just such things as the American workmen themselves know how to make skilfully. The question arises in their minds, how can we as a nation stop patronizing these foreigners and do the work ourselves; and they say: ‘In Europe the factories are running and men all employed, but here we are walking the streets in idleness and our families are starving. Why can we not make all these imported goods at home? All kinds of living are dearer in new countries than in old ones, and since we are here and cannot get away, what can we do? We cannot afford to work as cheap as foreigners do in their land.’

“Some one suggests, since the government requires money to pay its annual expenses, that the President charge a high duty on everything imported. This high duty when added to the price of foreign goods would make them cost on the store shelf as much, if not more, than what we can make them for in our own land? So the government passes a law to that effect, and the prices of foreign articles when they arrive go up, and the storekeeper buys a new feather-duster and brushes the dust and cobwebs away from those old American goods that have been idle on the shelf for years, and he finds he can sell them now for half a dollar cheaper than the foreign ones, and the customer buys them and saves that 50 cents. The storekeeper, instead of sending his new orders to Europe, sends them down to the city or town factory in our own land, and the glad proprietor of the fac-

tory hunts up on the corners his old and idle workmen, starts the mill going, and pays out the weekly wages as of old, and great rejoicing follows and people once more look happy. That is the way the protectionist looks at it.

“ But, on the other hand, the free trader says: ‘ By your shutting out the European imports you are doing a wrong to the foreigners, for in a few months’ time their workmen, instead of you, will in their turn be walking the streets in idleness, and their families will then be the starving ones;’ and then every good man in our land who has a kind heart and who is listening to the talk of the free trader will stop right there and think seriously over the matter. It is right at this point in the argument that the free trader has the advantage over the protectionist, for it is true that we ought to feel sorry for the misfortunes of all mankind and should do unto others as we would have them do unto us. This is the golden rule, and if we have reverence for the Bible and sacred things, we should not carelessly pass by this part of the argument of a free trader’s plea, for free trade is the golden rule of commerce, and that is why a free trader’s cause at first glance seems so just, because he has the argument to start with in his favor; but he seems to forget that selfishness is still a potent factor in the world and he must not expect a workman to look into the pinched faces of his starving family and see the tears and sufferings of his little children and then calmly kneel down by their side and feed them on the free-trade pamphlets and golden-rule literature sent to them by the Cobden Club of London. It is foolishness for the free traders to say that all the unemployed laborers should go to farming for a living; the mechanics know nothing about farming, and would make sad failures at it. Besides, they have no money to buy farms with or even funds enough to pay the

railroad fares to where farming lands can be obtained, and farmers will not employ them in their immediate neighborhood because they know nothing of the business.

“If all the world would come together and agree upon a price to pay for silver, then that would in a measure settle the silver question; and likewise if all the nations would come together and settle on a uniform and equitable schedule of wages for every class of work, then the workmen of the world would all be on an equal footing, and free trade would grow of its own motion and sweet free will; but as long as a man receives 10 cents a day in Japan and 50 cents a day in Europe and \$1 a day in America, it is impossible to adjust matters and have free trade. American \$2-a-day labor has been competing with European \$1-a-day labor for many years; but it has before it now a still graver situation. Japanese 25-cent labor, with modern machinery and methods, is looming up as the problem of the future, and then in later years it will be Chinese 20-cent and then India's 15-cent and Ceylon's 10-cent-a-day labor that will confront our laborers and artisans.

“If protection of some kind is not arranged for to protect our workmen against these cheap foreigners, it is evident that we shall have to change our style of living and come down to lower levels, and our laboring men all will have to live on rice. If under present conditions free trade were adopted for all future time, our girls would forget there was such a thing as ice cream, and they would have fewer ribbons and plainer dresses, our boys would have no bicycles, and there would be no money for common school education.

“It will be a cheerful thing for the world and a grand day for mankind when free trade can be unanimously adopted by the nations; but as long as there is

selfishness on earth; as long as the vast majority of American men are not willing to sacrifice all the comforts of life for their brother man in America, let alone for those in foreign lands; as long as most men do not prefer one another in honor; as long as such a state of affairs exists on earth, the free-trade idea is a delusion and a snare. Its principle is right, but its policy is ahead of the age, and a poor man who works for his daily bread is justified in asking his government to protect him from those who can live so much more cheaply in foreign lands, where conditions are so entirely different from those in his own country.

“He also has the right to ask his government to prevent the volume of immigration in such masses as to affect or lower the laborers’ wages in his own land.

“For a practical illustration or example of the workings of free trade and protection the following will bring more clearly to your mind the injustice of one nation with low wages competing with another nation which gives a higher compensation for its labor.

“In America a lad goes to his father, who is a mechanic in a machine shop, and says to him, ‘Father, almost all my companions at school have bicycles. Will you let me have one also?’ The father brushes a tear from his eye and says, ‘My dear son, I love you as much as any rich man in the world loves his child, and there is nothing I would not willingly do for you if it were in my power; but I am a laboring man and receive only \$2.25 a day for my work, and I have your mother and your brothers and sisters to support, and to pay from \$45 to \$100 for a bicycle such as you mention is beyond my means. Gladly would I give you one if it were in my power, but as long as we are dependent upon my weekly wages it will be as impossible for me to grant your request as if you were to ask me for a fine gold watch or a diamond ring. Such

things are luxuries.' And the child has to do without his bicycle.

"In about a month's time the boy returns to his father, and with joy informs him that a shipload of high-grade bicycles has just arrived from a manufactory in Japan, where the labor is very cheap—only 20 cents a day. They have manufactured them over there at such a low price that he can get a Japanese bicycle on the next street as good as he wants for \$8. The father goes around to the store where Japanese bicycles are on sale and examines them, and being a mechanic, pronounces them first class in their construction, equal to 'high-grades' of our American manufacturers, and tells his boy that at the price of \$8 he will buy one for him if it is possible to make arrangements to pay for it at the rate of 50 cents per week, which he succeeds in doing.

"At the end of six weeks all the bicycle factories in the United States have been thrown into consternation and confusion, as two dozen more ships from Japan, carrying three hundred thousand bicycles, have arrived at New York and San Francisco. Bicycles cannot be made in America at any such figures, and all the factories in that line have to go out of business, and general bankruptcy comes to the bicycle trade.

"At the end of the eighth week, when the boy has already paid \$3.50 on his machine, he comes home in the evening to get his 50 cents for the eighth payment, and finds his mother and brothers and sisters in tears, for the father has told them that the factory where he works has shut down. The company made rubber tires for the American bicycles, but no more orders are now coming in, and he makes inquiries, and finds every other rubber factory in the same line in the United States has also shut down. He applies to other industries for work, and is surprised to find that

there is hardly a business of any kind in the country that has not been injured by losing trade for work of various kinds on American bicycles, and at every place he applied to he found that instead of being able to give the employment he asked for, they were discharging week by week additional men. He meets on the streets hundreds of idle workmen like himself who have been laboring in industries connected with the bicycle trade and have all been discharged, and are without situations. The result is, that the boy cannot obtain from his father even the sum of 50 cents per week for nine weeks more for the final payments on the cheap bicycle imported from a foreign country, where the labor is only 20 cents per day.

"The majority of the factories and laborers of the country were doing well before the Japanese bicycles arrived, and hundreds of thousands of workmen were employed in the various industries connected therewith, but now the workmen, superintendents, clerks, and bookkeepers are all out of situations, their families are sufferers, and the question is what should the government do about it? Should Congress let the matter pass, or should they put a protective duty on imported bicycles of about \$50 each, and in this manner shut out all foreign makes, and give the wages and employment to the hundreds of thousands of the unemployed the same as before?

"Some persons must suffer if a high duty is declared, among them the bicycle-riding boy whose parents are not rich. Such a boy will have to wait until he himself becomes old enough to earn sufficient money to provide him with the luxury of an American wheel; but while the poor boy is without his high-priced American bicycle, a hundred thousand families are being supported by fathers and brothers, through employment given them in American bicycle factories. The weekly expenses in the laborers' homes

are now met and the grocery bills are paid, and to see these families kept from starving is enough incentive for an American boy to do without a bicycle.

“But while the above is all true about protection making the charge for bicycles so high, still the excessive price is only temporary, for if that bicycle boy will wait long enough, he can get his American-made wheel as cheap as he desired, in spite of protection. If time is given to our American manufacturers to perfect machinery for bicycles and other articles and to create a demand for the same, then when seventeen years have passed and the patent expires on the bicycles themselves, and competition is entered into, the price of the \$100 bicycles will go down to \$10 and \$25 in our land, and we can sell them abroad in competition with any nation. When we in the United States first commenced to make steel rails, we had a high duty and the selling price was \$175 per ton; but after Yankee invention was brought to bear on the subject, and plants established on a large scale, the price was gradually reduced to \$20 per ton, and we had a foreign demand and were able to compete with the world. It has been the same with many articles, and will be with everything else if there is a sufficient demand to justify American invention and investment of capital. This is the panacea that should soften the hearts of those ‘Golden Rule’ people who pity the poor workmen in foreign lands who are thrown out of employment by our mills being in operation.

“The proper thing for us to do is to protect every industry until we can afford to take the duties off and then enter into competition with the world.

“The United States Government has protected many industries in the same manner as above stated regarding bicycles, and if the duties were removed too soon this change would close half or two-thirds of

the factories in the country. If the factories close, most of the coal-mines would close. If the coal-mines and factories were closed, then most of the railroads would be obliged to discharge two-thirds of their men, as there would be no great volume of freight moving. If all people were out of employment, the country retail stores would have no customers and fail in business, and if these small stores failed then the wholesale stores would become bankrupt, as they could not collect their money and pay their own debts. If nearly every person failed, the doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, and hundreds of others would go without money for their services, and the good Lord only knows what would become of the people, as they could not all go to farming, and the backbone and enterprise of the nation would be broken. This is what makes dull times.

“It is absolutely necessary to protect our industries, and it is a part of wisdom to admit free of duty only those things from foreign countries which do not interfere with our home industries.

“It is wrong to preach free trade in the present state of society, and if nothing else will convince a free trader, then results should be an argument, for when our country commenced a course of aggressive protection our whole national wealth was estimated at \$15,000,000,000, and after twenty or thirty years’ trial the nation is worth \$75,000,000,000. Is not that good business genius? Nothing succeeds like success.

“Free traders who are still fighting for their opinions in the face of the above figures are like a small, unenterprising storekeeper, who for thirty years kept predicting that his hustling competitor across the street would go to ruin by carrying on his business in such a rushing, unscientific, or new-method manner. At the end of ten years the croaker was still worth \$10,000, while his hustling neighbor, by his new

methods, had grown rich, his accumulations increasing from \$20,000 to \$1,000,000.

“At the end of twenty years the croaker was still worth his little \$10,000, while the hustler was worth \$10,000,000 and giving employment to fifty thousand men. At the end of thirty years the croaker with his same little \$10,000 still kept up his cry that the other man would fail and become a bankrupt, yet the great man's possessions were now \$50,000,000, and two hundred thousand men were on his pay-rolls.

“That is just the case with the United States. The free traders have always predicted disaster to our country. They have been calamity howlers, and yet in the face of their statements we are greater and richer and stronger than ever, and are still moving onward and upward, and we have less dull periods or depressions in business than other nations.

“The free traders are always holding up England as an example of success with free trade. This is not a fair illustration. It is not fair because it is like going into a country town where there is only one millionaire and banker in the place, and proceeding to upbraid some poor man who keeps a small retail dry-goods or grocery store for not living in the same style and spending as much money for his family as the great millionaire banker does. But the retailer replies that he cannot do so, for he is younger and not so rich as the banker. The great rich man came to the village before the dry-goods man was born, and had the first chance to get the whole town site for almost nothing. He also made great profit in his country store, which was the only one for ten miles around, and he discounted notes at thirty-six per cent. per annum before usury laws were enacted, and became the richest man in the county. Now things were all changed and competition was so great that it was hard for a beginner to make expenses.

“ Now let us apply this to England. She was first in modern trade and was smarter in making money than all the rest of Europe put together, and was the only first-class national industrial beehive in the whole world. She managed to get all the nations of Europe into quarrels with the great Napoleon, and in proportion to her population she sent a precious few of her own citizens as soldiers to be shot down, but encouraged the other nations to ‘put up’ the men and she ‘put up’ the money—by loaning it to them; and while all the men of the other nations were fighting and being killed off, she kept the great majority of her sons at home and taught them to be smart artisans, and almost every man in her realm became a mechanic or producer of some kind. Her merchants and manufacturers became the smartest and most far-seeing business men of the world. The secret of their great fortunes was their ability to know how to make a dollar and save 85 cents of it; and they built their own ships, sending them to all parts of the earth, and loaded down every nation that they could intimidate with all the goods they could pack into their warehouses. They charged them three prices for everything and told them to pay for it when they were able, and thus they got all the earth in easy financial relations with her, and then it was not long before everything began to come her way.

“ That is how Englishmen got the start of the rest of the world in business, and they deserve credit for it. They have been the great ‘bunco steerers’ of the world. Uncle Sam was at one time a ‘hayseed’ from the rural districts, and there are plenty of respectable men in the United States to-day who for the sake of carrying out a free-trade theory would have us still keep on in the old way and be confidence victims. What England does not know about getting the best

of a bargain, can be written down on the fly-leaf of a very small Testament; and if the United States wants to compete with her, then eternal vigilance is the price of our business advancement.

“England is the most progressive and aggressive nation on the face of the earth to-day. The whole world is paying tribute and pouring interest money into her lap every second, both night and day, of the whole solar year, and, like the rich banker, she need never do another stitch of work if she does not want to, but could comfortably live on her income. And must we as a nation, who have more land to develop and cannot live on incomes, close up our factories and give her our trade and send our skilled workmen out on farms to raise wheat? They know nothing about farming.

“How did England secure all her financial greatness? Was it fair and honorable? Yes, it was fair and square in every respect; she had a genius for business and was first in the modern field and is ‘on top.’ But was she always a free trader? No, she was not. When the Napoleonic wars had piled upon her a colossal national debt, she had to raise money to pay her interest and she put ‘protection’ on with a vengeance, and kept it there until her machine-shops and ship-yards and textile-fabric mills, and a thousand other establishments were built and paid for over and over again with profits. At the same time, the men, women, and children grew to be expert, trained, and skilful laborers, and they got the science of manufacturing goods down so fine and made goods so cheap and perfect that no nation could compete with her. Then she said ‘Eureka’ and took off her tariff, and declared free trade to be the consummation of all the Christian virtues, and she has been preaching it ever since and sending envoys and literature into every land, to in-

struct the world on the subject, so that other nations would not establish a tariff system that would exclude her manufactures. This is history.

“ Now comes the moral of the small retail merchant and the millionaire banker in the aforementioned village. When the United States had her great Civil War, she, like England, had to devise a plan to pay interest, and she put on a protective duty to raise money and also to foster manufacturing. England looked on with a smile at the idea of our little country going into the factory business. We had at the time a nucleus of workshops, but, like the green peach, it ‘grew and grew’ under the new protection, and in a few years England was astonished at our great awakening.

“ For eighty years from the commencement of our government in the previous century down to 1861, only thirty thousand patents had been issued in the United States Patent Office, but in the next twenty years invention increased so marvellously that over two hundred thousand patents were issued. Every branch of business in the United States was electrified, and the quality and volume of our capacity for production startled not only England, but all Europe. It was then that American college-bred editors who were not practical business men, but who had free-trade theories that were unquestionably correct, but not diplomatic, threw our nation into great contention over the subject of protection. The Republicans triumphed in the elections, but were continually harassed by the Democratic free traders; yet the nation prospered and prospered, and grew richer and richer, and more powerful and respected abroad. But a day of disaster came to the country; a wave of business depression swept over our land. The same wave of depression swept over the whole world.

“ In our country the cause of the widespread hard

times was not protection or duties or tariff, but principally the extravagance and speculations of the people who had spent money and had gone into debt beyond their means, and the consequent lack of confidence in the business world. Such business disasters might occur in any nation, and have repeated themselves time and time again in the past when speculation and extravagance were rampant. But the Democrats, who had not been in power and were hungering for it, took advantage of the depression and distress of the nation, and raised the hue and cry that it was protection that caused all the trouble, and that everything would be righted and every poor man would grow rich if he would only vote for free trade and the Democratic Party. And the unemployed and downhearted people believed them and rose, as a mighty tidal wave, and swept the Republicans so completely out of office that they did not know for a time what had struck them. But the mills of the gods grind slowly and surely and exceedingly fine, for when the Democrats found themselves in power, they took off the duties, and then things went from bad to worse, and the people were puzzled, and they will ever be puzzled until they find out that the hard times are not occasioned by protection, and that they had better leave the tariff alone, and not live beyond their means, not go into debt beyond what they can pay, and not manufacture goods that no one wants, or more goods than they can sell. When that time comes we will have stability and 'good times.'

"I did not intend to bring in the name of the Democratic Party, as I want to cast no reflections, but how can I do otherwise? I am young and unprejudiced and have read between the lines. What has the Democratic Party done for our nation? It has been a stumbling-block to national prosperity from the date of its foundation. If we review history and look back-

ward at the great national issues since our Republic was founded, we cannot see a single grand principle on which the Democratic Party was on the right side. It fought the Homestead Law, that eventually built up the great West. It fought tooth and nail the building of the Erie Canal, that proved the greatest of all our early commercial undertakings.

"The Democratic Party has opposed all legislation that is favorable to the laboring man, for nine-tenths of the acts of the legislature that benefit the working people were introduced by and the laws were passed by the Republican Party. This is a fact on record. The only thing the Democratic Party has ever done for the laboring men is, at election times, to get them on the street corners and 'jolly' them with demagogic speeches, with promises of great things, to get their votes, and afterward do nothing for them at all. And yet many workmen, year after year, will keep on going to the polls and voting against the Republican Party, which has passed almost every law that has ever brought them any relief. Such people do not deserve to live in America; they ought to go out and jump on themselves or live in some other land until they can get some common sense.

"And the Democratic Party fought eighty years for slavery, and for State rights to prevent our being firmly cemented as a nation. In all of these things they have failed to carry their point, and it is still identified with the free traders, who would close up our infant industries and let our workmen go without their Saturday-night wages.

"The Democratic Party is now arrayed against subsidies, such as has built up England's great commerce, and against the Nicaragua Canal project, that means so much to our national future; it was in arms against Hawaiian annexation; and the large majority of the Democrats are on the wrong side of the sound-

money question, and if you advance the subject of 'centralization' to a Democrat of high degree, it will send him almost into a fit.

" But during the whole thirty years since we have inaugurated American protection, England has looked jealously upon the wonderful manufacturing development of America, and now she sees our cutlery sold in Sheffield, our locomotives in Manchester and China, and our railroad iron sold all over the world, and she also sees in us a rival, and not a little retail dealer humble in the presence of a millionaire banker.

" Give us a few more years of protection, and then we, like England, can open wide our doors and also preach free trade to the nations.

" But England, as well as ourselves, will soon have her hands full in another direction. England, as well as Europe and America, will have the cheap labor of Asia to encounter. India is under England's rule, and can be controlled. China is still asleep, but Japan is just getting her eyes wide open, and it may be possible that England will yet have to protect with a tariff her own industries against the Asiatics. England is smart at intrigue, and we must wait and see what her diplomacy can accomplish, and we must join her in it. England is wise in trade and finance; we need not be ashamed or too proud to go and ask for advice, or advise with her. We will have to get up very early in the morning if we are to keep even with England. Please bear this in mind and do not forget it.

" To a patriotic citizen who does not consider a theory of more importance than prosperity, there should be no dispute over the policy of protection; it is absolutely necessary, in the present state of international society and our own government finances, to continue it. The Democratic free traders should turn from arguing theories to consider the subject of 'what it is best not to protect?'

“ The part of patriotism for both Republicans and Democrats should be a rivalry to discover who are far-seeing enough to discriminate what industries do and what do not need protection, or, in other words, what goods for our national commercial progress should be admitted free; and then put a duty on all the rest of the list sufficiently high to insure the placing of all orders for manufactured goods within the boundaries of our own nation.

“ There are some things made and raised in America that foreigners need and must have from us, just as we want tea and coffee, drugs, etc., from abroad, so we never need fear a tariff on their part against us on such articles, and they amount to hundreds of millions of dollars. Europeans may place duties on other things against us, but as they have that right we must submit to it gracefully, and depend on our own inventive talent and superior workmanship to turn out goods that foreigners will order from us in spite of their own duties, the same as some of our citizens who have abundance of money insist on importing from Europe goods that please them, in spite of our high tariff.

“ The free traders and protectionists should join together in adopting a different system of common school education. What we want is more technical schooling. Each school boy and girl from the youngest to the oldest in our common schools should devote only the mornings to reading, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, grammar, and language, and the afternoons should be devoted entirely to instruction in mechanics and the study of nature.

“ Every child when he or she reaches the age of twelve should know more than the vast majority of men and women of the present day do about the earth and air and water out of which comes everything we eat, wear, or use.

“ Much is crowded into the heads of school children, and there is no reason why botany and insects, trees and animals, rocks and vapors, tools and construction, anatomy and hygiene, and all kindred things of far-reaching importance in the every-day experience of life, should not take possession of the youthful brain cells, and occupy at least half of the study hours of children, the majority of whom leave school by the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age.

“ Such a plan of education would enable thoughtless and non-studious children to grow up to be men and women with better ideas of what is around them in every-day life; it would teach them the ‘why’ of things, and how to advance the value of things and make money for themselves out of nature. It would bring them both pleasure and understanding in their environment, and would be of great value to a manufacturing nation that wishes to rank among the first in the coming centuries.

“ The platform of all parties in America should be drafted with a protection plank, or, in other words, we should look out for ourselves as a nation.

“ I admit that such a platform is not as broad or manly as modern progress would dictate. I will admit that it is in the direction of narrowness and will be so considered, should it be held up to the gaze of future generations who will have learned of the ‘Brotherhood of Man’; that is to say, they will judge it so from a humanitarian point of view, though not from results, as they will have been benefited by the means the protectionists took to uphold themselves.

“ It is not a virtue for a millionaire who has plenty to spare to be generous. The virtue in generosity is in giving, not from one’s abundance, but from one’s need; and when England is held up to the world as an example of progress in free trade, she should not have

the credit that her admirers suggest, because she has now advanced to that position of national prosperity and commercial independence where she can afford free trade without feeling it. That is just the position that America wants to be in, and if she has the chance given her in the line of protection, she then, in time, can and will also be commercially noble, for free trade is noble, but not a diplomatic thing for the under nations.

"So in conclusion I will say that free trade is all right in principle, but wrong in a diplomatic or self-protecting sense. Free trade is ahead of its day. It is the golden rule of commerce, but our true motto in this selfish age should be, 'Live and help others to live.' But as charity begins at home, we should first give our own mechanics and our own farmers a protected chance to earn a living, and an opportunity to rise, if they have business genius, out of the ranks of the laborers to the commanding position of those rich men and millionaires of to-day who but a few years ago were poor like almost all the rest of us.

"It is the same in professional life, where the great majority of doctors, lawyers, and ministers are struggling and piling on top of one another at the foot of the ladder, seeking a competence and fame; but very few have the ability to climb to the upper rounds.

"It is our privilege to get rich if we are of a saving disposition and have genius for business. Almost every one sadly flatters himself that he has business genius, and the ninety and nine unfortunate ones out of a hundred who fail will never get that disastrous conceit out of their heads until they are in heaven and look back at their failures, and then they will say of their earthly business or fame-seeking experience, 'What conceited, unreasonable, mistaken, stubborn fools we mortals were!' And if from heaven they should be allowed an opportunity to return to earth

they would only be too glad to be humble and occupy an under position rather than repeat their former ambitions, diggings, climbings, worryings, and heart disappointments that came to nothing in the end and were worse than moonshine."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BUSINESS QUARRELS.

ON the evening of June 30 Ed called at seven o'clock and found the firm of Flynn & Schmidt sitting on the front fence, trying to keep cool. A hot wave had swept down over the Ohio Valley, and all thought of flying kites had vanished from the minds of the average small boy. It was even too warm to think of fire-crackers and Roman candles, and the manufacturers of pyrotechnics were becoming alarmed for fear the heat would quell the pent-up Fourth-of-July patriotism that for thirty or forty days had been gathering and bubbling in the breasts of "Young America."

The kite firm had been so busy and successful and had made so much money that the original object of the formation of the partnership had entirely passed from Micky's mind; but Fred had not forgotten it, and brought the subject up, and called his partner's attention to the fact that \$3.80 was to be spent in a few days in having a good time. Micky wanted to know what for, and was reminded of the conversation on the morning they first went into business, and Fred drew out of his pocket the original memorandum in

Micky's own handwriting, whereon was itemized \$3.80 worth of fireworks; this sum and the combustibles furnished the financial basis and patriotic impulses for the kite enterprise.

Micky read the paper over three or four times in silent thoughtfulness, and at last with a scowl said: "What is the use of throwing away money like that?" and suggested that they do nothing of the kind, but save their money. This conclusion on Micky's part was too much for Fred to stand, and for the first time in almost three months a quarrel ensued between the two partners, and the firm came near going to pieces.

Fred called Micky a stingy old miser, and wanted nothing more to do with him, and asked him to wind up the partnership, divide up the money, and play "quits."

Not a cent had been drawn out of the firm by either of them since they started. Every time Fred suggested such a thing Micky talked him out of it, and he had meekly submitted, hoping when July 1 came around it would then be all right; but that date had now arrived, and Micky still wanted to spend nothing, not even for Fourth-of-July fun, and Fred would not stand it any longer.

He was boisterously mad, but Micky kept even tempered for a long time, coaxing Fred not to get so angry, but to listen to reason. Had they not agreed to get rich together and own a store, and by and by be wholesale merchants and own horses and carts and wagons and all such things? And if they fooled away their money in "firework-truck" on Fourth-of-July day, they would soon fool away more money in picnics and excursions and all such nonsense. If he (Fred) had any sense, he would save his money while he had the chance; for he must not think their mothers would keep them for nothing all their lives and charge them no board and pay for their clothes, giving them a cellar

free of rent, and all the time take in washing to support them and work harder than men. If Fred wanted to divide up and quit, he had better give the money to his mother, who needed it more than he did to fool away in smoke and noise.

Fred replied that he did not want any more of his "gas" about the saving "rackit;" his share of the money belonged to him, and he would do what he pleased with it.

One word led on to another until it came to blows, and Fred was getting the worst of it, when Sally came bounding out of the house and tried to pull Micky off of Fred, who was down on his back. Sally pulled and hauled at her brother and screamed and scolded, and then burst into tears, which brought the boys to their senses and their feet.

Ed sat on the fence quietly and unmoved during the whole fuss, and never interfered or opened his mouth; and when Sally recovered from her crying she turned to upbraid him for not having stopped the fight.

During the three months of the partnership she had gradually grown into a feeling of proprietorship of the whole business. She certainly could not have been more interested if there had been \$1,000,000 at stake. She loved her brother a hundred times better than ever before. His sudden transformation from an untidy, barefooted street boy and ignoramus at school into a well-dressed little fellow at the head of his class had made her the proudest girl in Bucktown. She would tie his cravat, dust his coat, and kiss him and compliment him until he saw by contrast with his previous life that it really paid to be decent; and little by little he developed a fondness for his sister and fell into an appreciation of her attentions. She was devoted to their kite business, and was very anxious to see the boys make and save their money; and she had almost a miser's joy in gold every time she deposited an addi-

tional \$10 in the savings bank. Every day she reminded them how the sum was increasing; and that very evening she told them she had been figuring it up and found there would be fifty-two cents, in interest alone, due them by the savings bank on July 1, which was more than six times the amount of capital they had at the commencement.

She watched the growing friendship of the partners, and contrasted it with the daily quarrels the two boys used to have before they went into business. Almost three months had passed without a fuss, and it made her happy. The thought of it came to her that very afternoon, and it was while she was at work on their accounts and full of joy over the large sum of money they had made that she heard the quarrelling and saw the blows. At first she could hardly believe her eyes, but in a minute her ambition and girl's pride and happy heart had the worst tumble of her life. In her haste to reach them she dropped everything in her hands on the floor, upset the table and ink bottle, fell over a chair, and when she reached the door gave one bound to the prostrate boys.

She had never particularly liked Fred before the kite-business days, but she had begun to feel friendly to him, and was real glad that Micky had such a smart fellow at figures and such a good penman for a partner; but words could not express her grief that the boys had broken the record and were fighting. Her sorrow turned into indignation, and not having any one else at hand upon whom to vent her anger, she turned on Ed, and between her renewed sobs scolded him for not having prevented the fight.

Ed thought Sally was a "peach," and no girl in the world was ahead of her in his admiration. Sally had the same feeling for Ed, and had never said or even remotely suggested a cross word to him; but now she "gave it to him" with a vengeance, and as her sobs

decreased her scolding increased, until Ed was a lonely pillar of astonishment.

Sally's tirade against Ed completely quieted the anger of the fighters, and by the time she was through the boys forgot their grievances in their anxiety for and interest in Ed, who sat on the fence unmoved and solemn as a funeral.

When she was through, Ed, without moving from the fence or changing a muscle, said that he certainly did not like to see fighting going on in any form, and he especially deplored the mildest kind of warfare between Micky and Fred. He reminded Sally that he was not a policeman or magistrate, and did not feel that he was legally or physically bound or empowered or called upon to keep the peace. He also stated that he was not aware that he was even in the Sunday-school business; and, consequently, did not deem that he was called upon to discourse on the moral law or expound the Ten Commandments. He was simply a lawyer, and was ever ready to give advice when called upon; but in this case before them he had not even been consulted regarding the matter in dispute. In fact, he had been blankly ignored. If any one had a grievance it was himself. Was he not the lawyer for the firm? Had he not for three months done everything in his power to further peace and harmony? Had they not insulted the great law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts by such conduct in his presence? Was he not there as a lawyer to give advice and prevent trouble, and had they not ignominiously insulted the representative of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts by ignoring his presence and resorting to unlawful methods of settling disputes, thus casting contempt on a lawyer's implied abilities? Did they think they were fighting in his presence only? Were they not aware that although he was only a humble representative of the great firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, when they

fought before him they were disgracing themselves as much as if in the actual presence of the distinguished members of his firm? Were they aware that the insult was not to him, but to Lincoln, Seward & Evarts? Were they aware that unless an apology was immediately offered, he should feel it incumbent on him at once to leave their presence, and in the name of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts cease all connection with them as legal adviser?

During this answer Ed warmed up to the occasion and was actually indignant, and when he finished a silence ensued; and since no apology seemed to be forthcoming, he came down off the fence and walked away, leaving all of them in a perplexed, astonished, and unhappy frame of mind.

Not a word was spoken by them, and they felt as if the end of all things had come, and concluded that they actually had committed some grave offence against the great law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts. Their anger turned to shame. Sally again burst into tears and ran into the house. Micky, without saying another word to Fred, followed her; and Fred, after standing alone for a few minutes, walked homeward with his head hanging down, feeling like a criminal.

Sally locked herself in her room and sobbed aloud, and Micky tried to get in to talk with her and explain things, but she would not answer him, and cried louder than ever; so he went out on the steps to wait for his mother, who had not yet returned from her daily toil. He sat there in a most despondent mood for half an hour; and as his mother did not put in an appearance, and as the heat was becoming more oppressive, he concluded to go up to the canal at the "elbow," near Twelfth Street, and take a swim. He found a great crowd of boys there waiting for the darkness to come, as the policemen forbade bathing until after 8 P.M.

Micky climbed on top of a twenty-foot pile of loose lumber that had been carelessly unloaded from a canal-boat, and sat there with a dozen or fifteen other boys who were also waiting for a swim. In about ten minutes Fred came along and mounted the other end of the same lumber pile, but did not speak to Micky. Both boys sat silent and glum, while the rest of the urchins were merry and had a good time yelling and laughing and rocking the high pile of lumber backward and forward in a most dangerous manner, until all of a sudden the whole mass of boards with a lurch and a slide came tumbling down with a crashing noise, immediately followed by the screams and cries of the many boys who were buried and mixed up in the general jumble.

It is ever a puzzling question to know where all the boys come from who gather in a moment's time at a place of excitement; and on this occasion it seemed as if the noise of the fallen pile had hardly died away when a thousand urchins from all along the canal bank were on the spot, pulling off the boards and extricating the unfortunate victims.

Most of the boys escaped with only a scare and a few scratches. Some were bleeding and limping around with sprained ankles and bruised bodies, and the only two who were really injured were Micky and Fred. Micky was taken out for dead and laid on the sidewalk, and Fred had a broken arm. Both boys were placed on boards and carried to the hospital, three squares distant. A few of the crowd loitered around the hospital door, but most of the throng forgot the occurrence as one of the passing events, and when the darkness came had their merry swim, little dreaming that the two injured "kids," as they called them, at a future day would be their employers and benefactors.

It is a happy condition of affairs that the future greatness of children is unknown, because they would

be spoiled by over-attention, and would not be allowed to work out their own destinies, and so in the hospital Micky and Fred were looked after in the ordinary manner of every-day unfortunates; and in accordance with the rules of the place, Mrs. Flynn, Mrs. Schmidt, and Sally were denied admission and received no satisfaction as to the condition of the boys, except that they were both alive and were being properly attended to by the surgeons. The distracted mothers went home and spent a sleepless night berating the cruel rules that kept mothers from their dying or injured children.

Sally in a profusion of tears carried the news down to Ed. When he saw her he thought she was approaching with a flag of truce, and he put on his entire store of professional dignity, intending to uphold the standard of his illustrious employers, Messrs. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts; but when she made known the cause of her distress and the condition of Micky and Fred, he came right down from his lofty height, took out his handkerchief, tenderly wiped away Sally's tears, and with a coaxing, patronizing voice and professional smile, as if it were a royal panacea for every case of accident, said: "Never mind, Sally, cease your crying, we'll get 'damages.' It's a grand case for 'damages;' you just go home, and I will start out and gather evidence."

Sally did not know what "damages" meant, but Ed was so buoyant on the subject that he made her feel better and lifted a load from her mind; and she returned and told her mother that it was all right now, for Ed was going out to get "damages."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ECONOMY.

MICKY and Fred recovered sooner than the doctors anticipated, and in three weeks' time were allowed to go home.

Micky had been a mass of cuts, bruises, and contusions, and at first presented the appearance of one who had been run through a dull hash-chopping machine; fortunately, no bones were broken, and he was a very thankful boy when he realized his narrow escape.

Fred was not so lucky, for added to his numerous bruises was a broken left arm and a very bad scalp wound.

Their wails and cries were so pitiful the first few days that separate wards were given them for a week, when they were assigned to one room, and their mothers and friends were allowed to visit them.

The next two weeks, alone in that one room night and day, was a memorable period in the history of those two boys. It was a lovely "make-up" from the very start, and their mutual apologies and forgiveness made a scene for a Sunday-school book.

Those days of fellowship in misery cemented their friendship and interests in a manner apparently de-

signed by Providence. They talked over money and business, past and to come, and laid prodigious plans for a wonderful gigantic kite business for the next season. The greatest good that came out of the whole hospital experience was that Fred was completely converted to Micky's plans of economy and money saving. For the rest of his life he rivalled Micky in niggardliness; but in large philanthropy they did grandly, as the sequel will prove.

Both boys remembered the manner in which Ed made them realize that he had been ignored by not asking his advice previous to the fight regarding the subject that caused the fuss; but now, after talking it over, they concluded to consult him about it the first time he called.

When the subject was mentioned to Ed he said nothing of the fuss and fight of that unhappy evening, but gave his opinion on economy as if it were an entirely new thought that had never before entered his head.

He explained that money spending was a habit that grew on people exactly like the drinking of whiskey. It seizes a person, and the love or burning desire to spend money when once contracted is as hard, if not harder, to shake off than the delirium tremens.

To grow to be a spendthrift means the wrecking of a home, and the eventual unhappiness of the entire family. In the end it brings husband, wife, and children face to face with and companions of poverty, and engenders jealousy and envy, as it prevents them from closing, day and night, their eyes to the prosperity and comfort of those who are of a saving habit. Such a continual reminder is a goading self-persecution. To be poor is bad enough, but to be rich and then to be poor is hell.

When some people make money they conceitedly give themselves the credit for it, and do not think of a guiding Providence, and too often become haughty

and objectionably exalted; but when they lose their money they lay the blame on God or man or in some manner try to evade their own foolish doings; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would find it their own fault, and not God's, if they would honestly and impartially examine their past actions; and by far the most of the unfortunates would discover it was caused by the spending or spendthrift habit previously contracted.

If the wife is the spendthrift of the family, she ought not to have any of the money in her keeping; if the husband is the spendthrift, he ought not to hold a cent, but to turn all his wages or income over to his careful wife; but if husband and wife are spendthrifts, then God help them both; for if parents, they will drag their children down from the level of the joys of prosperity to which they were entitled by being born into a world without any say of their own.

On the other hand, the saving of money is a habit that grows on people after they once get the ball to rolling. It is easy to glide or slide into the spending habit, but not so easy to contract the saving habit. It requires a careful guiding of the young child into the correct way of saving without being miserly, and one must learn to hold a tight rein on himself for days and years up to the time he is thirty, and even then he is only partially safe; for the rest of his life he must be on his guard.

Does it pay to be forever on one's guard and save and save and save? The answer is yes, for the vast majority of those who save must necessarily furnish the money for the rest of the world to do business on and to get a living for their families. Those who do not save have no money to help business enterprises; and, therefore, if no one saved, we would have a world of useless, idle people, like the naked African Hottentots, living on bananas.

There are two classes of people in the world—those who gather and those who scatter, and the first class are the substantial ones. There are a few self-made professional and business men in the world; but the vast majority of the great lawyers, doctors, ministers, and others had saving parents back of them to economize in many directions to give them a college education for a proper start; and every one of them can look back to boyhood playmates who were children of neighbors who did not save, and who lost for their boys or girls the opportunities that the economy or saving habits of parents might have given them. So a spendthrift takes upon his shoulders the future silent reproaches of children who live after he is dead and gone.

It is not what a man earns that makes him rich, but what he saves. A man who makes \$500 a year and saves \$100 is better off financially than the man who earns \$5000 and has nothing left at the end of the year. The \$5000 man may have had more fun and comforts, but no man who has others depending upon him has the moral right to spend all he earns. The love of a parent for his family should be the positive end of the magnet that will draw him most willingly toward the habits of economy for the sake of the future of those very loved ones themselves. Unexpected troubles and expenses, unlooked-for reverses and loss of situations, with death and calamities that no family can escape, should be the negative end of the magnet, impelling him to lay up a portion of his income, however small, for a rainy day.

The habit of spending money to excess is a greater sin in America than elsewhere, because money is more easily made here. The vast majority of the foreign world, especially the hundreds of millions of Asia, earn from three to twelve cents a day, and their emaciated bodies and rags for clothing speak louder than their

pitiful faces, and seem to be continually asking why they were ever born or "Is life worth the living?"

It is not necessary for a man to be a miser to be saving, but many a man and woman have denied themselves the small comforts and joys of life in order to accumulate for some great good to coming generations. Some persons call such a one a miserly philanthropist. One man of that kind once gave half a million dollars to found an asylum. A committee of citizens called at his house after dark to thank him in the name of the town. He received them in a room dimly lighted with only one small candle, which permitted them barely to see the outlines of each other's faces. One of his visitors asked him if he was suffering from eye trouble, and when informed in the negative made bold to ask why he had such a dim light in the room. The reply was that all his life he had been of a very saving disposition in small things, that he might eventually be enabled to be generous in large things. Such cases are not rare, and many institutions have been founded on the self-denial of others, and thousands of persons who laugh at such philanthropy would find, if they only knew the unwritten history of their own lives, that a portion and sometimes a very large proportion of their own comforts, education, and individuality came of the miserly self-denial of others who lived before them.

The habit of saving money and spending money is most aptly illustrated in an incident that seems incredible, but is nevertheless true. An aged millionaire of the United States was miserly in the extreme; he had made his money and increased it by most rigid economy. He denied himself even proper food and respectable clothing. All the family he had was one son, who was a spendthrift, and who wasted money in wicked and lavish prodigality. Some of the father's old friends remonstrated with the millionaire for not caring about himself, and cited the fact that his son

squandered in one night more than the old gentleman spent in a year, and begged him at least to have good food and decent-appearing and warm clothing. The father replied that he had all he wanted and cared for, and said he had no one to leave the money to excepting his son, and the only thought he had in the matter was that if "Johnny only enjoyed spending it half as much as he (the father) enjoyed saving it he was satisfied." Such a case is mistaken economy, as the accumulated money had better have been directed to channels where humanity could have been benefited rather than debased.

Some persons claim that the squandering of that money on the part of the son was benefiting somebody, as it was being scattered in various channels of trade where the poor were being employed and their families supported. That is true, but it would have been better to spend the money in such a way as to uplift humanity, rather than debase it. For instance, if every person spent fifty cents per night for whiskey, it would mean the employment of thousands of laborers and clerks in distilleries and saloons, but would result in a great number of murders, innumerable arrests for crimes, and a whole catalogue of domestic sorrow. But suppose whiskey could be discarded, and in its stead people would spend fifty cents per night in attending concerts and educating themselves to the love of music and social enjoyment with their united families, there would be an uplifting of the people rather than a degradation, and the result would be that the same number of persons would find employment from the scattering of the music money in paper-mills and in printing music books and a hundred other channels of music industry as had formerly been employed by the liquor interests. The whiskey crimes would not be committed and a number of penitentiaries would be abolished.

So it follows that the indiscriminate spending of money for questionable purposes does not always benefit mankind.

"Now, both you boys are starting out in business, and you want to be successful and end up rich rather than bankrupts. The sooner you find out the better it will be for you that not more than one or two persons in a hundred ever succeed in business. The great majority make failures, and nearly all the failures are due to the spendthrift habit of paying out too much for their expenses and contracting debts they are unable to meet.

"The greatest cause of failure in business is not that the merchants do not make enough money, but that they allow their personal and family expenses to increase beyond all reason, for they have contracted the spendthrift habit. The next reason of importance is the selling of goods on credit and an inability to collect the money. Now, if you are careful with your expenses and credits, then there is no reason why you cannot be successful.

"But before you go into business you ought to have some plan or object that you desire to accomplish, reach, or attain. If you only have ambition to grow up to manhood just to make a living, then that is about all you can ever expect, as people very seldom get beyond their expectations; but if you want to be millionaires, you must start out with a determination in that direction, you must try to save your money and invest it in business, and have it increase by profits and interest and compound interest and rents, and you must determine at the very first to so direct affairs that as soon as you are able you will not be compelled to pay rent or interest to any one. Your plans will be to take in rent and interest from others, and to be money-lenders and not borrowers. But the main thing is to learn to bargain, to save money in little things;

the habit will grow on you and gradually teach you to be saving and careful in large transactions.

“Then another thing to think about is what you are going to do with your money after you get it. You must remember that you will have to die some time, and others will get it. Whom do you want to spend it for you after you are dead? If you are wise, you will do two things. First make up your minds to be rich, very rich; and, second, for a climax to your lives, to try and have in view some grand object for humanity, so that the world will be benefited by your having lived in it, and that you may see some of the good of it before you die.”

Ed then wound up his talk or advice by saying “that there were three things in life that were necessary to accomplish success in any department of life. The first was earnestness, the second was *earnestness*, and the third was EARNESTNESS.”

After Ed had left the hospital the boys talked over the subject of his remarks until nearly midnight, and might have kept it up until daybreak if the night doctor had not ordered them to stop talking and go to sleep; but they never forgot that afternoon talk as long as they lived. It made a deep and lasting impression and helped them to mould their characters for ultimate usefulness. Before they left the hospital they had adopted plans for their manhood, and Micky had inspired Fred with a desire to be a millionaire a hundred times over.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DAMAGES.

HOSPITAL life has very little charm, even if the patients be of contented dispositions; but in the case of Micky and Fred it was more than irksome, as they were too young to take things philosophically.

Ed and Sally visited them often, and the young lawyer told them of his daily progress in the case he was preparing for "damages." He had interviewed a hundred and fifty-three persons. Primarily he had learned that the lumber and canal-boat belonged to the great Mr. Ingals, the railroad king, and as he was very rich there was responsibility in the defendant. Next he had documentary evidence of the original ownership of the lumber and had additional documentary evidence of the passing of the lumber into Mr. Ingals's possession. He had affidavits as to the men who handled the lumber, the agents or employes of Mr. Ingals, and also competent and expert witnesses to prove that the lumber had been most carelessly piled up on the canal bank—in fact, so dangerously unworkmanlike that three persons had warned them of their apparent criminal negligence. He also had affidavits from the two

night policemen that they had only come on their beats ten minutes previous to the accident, and had not as yet reached the location, but could testify that other lumber dealers took pains to pile their boards securely. He also had the affidavits of two men who had overheard Mr. Ingals's workmen say that they hoped the lumber would be piled so loosely "that it would fall down and kill a hundred of the young kids who were in the habit of playing on it at night-time." He had twenty witnesses to prove the particulars and details of the accident and expert testimony from the hospital regarding the seriousness of the affair; in fact, he had a complete case against Mr. Ingals.

Ed presented the whole mass of evidence to Messrs. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts. Mr. Evarts looked over the papers with wonderful interest, and assigned the case to the proper junior partner, who instructed Ed in the correct drawing up of the legal documents. In due time they were filed in court and papers served on Mr. Ingals. It was the principal topic of conversation in the great law office, and overshadowed legal cases of a hundred or a thousand times more importance in dollars and cents; but there were none of more importance to the brotherhood of man, as sequences proved.

When Mr. Ingals was "served" with the legal papers he was quite astonished to find he was being sued for \$20,000 for something of which he knew absolutely nothing; so putting on his hat, he started down to see his intimate friends, Messrs. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, to know what they meant by engaging themselves in such a suit for damages against him, for was he not their friend and client, and would they please explain?

Messrs. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts invited Mr. Ingals into their private office, and when they had closed the door they all joined in a hearty laugh at Mr. Ingals's expense, who did not appreciate their hilarity

until the history and personality of Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt were properly explained.

Mr. Ingals "took in the situation" and became quite interested in the affairs of the boys and also of Ed, and complimented the skilful work of the young would-be lawyer, and said he would go to the hospital and talk with the "mutilated" firm.

In a few days Mr. Ingals called on Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, and said he had seen the boys and was quite pleased with them, especially with their earnestness about the kite business; he had seen the surgeons, and found that both boys were pretty badly bruised, but nothing extremely serious and there were no permanent injuries. He said he had been thinking the matter over, and concluded there was carelessness on the part of his employes, but really no great damage case against him for \$20,000 or any sum like it. He acknowledged the responsibility of himself on account of his men, and said he thought the best thing to do was to furnish the two boys with some money and a pocketful of railroad passes and to send them travelling over the United States for six weeks until school commenced for the benefit of their health and the gathering of commercial information.

Mr. Ingals thought the boys were bright enough to travel alone anywhere, and as he was president of several railroads, he could also obtain passes on every other line in the country. Messrs. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts fell in with the proposition; Ed was summoned to the office and told that Mr. Ingals would settle the suit on the basis of seven hundred dollars' worth of railroad passes across and around the United States, and \$300 in money to pay Flynn & Schmidt's other travelling expenses.

Ed thoughtlessly took upon himself the responsibility of ignominiously rejecting any such settlement, his face flushing up quickly at the idea of any such insult-

ing, paltry proposition. But he suddenly checked himself, begged the pardon of his employers, and said that whatever their pleasure or advice was in the matter he would communicate to his clients, Flynn & Schmidt, but Mr. Lincoln drew Ed into an argument, in which all three partners and Mr. Ingals joined, and gave the lad a hard tussle.

Ed had studied the case thoroughly, and with wonderful memory cited twenty or thirty decisions bearing on the subject from the different States, and did it with so much precocity that when he was through he had won his way into the confidence of his three employers; and Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand on the head of Ed, said: "My boy, you have done well. I am quite proud of you," which was more gratification to Ed than would have been a bishop's blessing.

The fact that the great Mr. Lincoln was "proud of him" was more than he could hold within himself, and when he left the office he could hardly run fast enough to carry the news home to his mother, who a few minutes later knelt down by herself and gave thanks that she now had some evidence that she was not to be disappointed in the dream of her life—that blood would tell and her son might be a mental giant among men.

Ed carried the news of the settlement of the case for damages to Flynn and Schmidt, and the evening was spent in talking the matter over. Micky at first could not get it out of his head that by taking the \$1000 in settlement of the \$20,000 suit they were actually losing \$19,000 spot cash; but when Ed explained all about the jury system, and how the twelve men might not render a verdict for a penny in their favor, in which case Flynn & Schmidt would have to pay at least \$100 for court expenses, Micky came to his senses, and both Fred and himself were willing to acquiesce in the settlement with Mr. Ingals for \$1000, consisting of \$700 in railroad tickets and \$300 cash.

In a few days the money and railroad transportation were turned over to Sally as treasurer of the firm, and she deposited the \$300 in bank, but kept the travelling tickets at home. Ed then presented a bill of \$25 to Flynn & Schmidt for legal services, which nearly threw Micky into a relapse. He still retained the impression that Lincoln, Seward & Evarts had lost \$19,000 for them, and now to charge \$25 extra was too much for his nerves. The idea of a great rich firm like Lincoln, Seward & Evarts taking \$25 from two poor boys was a shame, and he was about to renudiate the bill when Fred saw the foolishness of Micky's position, and said that the bill was all right, and he demanded that it should be paid; but Micky thought that probably \$10 was enough, and was about to insist on it when he saw Ed rise up from his chair with that same calm look of indifference that appeared on two former occasions when he withdrew from them his services as legal counsellor.

Micky saw the possibilities of losing Ed's services, and immediately changed his tone and asked him kindly if \$15 would be all right. Ed did not even answer, but calmly wore that same old look. Micky saw that Ed was about to leave, but the idea nearly crushed him at parting with \$25. It was the largest sum he had ever been called upon to disburse for anything during his whole life, and the strain on his cupidity was at high pressure. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him, and he asked Ed if he would not be willing to take \$25 in railroad passes, for he secretly thought it would be much easier for him to part with passes than with cold cash, but Ed made no answer; and Micky, as a last effort, offered \$20 cash, but in a moment he detected a movement of Ed that tended toward the door, and in desperation said: "All right, Ed, make it \$25; but I suppose you will have no objection to taking off ten per cent. for cash?" No answer came; Micky with

a deep sigh settled back in his chair and with a suppressed groan said: "All right, Ed, Sally will give you \$25." She drew check No. 1 for that amount, and handed it to Ed, who thanked her with professional graciousness, and then sat down and spent the rest of the evening as pleasantly as if nothing unusual had happened.

Fred asked Ed what was meant by juries, and Ed replied that "the jury system was originally evolved as a grand defence or protection of the rights of human beings;" and then in explanation said that "formerly kings and emperors could do pretty much as they pleased with everything and everybody. In fact, it is that way in some far-away nations to-day. In the old times if a king took a notion into his head to cut any one's head off, then off it went; and if any other person got mad about it or objected, then off went his head, too. No person dared to question anything the king did, for he considered he owned every person, soul and body, and also every one's children and property besides.

"Then the king's sons or the princes took it into their heads to do pretty much the same thing with any person, excepting the king, their father. Then the nobles and lords commenced to be tyrants also, and to take money, property, or goods from people who were afraid to offer any resistance. So it came about that the poor people had no rights or protection to their lives or the lives of their wives and children or to their property; and it kept on in this way until one day the people could not stand it any longer and rebelled; and the first thing, when the king found he could not help himself, was to satisfy them by passing a law that no one's life should ever be taken unless there was some good reason for it, and when any man did wrong twelve good and true men were to be called together whom the people were satisfied would judge fair; and

these twelve men were called jurymen, and they listened to everything that was said for and against the prisoner, and whatever they concluded in the matter was done; and thus the right of a person to live did not simply depend on the caprice or anger of a king.

“After they found their lives were safe the next thing the people asked for was liberty of person—that is, they asked not to be thrust into prison at the whim of the king or the nobles, but first to have it determined by twelve men whether they had done anything that would warrant the king or the nobles or the government in shutting them up in jail. Exception was made to small or minor offences, such as when a person was caught red-handed in misdemeanors. In that case a police judge or magistrate could send them to prison without trial by jury, but the judges often were wrong, and sent innocent persons to jail. Then the people demanded that another right should be granted to them—the right of *habeas corpus* proceedings, which meant that any person thrust into prison wrongfully could have the right to ask a judge to look into his case and, if necessary, call a jury and hear the story and try him, and not let him, an innocent man, die or rot in prison.

“Then, again, in the old days when one citizen disputed with another about property or bargains or any business transaction or complication, the king could step in and settle the case just as he pleased, whether he was right or wrong; and when the people could stand it no longer they asked that all their quarrels and disputes should be settled by a jury of twelve men; and so during a period of centuries it gradually has come about that trial by jury is granted to citizens of civilized countries; and in this manner, if Flynn & Schmidt and Mr. Ingals had not settled their damage case among themselves, then a jury of twelve men could have been called on to say whether Mr. Ingals should pay and, if anything, how much. In the old days, if Mr. Ingals

had been a friend of the king, then he (the king) might have laughed at Micky and Fred and sent them, if he chose to do so, to prison for twenty years for daring to be bold enough to bother Mr. Ingals, which would have been a grand outrage if Flynn & Schmidt's cause was just. So you see the jury system is a great thing for the liberties and rights of people as against the rich and powerful or governing classes."

"But," said Fred, "are the juries always 'on the square?' Do they settle things fair and right?"

"As a general rule they do," replied Ed, "although they make mistakes. But with all the errors and mistakes the entire people, as a rule, are a million times better off than formerly. The jury system of this century is better than that of the last century, and that of the last century was better than the preceding one, and the next century will be better than this one in which we are now living."

"But," said Micky, "can't a rich man pay the jury-men or the judge to be on his side, and thus get what he wants?"

"Yes," replied Ed, "it has been done, but it is against the law; and any man who would be guilty of abusing or tampering with a jury deserves the worst kind of punishment, many persons having been sent to prison for so doing. The jury system is one of the greatest blessings that has ever yet come to man. It is a sacred institution, and any one who trifles with it is an enemy to freedom and a foe to right and justice."

"What improvement can they make next century? Why don't they improve it right off?" asked Micky.

"There is nothing human," said Ed, "that grows perfect right off. The jury system has been hundreds of years in getting to be as good as it is. Everything regarding the law has to be born of experience, and as people find better ways of doing things they demand its adoption, and in the end it is forthcoming."

“The improvement in the jury system of the next century will be in the line of a better manner of selecting men who are by education and character fitted to judge regarding classified subjects—that is to say, the same calibre of men will not be called upon to decide all kinds of disputes; everything is becoming so technical now that when a question arises where the evidence is profound or deep or conflicting the great mass of jurymen do not understand what they are listening to, and have to depend on what the presiding judge directs. Even the judges themselves do not know as much about some things as hundreds of private citizens who ought to be called on for jury service in just such cases where a knowledge of the subject is as of much importance as fine, hair-splitting law points. So I believe that during the next hundred years the advance or evolution of the jury system will demand classified jurymen. When that time does come then many patriotic and intelligent citizens who constantly shirk jury duty at the present time will feel it an honor to be called upon to settle the differences of unfortunate litigants, and will feel better satisfied when they have disputes or lawsuits of their own that are to be settled by other juries.”

Before Ed was through he had shown Micky and Fred that life and liberty and all possession of property were safe through the purity of judges and juries.

All arrangements were made that night for the long trip and the route selected and date of departure fixed.

It was an eventful morning at the Union depot that saw the two boys start on their eleven-thousand-mile journey.

Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Schmidt cried like children, but Sally was brave and encouraged the boys all she could, for she was full of enthusiasm about the trip.

A dozen neighbors, besides forty boys and girls from Bucktown, were there to say good-by; and as the train

started a yell and a hurrah went up from the gamins that made the depot ring and caused fifty heads to pop out of the car windows of the moving train to see what was the matter, and the said heads barely escaped being cut off by the doorway pillars at the depot exit. This made a deep impression on the minds of the mothers of the two boys, who day after day during their entire absence would meet morning and evening to tell of their dreadful dreams of disaster and their premonitions about their sons, and exchange groans of anxiety, and they borrowed enough trouble to start a Pandora bank.

The boys each took a light valise containing only linen and underclothing. They carried no extra suit of clothes. Mr. Lincoln sent them a fine aneroid barometer and thermometer combined. Ed impressed them with its great value, for he heard it had cost \$35. It was only two inches in diameter and very accurate, and with it they could tell the height of the mountains, plains, cities, valleys, etc., all the way across the continent. Mr. Seward sent them a fine field-glass and Mr. Evarts gave a first-class pocket compass. Mrs. Webster made them a reticule arrangement, containing needles, thread, buttons, scissors, and everything complete for mending and sewing, and also a roll of binding cloth for cut fingers and bruises. Mrs. Flynn gave them each a brush and comb and whisk-broom and two boxes of blacking and shoe-brushes. Mrs. Schmidt contributed a case containing two each of knives, forks, spoons, collapsing cups, napkins, and tin plates, and lunch to last two days. Sally presented them with pens, ink, lead-pencils, paper, memorandum books, and diaries. The clerks in the office of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts sent to each of them a \$2 Waterbury watch. Mr. Ingals sent them a letter of introduction to railroad officials, to be used if they got into trouble, and Ed gave them a couple of small-sized books on general

statistics of the United States and also a dozen postal-cards; and so the boys felt proud and happy about their fine outfit, and stood at the end of the last car and waved adieu to their friends; and as their car wheeled round a bend the depot and friends disappeared from their sight, and Fred said: "Well, Micky, we're in for it."

Before they returned to that same depot they had travelled in every State and Territory on the mainland of the United States, excepting Alaska. It was a great trip, and made a wonderful impression on their young minds that ever afterward had an influence on their busy lives.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TRAVEL.

TRAVEL is an education in itself, if one journeys with his eyes and ears open, and it is strange what different persons can see over the same route on the same trip.

A geologist, looking out of the car window, sees away back thousands of years into the glacial period; while his neighbor sees nothing but an almost endless and needless mass of common gravel mixed with cobble-stones and boulders.

A botanist notes the variety and structure of vegetation, while the philosopher, revelling in the same trees and flora, thinks only of the kindly object of God in mantling the earth with a receptacle for storing up the might-have-been wasted sunshine for the use of man, now and in coming ages.

An artist has his delight in the general staging of the whole vista, seeing beauty even in the disorder of nature, as well as in her choicest settings.

It is fortunate for tourists if they have had any special education before starting on an extended journey, for there is no comparison to be made between

what they see and what their uneducated companion grasps, who starts out on a haphazard, time-killing tour of observation.

Micky and Fred missed the higher joys of travel, as they knew nothing of geology or botany or any other science, nor had they any latent artistic sense of beauty to throw them into ever-recurring ecstasy. They were out for business and business only; the department of business that was uppermost in their minds was kites, and the first place they started for was Elkhart, Ind., where they heard there was a tissue-paper mill.

They were less interested in the scenery than in other things; they were bewildered at the immense number of corn fields. The cost of the rail fences and stone walls around the farms seemed to them a dead waste of labor. "No wonder," said Micky, "the farmers are poor. They spend so much time on fences, which should be devoted to something more useful. They only have fences because it is a custom to have them. They have \$2000 worth of fences to keep \$200 worth of horses from running away, and if they want to keep their live stock out of their grain, why don't they just fence in enough of their woods to turn their animals loose in? If they would make such a law or all adopt that as a custom and keep their cows at home, then they would have more hours to make money instead of wasting their time on fences, and, besides, what is the use of having such nice fences or any fence at all around or in front of their houses? It is only a matter of custom, for the houses look nicer and more hospitable without them." Then they figured up the cost of all the fences in the United States at hundreds of millions of dollars, and said it was all a dead waste of time and effort.

Their conversation was overheard by passengers sitting near them, some of whom were farmers, and

before dinner time came around a general discussion on the subject of fences occupied the entire attention of the centre of the car where the boys were sitting, and they would "sass" back at any man who jested or differed without reason or seemed to want to make sport of them.

At dinner time they ate from their lunch-basket, but went out to the station and paid 20 cents for coffee—10 cents per cup. This 20 cents was the first money they had spent on the journey, and it caused them much discussion and considerable figuring, for if they were to be gone sixty days and had coffee twice a day, it would amount to 40 cents per day, to \$24 for coffee alone for the trip, and that made them open their eyes.

Fred proposed that they try and earn some money from the passengers to pay for coffee; the question was how to do it, and Micky suggested "blackening boots;" so they set to work in earnest, and after asking every man in the three general passenger cars, they succeeded in getting twenty-four "shines" at 5 cents each, or a total of \$1.20. Some of the men did not care for a shine, but permitted them to earn the money on account of their seeming earnestness.

This business success set them to thinking, which resulted in their concluding to try and not spend any of the \$300 of "damages money," but to endeavor to work their way around the country. They each had \$75 sewed up on the inside of their coats, and Sally was to send them the other \$150 to San Francisco. So they set their heads to conjuring up the variety of ways of earning money, and at last concluded that when the train was moving they would black boots, and when it stopped they would look after the women and children, and carry packages in and out from the depots to the cars without demanding any pay, but receiving any if offered. By four o'clock, when they

reached Elkhart, they had made 70 cents by helping others, and had made themselves known to every passenger on the train excepting those in the "Pullmans," where they were not admitted and where the porters carried the packages and blackened the boots.

On arrival at Elkhart they inquired the way and walked direct to the tissue-paper mill, where the superintendent refused to let them in. That made Micky mad, and, sitting down on the side of the road, he told Fred they'd "get even" with that fellow some day, for they'd buy the mill and discharge him.

As they were about to leave Fred said: "Let's go over to that little building where it says 'office' and ask the president to let us in." So over both boys went and stated their errand. The president was in, and Micky told him that they were in the kite business in Cincinnati, and used tissue-paper, and were on their way to San Francisco. He at first doubted them and put them down in his mind for little lying rascals, but later he laid down his pen and looked at them in perfect surprise. As they seemed in dead earnest he asked if they wanted to buy any "tissue" and how much. Micky said they wanted none then, as the kite season was over, but next year they would need a supply; all they wanted at present was to know something about tissue-paper and how it was made. The president was about to tell them that he allowed no one to go over the mill, but suddenly changed his mind, and, putting on his hat, told them to come with him and he would show them around himself. There was something about the boys he liked, and the more questions he asked the more was he pleased, and smiled to himself at their precocious or curt replies. In two hours' time he showed them, and in detail explained paper-making in a more painstaking manner than he had ever done before to any visitor at the mill. Micky thought to himself he would like to own the

place, but nearly collapsed when he was informed that it cost \$150,000.

The first "tissue" they had purchased at retail in Cincinnati had cost them 1 cent a sheet, or \$4.80 per ream, and they now learned that if they would buy one hundred reams, size 20x30, at one time they could have it at mill price, which was 50 cents per ream, 2 per cent. off for cash. Fred made a memorandum of it in his book and received a few sample sheets, and after thanking the president for his courtesy, the boys started for the depot to take the eight P.M. train for Detroit, where they had been informed was the largest match factory in the country, and they wanted to learn something more about sticks.

They did not want any sleeping car. Oh, no; not for them! Catch them paying two dollars for a berth! So they went into a regular car and agreed between themselves that one should sleep for two hours while the other kept his eyes open to see they were not robbed, thus taking their turns until three o'clock in the morning, when they reached Detroit in the dark, and camped out in the depot waiting-room until breakfast time. They did not want any hotel! Oh, no, not any for them! Catch them paying \$2.50 a day for a hotel! Dukes could live in hotels if they wanted to, but Flynn & Schmidt liked fresh air, and moonlight cost less than gas.

After breakfast they hunted up the match factory, and the superintendent was so much amused at their earnestness that he let them in and told one of his big work boys to show the "kids" the place.

The match factory in Cincinnati was only a little baby place compared with this great establishment, and Micky had an awe for Mr. Richardson, who was pointed out as the owner of the place.

The whole establishment was shown to Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt, but the department that interested

them most was the mountain of waste sticks that could be had for almost nothing, as the superintendent sold in their presence a whole express wagon load of them for kindling purposes for 25 cents. They left the match factory highly pleased with their visit, for they now knew there were plenty of long sticks to be had for their future business, no matter how extensive it became.

They were quite delighted with Detroit, and for the first time in their lives saw a ship. The sight of the hundreds of sail boats on the river was a beautiful revelation, but they had no time or inclination to take in beauty, so they took the noon train for Chicago, where they arrived at nine P.M.

Chicago took away their breath; they thought Cincinnati was large enough, but after much discussion they came to the conclusion that Cincinnati "wasn't in it." At first they "run down" everything they saw, and praised up everything in their own city by comparison, but after being in Chicago two days and a half they concluded it was a good place for the kite business, as they found out it was windy there the whole year round.

Their first arrival in Chicago was not one of very much welcome, for as soon as they stepped out from the depot onto the street they were arrested by a policeman as suspicious little kids for having two such fine, new-looking valises in their possession. The "cop" would take no explanation, but carted them off to the police station, where their baggage was examined, and they certainly would have been "locked up" if it had not been for Mr. Ingals's letter. After reading it, the police sergeant let them go and told the policeman to show them to the newsboys' lodging-house, where they obtained a bed for 15 cents per night.

No two boys ever saw more of Chicago in two days

than did Micky and Fred, and when they left their heads were full, and one of Fred's note-books also. The "elevators" seemed of more importance than anything else, as they contained grain, from which flour paste was made.

The next place they started for was Minneapolis. They had looked up tissue-paper and sticks, which were two important items in their business, and now they wanted to know something more about flour, as paste was one of the factors of kite-making, and they had been told the day before that the largest flour mills in the world were in Minneapolis.

They went by the way of Milwaukee, along the shore of Lake Michigan, and saw that vast body of water, and were impressed. The great ships with their sails spread were inspiring, and they spent their time guessing what they were carrying, and where it came from and how much it was worth.

All day long they travelled along grain fields, and through the region of the beautiful and picturesque chain of small lakes across Wisconsin. When evening came they were in Minneapolis. They slept in the station all night, taking turns at their sentinel watchings. Their lunch box was now empty, and they had to pay for their first meal; in fact, it was about the first meal they had ever paid for in their lives, as heretofore it was free lunch at home. The least they could get a meal for was 25 cents apiece, and they were frightened when they figured up that three 25-cent meals a day for each of them for sixty days would amount to \$90. The thought of it almost took away their appetites. The lunch-counter man took charge of their valises while they started out to see the town, and the first thing they struck was a Salvation Army meeting. The captain asked Micky if he wanted to find the Saviour, but Micky said no; he wanted to find Pillsbury's Flour Mills. They

kindly told how to reach them, and that they would be open to visitors at nine o'clock in the morning, at which hour they were promptly on hand. It was the greatest factory or mill they had ever seen, and when they were told that five thousand barrels of flour were made there every day, it made them open their eyes in wonder.

They walked out to the Minnehaha Falls, and then started by trolley cars to St. Paul, and after inspecting that place to their entire satisfaction, they took the six P.M. Northern Pacific train for North Dakota, arriving there the next morning, where they found nothing but vast plains and enormous wheat fields.

They stopped at Jamestown, visited a wheat field fifteen miles long and twelve miles wide, and satisfied themselves that there was a sufficient wheat supply to make paste for any size kite business they could establish. They left on the four P.M. south-bound train for South Dakota, arriving at Yankton at eight A.M., and without stopping there, kept on the same train down through Iowa to Council Bluffs, and then across the Missouri River to Omaha, in Nebraska, seeing nothing but vast plains and millions of acres of wheat and corn fields all along the route.

From Omaha they went to Des Moines, Ia., and from there to St. Louis, arriving the next morning at seven o'clock.

They spent all day in St. Louis. The main thing they tried to find was a thread mill, as thread was the only thing they used in kite-making that they had not seen manufactured. They were told that the only thread mill of any importance in America was at Newark, N. J., and Micky wanted to take the evening train and go there. What is the use of our going any farther west, anyway? said he; what is there to see? But after talking it over, they concluded that as they had the passes they might as well go to the Pacific

Ocean and take in the East later; so that night they started for Kansas City, Mo., which they reached next morning at eight o'clock. They walked for ten minutes, and then concluded it was too steep and hilly a place to do any meandering; so, getting onto a "trolley," they made transfers in all directions and succeeded in seeing the whole town for one fare each.

In Iowa and Missouri they found the country less flat than in Dakota and Nebraska; but when they left Kansas City, travelling across the States of Kansas and Colorado for Denver, they once more found themselves on the great Western plains, and instead of riding through grain fields, as in the Dakotas, they found hundreds of horse and cattle ranches in every direction, and for the first time realized where all the beef came from that people ate in the East.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, after leaving Kansas City, they saw looming up in the distance, like hazy clouds, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, which was a delightful anticipation of a coming change, as the flat, treeless plains were becoming monotonous. They spent two hours in Denver, rode all over the town, and then took the seven P.M. train for Manitou, where they stayed all night. At four o'clock the next morning they started on foot up to the top of Pike's Peak, and then down again by nine P.M., when, tired out, they took the eleven P.M. Denver and Rio Grande train for Salt Lake City.

Such wonderful high mountainous rocks as they saw for the next thirty hours made their heads dizzy, and they realized for the first time why the region was called the Rocky Mountains. They passed through Leadville and Glenwood Springs, and then over vast deserts and high table-lands, and down into deep gorges, and up through lofty passes, where there were still banks of snow in August. They threw snowballs at one another; at the stopping places they picked the

wild raspberries, and gathered wild flowers for the ladies, and when from out the long stretch of desert they came down into the beautiful Salt Lake Valley of Utah, they were happy and said they were glad they had come.

After riding on the trolleys and walking all around Salt Lake City for two hours, they visited the great Mormon tabernacle and temple, then made a bee-line down to the railroad for the Great Salt Lake, fifteen miles away, where they found a first-class bathing resort, with all kinds of catch-penny amusements. It was a regular picnic; they hired bathing suits and went in swimming, being surprised to find that the water was so salt they could not sink if they tried. They floated around on their backs and swam to their hearts' delight for three hours, and then took the train back to Salt Lake City. On the way they met a man and his wife who advised them to take a ride out to Fort Douglas, a few miles up the sloping mountain to the east of the city. They went, and for the first time in Micky's life he was entranced.

They saw a sunset such as they never dreamed could exist. There is a silent corner in the heart of most stolid people which when touched with something specially beautiful stirs up within it emotions never experienced before. It was so with Micky; and without knowing it he sat down on the grass in silence and gazed with delight, wonder, and almost awe, and as the last tints came softly to his vision a few tears trickled down his cheeks, and the only words he spoke to Fred all the way back to the city were: "I wish mother, Sally, and Ed and your mother were here to have seen it with us."

That night they took the train for Beaver Cañon, in Idaho, and from there took the stage for Yellowstone Park, in Wyoming, where they remained five days, and concluded they must be in a locality that

partook of the nature of a combination of both heaven and hell. It was a wonderland, indeed, and made a deep impression on their lives. When Micky saw the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, with all its wealth of tinting, he said to Fred that the Salt-Lake-City sunset must have floated to this beautiful valley and settled down there to stay forever.

From the Yellowstone Park they went northward to Livingstone, in Montana, and took the railroad to Butte, visiting the great silver smelters, and then travelled southward to Pocatello, in Idaho, where they changed cars for Shoshone Falls, whose beauty is unrivalled. Before leaving the locality of the falls they visited a beautiful deep little valley called the Blue Lake Valley, and found hidden down there a peach orchard oasis amid the general surrounding sagebrush desert. It was a charming spot and they wanted to stay, but off they started again for Ogden, in Utah, and took the railroad through Nevada and California for San Francisco.

They stopped at Carson City on the way and went down into the Hale & Norcross mine on the great Comstock lode. They were lowered in a large iron bucket, one straight downward plunge of three thousand five hundred feet, and it was so hot down there that in the water that trickled from the ceiling an egg could be boiled in three minutes. They saw the place from where \$200,000,000 of gold and silver had been taken, and after getting over their astonishment they went into the famous Sutro tunnel to cool off.

Forward once more they started for San Francisco, passing up and over the beautiful Sierra Mountains, through miles and miles of snow-sheds and great stretches of beautiful scenery, until at last they came down in one steep ride from the sterile high mountain tops to the green valleys and vine-clad hills of California the golden, with milk and honey blest, and at

last reached Oakland and then across the bay to San Francisco.

The Pacific coast will ever remain a great memory to those two boys, as "they struck it rich," for on the cars they attracted the attention of a lecture-bureau agent, and he was so taken with their originality and their wonderful fund of information garnered from Ed's talks on political economy, and especially the silver question, that he conceived of a brilliant idea, which was none other than to put the boys on the stage for an evening's entertainment, and they were to have \$25 a night and expenses. Micky and Fred at first thought the man was "jollyng" them, but at last came to the conclusion that he was really in earnest.

Neither of the boys had ever heard a lecture of any kind, and wanted to know what they were to do, and when they found out that they were to have \$25 for talking for an hour and a half each evening, they laughed at it, and said it was a "dead easy way" to make money, and commenced to talk up what to say.

The agent made notes of their conversation, then selecting certain subjects and posting the boys what to do, announced the subject as "What Two Kids Saw and Heard from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean."

When Micky and Fred saw their names advertised for the next evening at the Methodist Church in Alameda, they took the paper upstairs to their hotel room and, after locking the door, laid down on the bed and rolled over and laughed until their sides ached, and then they spent all the afternoon arranging what they should say and how to say it.

The boys made a great "hit," as every boy in the town attended. The agent was more than pleased, and when he paid them their first \$25 they went back to the hotel room, and Fred whispered in Micky's ear,

for fear some one might overhear him, "What a lot of blooming idiots people are to pay 25 cents or 50 cents apiece to hear us talk for an hour and a half!" And then Micky very seriously said: "Never you mind, Fred; before we die that agent will be glad to pay us \$1000 a night to talk half as long;" and so it was.

The agent kept his word with the boys, and paid them \$250 for ten nights. They spoke at different places, from San Francisco up through California and Oregon and Washington to Vancouver and Victoria, in British Columbia, and from the latter place they had their expenses paid by steamer on the Pacific Ocean back to San Francisco, whence they took the railroad for Los Angeles, stopping first at Del Monte, the beautiful, and then at the Yosemite Valley and the big trees.

Fred said the big trees were regular sky scrapers, but when the guide said some of them were three thousand years old he forever lost his reputation for veracity with the boys.

But if the big trees startled them, what can be said of their condition of mind when for the first time they gazed on that valley of all valleys on the face of the earth? They had no command of language to give vent to their feelings, and all they could do was to hold their breath and remain silent and at last finish a long-drawn sigh with the exclamations, Oh! Oh! Oh! They left Yosemite with many regrets, and Micky said to Fred that if he only knew how to talk like Ed he could give a lecture in a big hall about that beautiful Yosemite Valley that would be worth \$25 a seat.

Southern California was a charming land to the boys, and they now had awakened in them in a high degree their latent love of the beautiful, but that did not distract them from business, for they "shined"

boots and carried baskets and helped the women and children more than ever; and when they left Los Angeles they found they had their original \$300 untouched and \$102 left of their earned money still in the treasury, and Fred had twenty-three small blank books full of memoranda.

From Los Angeles they turned their backs to the setting sun, and started eastward on their homeward journey. For two days and nights they travelled across the high table-lands of Arizona and New Mexico, the whole route being treeless excepting for a few giant cactus trees and dwarfed oaks and sage brush.

At El Paso, while the train was waiting, they crossed for half an hour into Mexico, and then resumed their journey over the great plains of Texas to Fort Worth. Thence they went northward to Oklahoma and Indian Territory, where they saw enough Indians to last them a lifetime.

From Tahlequah they went across Arkansas through Little Rock to Memphis, from where they took a three days' steamboat ride down the Mississippi River, passing sugar plantations and cotton fields, to New Orleans, where they remained two days, and started for Florida across Mississippi and Alabama.

From Jacksonville, Fla., they went northward to Washington, and remained two days, and among other things got in a long line of visitors and shook hands with the President.

The Capitol was just their ideal of the greatest building on the face of the earth, but the contents of the Patent Office were to both boys the best sight in the city.

They next started for Baltimore and Wilmington, Del., at which latter place they took side trips to the Naval Academy and saw the cadets, then visited the great iron shipbuilding yards at Chester.

They next started for Philadelphia, and were overwhelmed with the size of the place, and from there went up to Scranton and down in the coal mines, and then across New Jersey to some famous iron mines, and then at last to New York.

By the time they reached the metropolis they were veteran travellers and afraid of nobody, and remained there five days, and what they did not see that referred to business was not worth visiting. Fred used up four memorandum books, one of which was devoted exclusively to Coney Island.

On the last day in New York they went over to Newark, N. J., and visited the great Clark thread works, and were shown over the place through a card of introduction given them by a man they met in Texas who travelled for the mills. They also visited in New Jersey the sugar and oil refineries and smelting works.

New York nearly set the boys crazy. When they were in Chicago they voted it the greatest place on the face of the earth, but Micky now said that New York "took the cake." Everything was so clean; and the business men rushed around as if they had only five minutes more to live; the streets were jammed full of trucks loaded down with business, and the steamships were nearly a sixth of a mile long. Everything was so inspiring that both boys in one breath said: "This is the place for me."

They left New York with many regrets and started for New England, where they remained ten days, visiting all manner and kinds of mills and factories, including cotton, woollen, locomotive, jewelry, brass, screw, pin, machinery, paper, boot and shoe, shipbuilding, etc.

They first went to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. Farther on they reached Augusta, Me. To the west were the White Mountains of New Hampshire, where they ascended Mt. Washington. From this

their road was across Vermont up to Montreal, Canada, and then down to Rochester and Niagara Falls. South was Pittsburg, where they visited the great iron and steel mills, and still farther south was West Virginia, having many coal mines. Across they went through the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and then one more and last ride down to Cincinnati and home, where the boys' mothers and Sally and Ed were waiting for them at the depot to welcome them back to the birthplace of the great kite trust.

If there was any one thing more than another indelibly impressed on Fred's mind regarding the trip, it was everything connected with transportation.

His early experience in running the stage and express wagon in the village of Lotus was only a premonition of what was to follow later in life. He ever seemed happiest and at home when talking about or engaged on any means of transit.

During this trip he talked with every railroad employé who would listen to him; he rode with the engineers, helped the firemen to brighten the engine, learned the names of every part of a locomotive, and made a fair working drawing of one, which was used by him for comparison with other styles he saw in different parts of the country.

He learned all about rails, ties, brakes, freight cars, mileage, switches, bridges, signals, and commercial terms and papers used in shipping, and wrote down a list of sixty-three various wordings used in different parts of the country for expressing danger, such as "Railroad crossing, beware of the engine;" "Look out for the locomotive when the whistle blows;" "Beware of the cars;" "Look out for the engine," etc.

Micky left the transportation business entirely to Fred, who was devoted to mentally grasping quantities. As he passed through a village he "sized it up" as to how high a solid pile the whole place would

make, and what it was composed of, and how much it was worth, and after considerable practice he could in five minutes say offhand about any place that it had a value of a certain number of thousands of dollars. He asked questions by the thousand, and was earnestly interested in finding out just what the people manufactured or dealt in at every railroad town.

They had been gone eighty days, instead of sixty, as originally intended, and had visited every principal city and each State and Territory in the Union excepting Alaska, and had also been in British Columbia, Mexico, and Canada. They brought back their entire damage money of \$300 untouched, and \$27 cash in their pockets—all that was left of \$468 they had made on their journey; \$250 of this were proceeds from their lecturing tour on the Pacific Coast.

Their excuses for absence from school were related to the principal, who admitted the boys to their regular grade and allowed them to make up back lessons.

Fred made up the expense account of the trip and entered it on the books of the firm of Flynn & Schmidt, and gave the \$27 left, and also the \$300 damage money to Sally, who deposited it in the bank to the credit of the firm.

Ed reported the full particulars of the trip, including the financial results, to Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, who reported it to Mr. Ingals, and he told it to Murat Halsted, who wrote an account of the trip for the *Cincinnati Commercial*. This made Flynn & Schmidt for a few weeks the most famous boys in the city, and added more than a little to the success of their next season's kite business.

Travelling is a great schooling, and this extended trip, with its garnered wealth of information, was a great factor in the successful future of Flynn & Schmidt, which in the end proved such a blessing to mankind.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROGRESSION.

THE fall and winter succeeding the first kite season was devoted to hard study. Both Micky and Fred were among the head scholars in their respective rooms. Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Schmidt worked harder than ever, and were as much if not more interested in Flynn & Schmidt's savings-bank account than were the two boys themselves. Not a penny of it was drawn out; the firm had their board and clothes free, the same as from their babyhood. Every week Sally figured out how much additional interest had accumulated.

An old man in the neighborhood taught the boys to cane chairs, and all the spare time they had was employed in soliciting and working on such jobs. When March of the next year rolled around they had made net from that source and added to their savings account \$62.84.

Micky became very much interested in the subject of bamboo and rattan. It worried him to pay so much for the split cane, and Ed had to furnish all sorts of information regarding India and other sources of cane supply. Before two months had passed the price of

days' labor, the quantity a native could gather in a day, the price laid down in Bombay, the ocean freight to New York, the cost of handling it there, the transportation to Cincinnati, and everything else connected with its advance in value was tabulated, and when all was added up Micky found out that the Cincinnati dealer was charging about three hundred per cent. profit on the split cane. Then Micky became wroth, and wrote to one of the boys he had met in New York, asking him to go down to the India wharf and find out who imported cane, and to ask the man if he would sell five dollars' worth. Micky accomplished his object, and received by express C. O. D. as much for his \$5 as he could have bought in Cincinnati for \$18. The New York shipment lasted them all the rest of the winter, and a large quantity was left over for next season.

Every Saturday night was devoted to a talk or lecture by Ed on some subject previously asked for. Mrs. Flynn allowed them on these evenings to sit in the dining-room, instead of the cellar; Mrs. Schmidt made it a point to always accept an invitation to be present, and both she and Mrs. Flynn would sit over in the corner in most respectful silence and listen to the conversation of the children. Lemonade and cake, at the expense of Mrs. Flynn, were always a part of the occasion. They entered heartily into all the questions, cross-questions, debates, and disputes the young people had with one another, and especially with Ed, who seemed to perfectly daze the two old ladies with his never-ending supply of wisdom. Not once did they open their mouths during the whole winter, except one evening when Mrs. Webster was invited to come.

It was a proud thing for Mrs. Flynn to have Mrs. Webster for a guest, for although Mrs. Webster was poor and sewed for a living, still both of these humble washerwomen regarded her as a great lady. They had learned of her early history and her misfortune and her

present proud struggle for a living for herself and boy, and although they were all three on a level as to worldly goods, yet both of the others felt that there was a vast difference because of her mental superiority and birth, and because she was the mother of such a wonderful son.

Mrs. Webster had never recovered from the mental strain that had unfitted her for a more advanced means of livelihood than that of sewing. Still she was cheerful and happy, and on that particular evening she was more than agreeable; her old-time girlhood came back and enabled her to direct the company into one of jollification for the children as well as for the mothers.

A variety of games and fun were started; Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Schmidt afterward voted it one of the happiest evenings of their lives, and Sally made a new friend, for Mrs. Webster at leaving put her arms around the young girl and gave her a kiss that went direct to Sally's heart as a kiss had never done before. That kiss was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Mrs. Webster invited Sally to come to her room the next afternoon, and this resulted in her going again and again, until hardly a day passed that Sally was not a welcomed visitor at the side of Ed's mother.

It meant everything to Sally, for little by little her life was influenced by that refinement that always flows from contact with a pure, good woman of unostentatious but sound education. Sally was a good imitator as well as a good scholar, and she longed to imbibe into her own nature the modest simplicity that emanates from a life that is not naturally overbold.

Sally's visits proved a confirmation to Mrs. Webster of the old adage, that when you help others you help yourself; for one afternoon, when the subject of accomplishments was talked on, Sally spoke of her prizes at school for drawing, and expressed a wish that she could paint, for she wanted to be an artist. "Then I will

try and teach you," replied Mrs. Webster, to Sally's astonishment, for she had no idea of being in the presence of one who knew how. But Ed's mother had been quite an amateur in her schooldays and early married life; like her music and languages, all had drifted from her in the early stages of her deep sorrow; and in attempting to teach Sally, her old accomplishment returned, and she eventually found an additional source of income to that of sewing, and it became such a relief to her to change from one occupation to another for rest.

She had spent two years of her schooldays in France, and was formerly quite proficient in French. So, to start her boy in the modern tongues, she proposed to Ed and Sally to have a French class of one hour every other day. This plan was hailed with delight by both, and before the winter was over they had made a good beginning. Sally was very bright, but she soon discovered by comparison what a quick mind Ed had, and how much advantage he had over her by being proficient in Latin, of which she knew nothing; but that spurred her on to extra study, for she would almost rather die than have Ed think for one moment that she was dull.

Mrs. Webster soon began to feel Sally's visit a necessity, as it was a gleam of sunshine in her self-imposed lonely life. She watched Sally very carefully, and often wondered at the sweet, winning ways and unusually bright mind that could come from such a shanty on the rocks as the home of the Flynns; but she soon learned to love her and looked with much interest on the budding friendship with her only child. Mrs. Webster had been born to luxury, but during these late years was being baptized in the sorrow and want of the breadwinners among the lowly.

Micky did not take very kindly to Sally's French; but as it was a gathering in of knowledge that he might

some day want to avail himself of, he at last selfishly encouraged her in it.

When the first of March arrived, and the new kite season was about to open, Sally took the savings book to the bank and had the interest to date added, and on that evening handed it to the partners, who found that they had a good cash capital with which to commence another year's kite manufacturing. A million dollars did not look as large to a Vanderbilt as that sum of money seemed to the firm of Flynn & Schmidt.

In February the match factory on Wade Street was visited every Saturday by Flynn & Schmidt, and all the broken sticks of sufficient length that could be gathered were carried home and piled up in one corner of the cellar.

Fred wrote a long letter to the president of the Elkhart tissue-paper mills. It was very carefully worded, and copied three times before it was allowed to go. Sally helped in its composition and corrected the spelling, all of which was submitted to Ed for approval. It started out with thanks for the courtesy shown them when at Elkhart, gave a condensed account of their travels around the United States after leaving Indiana, and wound up by asking if the mill would not sell the firm of Flynn & Schmidt ten reams of "tissue" (two reams each of five different colors) at the one-hundred-ream price (fifty cents per ream) that had been quoted to them when at Elkhart.

The boys were made very happy on receipt of a long typewritten letter, enclosing an invoice and bill of lading for the paper wanted, and of still greater delight were the encouraging words addressed to them by the writer; but their joy knew no bounds when they found that the president had shipped an extra hundred pounds of small, irregularly torn tissue sheets, the waste product of the mill, and had charged only one cent per pound, or at the rate of seven cents per ream, which was the

price it was worth to the mill to treat or manufacture over again into the larger or full-sized sheets.

Then they wrote a long letter to the foreman of Clark's Mills at Newark, N. J., referring to their visit and thanking him for his kindness to them and calling his attention to the quantity of "ends," or waste pieces of thread from one to eight or ten yards long, that they saw in the spool-winding rooms, and wanted to know if they could buy for their kite business five or ten pounds of it, and at what price. After three weeks a reply came from the sales office in New York "that they never sold it, but considering the boys wanted it for a new industry (kites), they would make an exception to the rule, and had shipped twenty-five pounds of the waste free of charge, and hoped it would fill the long-felt want." This was more than the boys expected, and a very profuse letter of thanks was sent to Broadway, New York. Upon arrival the package of thread was opened, and the evenings of a week were spent in unravelling the tangles and winding the pieces on the empty spools of last year that fortunately had been saved and not thrown away as useless. Micky made the remark, not altogether new, "Waste not, want not," and Fred replied that the waste thread from the mills and the wasted spools from the thread would now waste no time in becoming very twining friends.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MONEY.

THERE is a wrong impression floating around the world that there is not enough money with which to do business, whereas there is more than enough. In fact, it is not absolutely necessary to have half or a quarter of that which is at present in existence, as all it is good for is to act as a convenience in exchange.

In olden times, if a man wanted to go to a foreign country for pleasure or business, he had to embark in what we would now call a little fishing boat, as there were no large vessels in those days; and he would take his gold or silver coin with him in a leather bag, similar to one of our railroad mail pouches, and he would be sure to keep his eye on it all day and use it for a pillow at night-time, or he would take a couple of trusted slaves along to carry it, each taking his turn in guarding it while the other slept. In these days the traveller puts only a handful of coins in his pocket, and with the rest or great bulk of his funds he buys a small piece of paper called a draft, or a letter of credit, and gives himself no special concern as to its safety, as the piece of paper is payable to him and to no one

else. It is so light that he can carry it in his vest pocket, and it may call for half a million dollars, which is more gold than twenty slaves could have carried in the olden times.

If a man of to-day bought a draft on London or Calcutta for \$10,000, he no doubt paid for it with his check, drawn on the bank where he keeps his account, and thus no coin or bills or actual money was used in the transaction. In order to draw the check on his bank to pay for the draft, he first had to have that \$10,000 there to his credit. That was all right, for he possibly had sold some Government bonds for \$10,000, for which he had received a check, which he had deposited in his bank, and thus that part of the transaction required no coin or bank-notes.

When he bought that draft on London or Calcutta the only occasion he had for any thought in the matter was to have confidence in the banker with whom he transacted the business, and also to have an honorable reputation himself, that the banker might have confidence in him. Thus, the modern system of finance and trade is based upon the confidence one man has in another. Integrity is the corner-stone of the present business system.

Hundreds of millions and, in fact, billions of gold and silver coin used to be hoarded and hidden away in odd places and secret drawers in bureaus or buried in the earth in tin or copper cans, so as to keep it safe from thieves and to have the money handy when wanted; but to-day, with comparatively few exceptions, the economical people put away their money in savings banks and receive interest for it, instead of burying it in the earth, where it was formerly, doing no one any good and being unnecessarily locked up from circulation. A bank may have \$10,000,000 of deposited money and not have a tithe of that much in coin or bills on hand. The officers of the institution have loaned

most of it out on interest, where it can be doing business men some good, which is a great improvement on the old plan. While the depositors formerly buried it in the ground or hid it in cupboards, now it is continually passed from one person to another, instead of being buried, and consequently so much is not required for the world's use.

The new system of not handling money, but drawing checks on banks, is every season coming more and more into use, and in the last few years a great change has taken place even in household or family expense accounts, for which a separate bank account is kept in the wife's or husband's name, and small checks as low in amount as fifty cents are now drawn to pay for bills that no one formerly thought of settling for except in silver change. One of the great advantages is that checks when endorsed act as receipts, and in many other ways it is a more business-like manner of spending money.

Some factories, to avoid handling gold or silver or greenbacks, pay a check to each workman for his week's wages, who in turn pays it to his grocer on account of goods bought. The retail grocer having received in one day twenty, thirty, or fifty of such checks from various customers, deposits them in his bank, and then he in turn draws his check on the bank and pays the importers or producers from whom he buys his goods, and they in turn deposit all the checks they receive in their bank, drawing their own checks and paying the factories or sending drafts to foreign countries to pay for the imported goods. In all these transactions no actual money is used or needed. Business men also pay checks for salaries to their bookkeepers, salesmen, and clerks, who immediately deposit these checks to their credit in some bank, so as to be able to draw their own checks for their household and personal expenses as before mentioned. The govern-

ment departments pay by checks, even if the amount is as low as one cent.

In this manner very little actual money, in comparison with years gone by, is needed, excepting for car-fares and small expenses; and checks answer every practical purpose where formerly money had to be passed from hand to hand.

There is as much actual money, in fact, more, in the country than there was ten years ago; but in that ten years there is a great reduction in the amount of coin or bills that people actually use or carry in their pockets. In its place the increase in the number of checks passing through the clearing house is enormous. Business men and firms who formerly had a pride in never signing a check for less than \$100 or \$1000 have now broken away from such foolishness, and will pay a small bill of \$1 or even less with a check.

It is to be hoped that the check system will be more fully adopted, as it is the most correct way of doing business, a written record thus being kept of every transaction.

Ten men can start a bank with \$100,000 capital. They do not have to hand in the whole \$100,000 in money. Each one of the ten men gives a check for \$10,000 on his former bank for his proportion, and the whole amount in checks is deposited in some other bank until they can get the new banking office fitted up and ready to do business. The first day that they open the doors of the new bank they take in from the new customers \$1000 in bills and gold and silver and \$25,000 in checks on other banks. The second day they take in \$500 in cash and \$50,000 in checks; they also loan \$50,000 to various customers, and none of this last-mentioned \$50,000 of discounts or loans is necessarily drawn out in bills or coin, for the amounts of the loans are placed to the credit of the various customers and they draw their checks against them.

The banks are required by law to keep a reserve or certain amount of cash on hand, but it is seldom found necessary that as much as that sum should be there. The real good this "reserve" does is to give an appearance of strength to the institution; but it is only an apparent strength, as the real stability of the bank is in the honesty of the officers and employés and the good business judgment of its managers or board of directors. The actual money on hand does not count for much; the real foundation of confidence is integrity and the genius for banking of the bankers themselves.

Some banks that do business in the wholesale localities handle very little cash. They might receive as deposits in one day \$5,000,000 in checks and only \$1000 in actual cash, and the same day the bank will honor through the clearing house their customers' checks for \$5,000,000 and not be called upon to pay cash for more than \$1000 over the counter. In such a case there was thus a business of \$10,000,000 transacted in one day in one bank alone, and all of it in checks, excepting a little \$2000 cash, and yet in the steel vaults of that bank was \$1,000,000 or more in cash lying idle year after year ready to pay out if people should suddenly and unwisely rush after it.

On the other hand, there are some banks in the retail districts where the transactions are reversed; for in one day, in one such bank, \$500,000 in bills and gold and silver might be received or deposited and only \$200,000 in checks. If that bank was not called upon every day to pay out hundreds of thousands of dollars in cashing their own customers' checks over their counter, they would be loaded down with more bills and specie than they would know what to do with; and often such banks have to carry daily to other banks or to the clearing house or to the United States Sub-Treasury their surplus money. They would much rather, although more expensive to handle, have checks come in than cash, providing their customers were in

the habit of drawing checks instead of withdrawing cash.

If in that retail locality the system of using checks could be more fully adopted by the population, the same as in the wholesale section, it would be far more desirable, and help the banking system much sooner to reach a state of modern perfection.

The less actual money the world has to handle the better it will be for every one, and the sooner a more universal system of using bank checks is adopted the sooner will commercial exchanges advance to the front ranks with progressive civilization and work up to a longed-for business stability.

There are not so many commercial rascals in the world as people would imagine, and there is more real downright honesty on earth in business than is supposed. When the hundreds of millions and even tens of billions of dollars of transactions in checks that take place every day is taken into consideration, the percentage of bad faith is very small and is getting less in each decade.

Faith in one another is the basis of modern dealings, and with it goes the confidence one man has in the bank checks that an acquaintance or customer would sign or endorse. The sooner every one is educated in the matter of drawing checks on banks, the better it will be for the world.

But it is amazing how little the vast majority of grown-up people know about keeping a bank account, and it is no wonder in panicky times that people who draw checks help to start the "runs" that make the banks unnecessarily fail. The general ignorance on the subject is surprising, even with a great number of people who in later life have been induced to open a bank account. No boy or girl in the public schools should be allowed to reach the age of ten or twelve without having learned by actual personal "school-

bank" transactions of how to open a bank account and deposit "educational" money and draw checks on the school bank and have imaginary commercial transactions with one another; or, what is better, to have a system of actual school savings banks to teach not only the business part of it, but to encourage in the young the saving habit. If such were the case, a whole nation would soon grow up all familiar with the check system. The banking business should be taught the youth before they are allowed to escape from school and go into factories and other establishments, where such knowledge will not come to them as it would naturally if they went into the bookkeeping departments of commerce—and very few find employment in that direction. To the vast majority of people a check has as much mystery about it and is as little understood as the Lord's Prayer printed in Chinese would be to the same persons.

I have explained before how gold and silver have no value in themselves as money outside of the knowledge people have that it costs a certain number of days' labor to produce it, and that the government endorses it, and no person can get any of it originally without taking their chances to work and dig or mine it same as any other person. I also stated the reason why it has a world-wide value is because the various governments buy all that is presented and then stamp the words "Twenty Dollars" or equivalent words on a little, round piece of it that weighs about an ounce, and so it passes for \$20 wherever it is presented.

If the government would likewise stamp \$20 on a little piece of round iron or steel the same size as that \$20 gold piece, the people would receive it all the same for its full face; but they would only do so because they had faith in their government, just as they have faith in a fragment of "greenback" paper on which the government has stamped the words "Twenty

Dollars." But there is a difference between the gold piece and that green paper or iron, which is this: The gold piece is worth its weight in gold all over the wide world and can purchase things anywhere, because it represents a recognized twenty dollars' worth of labor that has been expended in mining or producing it, and the government has guaranteed it pure gold by stamping it with its name; but the iron or paper money is worthless outside of the country where it is issued. No bazaar in Constantinople or Damascus would receive an American \$20 iron piece or an American greenback in payment for goods; but just hand them an American \$20 gold piece, and the Turk's eyes will glisten with eager delight. Why is there no value to the Turk in the United States iron or paper money? It is because he could buy green paper and take a printing press in his back office and print fifty thousand dollars' worth of paper money for that \$20 in gold, or buy a ton of iron or steel and stamp out ten thousand dollars' worth of the iron money for the same \$20; but when it came to their making gold money, they would first have to pay down over the counter \$20 good cold cash for twenty dollars' worth of gold, or else go to some mining camp and put in twenty dollars' worth of labor to dig the gold.

If a laborer could dig twenty dollars' worth of gold in less time than he could dig out twenty dollars' worth of contract dirt in excavating a cellar, he would never work on another cellar as long as he lived, but would be a gold digger for the rest of his life. He would manage in some manner to work his way to the gold country or else steal a ride half way and walk the rest.

But while the keeper of the bazaar in far-off Damascus would not take the \$20 greenback, because he knew nothing about it, yet in that same city of Damascus there were bankers whose business it was, for their own commercial advantage, to know that the American

Government was good, and that the \$20 greenback was good and was worth its full face. One of the bankers would be willing to give \$15 to \$18 for it to some tourist who was sadly in need of "spot cash," and thus that Oriental banker would make a profit of several dollars on the transaction by sending the bill back to some bank in America with which he did his exchange or banking; and when the American banker received the \$20 greenback in his registered morning mail, he would credit the Damascus banker with the full amount of \$20. So you see money is valued only as one has confidence in the government that issues it, whether it is nickels, paper, or gold; it is the same with the American \$20 gold piece, for it has all the law and army and navy of the United States back of it and the stamp of the mint, which guarantees that it is genuine. But if a \$20 gold piece was issued by some private party, no one would want to take it, for fear it was short weight or not pure gold.

Digging for gold is one thing and making money by it is another. If every person who went to the gold fields got rich or made money, then very few poor people would remain at home to do anything else. Many go to the mines, but few are favored with fortune. The vast majority of the gold seekers have nothing but trouble, a hungry stomach, and hospital experience for their pains; and in their bitter disappointment they curse their luck and wish they had never left home. Thousands of them are ashamed to go back to their old villages or farms and acknowledge to their friends their failure, and many are never seen or heard from again, while others settle down in the new country as laborers or workmen of some kind, dying poorer than they would had they resisted the beckoning finger of fortune and remained under or near the old roof. Yet it is these restless, fortune-seeking wanderers that have built up the new conti-

nents, territories, and states; and of those who do get rich in the new lands, ninety-five per cent. of them make it out of business or land or other things than gold digging, for only a very few favored ones make the great gold strikes. The individual luck of those few is heralded over the earth to an amazed world; but the ill fortune of the vast majority is heart-breaking, and silently disappears with the unfortunates in their lonely, neglected, unmarked graves in the solitary corners of the far-away lands.

The real value of money is not in itself, but in its being a standard convenience of exchange. It is the things that the money will buy that are the real articles of value. What earthly use was \$20,000 in gold to Robinson Crusoe? He would have been willing to have given the whole of it for a \$200 naphtha launch to have been able to escape to where there was somebody or something civilized. But if, instead of having the gold, he could have found in its place or bought with it a general assortment of twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods like that found in any country store, it would have made him gratefully crazy enough to have said the Lord's Prayer backward.

No person wants gold to eat or drink, nor would one want to live in a gold house, as it would be inconveniently cold in winter. Gold can be made into ten thousand beautiful forms for a joy to the eye; to a blind person it would be of no more value than polished brass, yet that blind person has great need for the food and clothes that gold will buy. Gold as money is only good in buying; and if there was anything else equally valuable and convenient, so that people could agree on it as a universal medium of exchange, then it would answer every purpose.

I have just used the terms "universal medium of exchange." That word "universal," in connection with the others, has given rise to the great difference

of opinions, debates, and formations of political parties in late years on the money question. What with railroads, steamships, telegraphs, and telephones, the world is getting so close together that something which everybody will accept must be used with which to settle the international balances of trade.

This last expression, "balance of trade," is very significant. A farmer raises produce, but has to buy clothing, books, agricultural implements, medicines, furniture, etc., from the village store. He keeps a running account with the village merchant and buys one thousand dollars' worth during the year; but he takes back to the village store during the year butter, eggs, poultry, corn, fruit, cider, and a variety of other produce amounting to \$900. At the end of the twelve months the farmer finds a balance of trade against him of \$100, or, in other words, he owes the village merchant that much, and must settle it. If the farmer has any money in bank, he gives a check and settles the account; thus, no actual money has passed between the village merchant and himself during the whole year, and there were nineteen hundred dollars' worth of goods handled backward and forward between the two. If the farmer has no bank account, he sells his wheat for \$1200 to the grain elevator and gives the village store an order or draft for the \$100 on the grain elevator in settlement; thus, no cash is used, not even for that \$100 balance; but if the farmer prefers it, he asks the "elevator" for the "spot" money, which is given him in gold or silver or bills. He takes it, and also takes the risk in going home of being robbed of the whole amount; but if he wisely took a check for \$1200 for the grain, he could deposit it in bank and then draw his checks and run no risk of robbery, and no actual money would be necessary. In either case he settles in full the \$100 balance of trade against him at the village store.

The fifteen or twenty merchants in that same village have the various surrounding farmers as their customers, to whom they sell goods, and these village merchants buy their stock of merchandise from the wholesale dealers in the near-by inland cities. During the course of a year these village merchants buy a total of two hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods from those city merchants, and at various times send down to the city butter, eggs, wool, cheese, fruit, vegetables, horses, cattle, sheep, hay, and grain, amounting to \$250,000; and at the end of the year the city owes the village and the village owes the farming community that difference or balance of trade, of about \$50,000, which has to be settled. Now, if the farmers all want the cash, then the balance of trade, or \$50,000, has to be sent up from the city by express in bills or gold, and the farmers each get their share of it; and having thus made some money during the year, they pay off a part of their mortgages or buy a piano or paint up the house, and feel somewhat rich, for they are something ahead; and if the crops are likewise good over the whole country, then the whole nation in the same way happily feels it, for the farmers are making money and everything is well.

But if the crops had been poor, things would have been just the reverse. The village merchants would have sold the farmer the two hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods and only received in return one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of butter, cheese, eggs, wheat, and other farm produce; and the farmers at the end of the year would thus have been in a bad financial condition, or \$50,000 in debt to the village merchants, or behindhand; or, in other words, a "balance of trade" against them of \$50,000, and they would have felt poor, paid off no mortgages, and bought no pianos, etc. They would live on credit during the next winter and buy only from hand to mouth, and the trade

in the villages would be dull and discouraging, and all the men would sit around the big, red-hot stove in the grocery store with nothing to do but whittle sticks and tell stories, and the women would have just as much, if not more, to do in patching up and continually mending last year's clothing. And on the first of every month the village merchants would receive a large mail of dunning letters from the distant city wholesale dealers, who were themselves distressed for money to pay their own bills, some of the letters being fore-runners of threatened lawsuits.

If the farmers have the "balance of trade" in their favor, it makes business good over the whole country; but when the crops are poor and the farmers or producers are behindhand, with the balance of trade against them, then dull times reach the city. The city folks cannot go to the country the next summer; the boarding-house farmers have a dull time, their girls do not get the new dresses or hats to go to meeting; and so when misfortune comes to the farmers it reaches the city and then again reacts on the country. In this way the farmers are the foundation on which the whole fabric of prosperity depends, and the state of the crops means more to the nation than the unthinking people in the cities imagine. When I speak of farmers I also refer to producers generally—that is, people who are engaged in getting something that other people want out of the earth and air and water; for instance, coal and iron miners, gold and silver-mining camps, quarries, and manufacturing districts. All of these are communities that, according to good or bad times, have the balance of trade in their favor or against them, and money or checks are needed to settle the balance of trade between the city and country.

Exactly as the smaller cities have dealings with the country towns and villages, so do these smaller cities have business relations with the greater cities. If

crops are good over the country, then New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc., have to send millions of dollars or else checks out West to settle the balance of trade. If crops are bad, then there is business stagnation. No checks are being passed backward and forward to settle accounts, dull times come, and people are all despondent.

When crops are good, millions of dollars in money have to be sent to the farmers to pay for them, and very little actual money is left in the banks in the great money centres. The banks raise their rate of interest, and city merchants who need money suffer; but in a short time the distant farmers and miners who have received the money pay off their debts to the village, and the village pays to the smaller cities, and last of all it gets back to New York again, where it becomes so plentiful for several months that, in order to loan it out securely, the banks have to lower the rate of interest to almost nothing.

If the farmers and mechanics would take checks for their grain and wages, then there would be no great movement of actual money from one part of the country to another, and the country would learn to have confidence in checks instead of gold. The time will come when such will be the case, and then very little gold or greenbacks will be needed, except gold to meet an emergency when the balance of trade is against our nation in favor of other countries.

That last expression, "balance of trade against our nation," indicates the real reason why we are having so much trouble with the silver people and the silver question. If there were no persons in other lands to whom we owed money, then it would make no difference whether we had gold, silver, or greenbacks as our medium of exchange. We could do without gold altogether, except for the sentimental necessity of having wedding rings; for when the government puts

its stamp on either gold or silver or paper money, then all that is necessary is to send the money from one part of the country to the other to settle the local balance of trade, because our government has made it all legal tender or lawful money in every part of the land; and the government credit is good enough to have it issue hundreds of millions of greenbacks. But there is a limit even to that. When it comes to paying our debts to other nations, then it is a horse of another color; and Europe says we do not want your greenbacks or silver, the only thing we want is gold, and she demands it. That is the cause of all the silver agitation; for if it were not for that balance of trade against us and the menace of having all our bonds and stocks returned, we could do without gold altogether, and only have silver money and greenbacks or greenbacks alone, or use nothing but checks; but while we are very conceited and have a good opinion of ourselves, and think we in the United States are the greatest people on the earth, yet if we got mad and insisted on paying our debts or balance of trade to other nations in our silver or greenbacks, why, we would very soon have our pride taken out of us and find we were not the "only pebble on the beach." If, then, we should stop buying goods of other nations, they would also stop buying of us; and then what would become of all our surplus grain and products, of which we send yearly to other nations about \$1,000,000,000?

A whole lot of demagogues at this point in the argument talk bluster and nonsense, misleading people by false, enthusiastic spread-eagle patriotism, and say we can get along without Europe, etc.; but when it comes down to business their advice is the unwisdom of mischief-making fools. As long as we are honest and the universal medium of exchange is gold we shall have to settle the balance of trade in gold or else quit doing business with other people; and if we quit them, then

they will quit us and buy their grain of Russia, Egypt, and India, and we shall get orders for grain only during the years when we are lucky enough to have abundant harvests, and when, also, crops are a failure abroad; and that does not happen very often. We owe too much money abroad to be independently dishonest enough to tell our creditors to go to the bad place.

If all the nations could come together and remonetize silver, then it would be all right for the Silverites, and there would be no commercial reason why silver should not be used the same as formerly, unless, as they say, thousands of tons of it, enough to swamp the commercial world, are in sight ready to be dug out of the mines if the price would advance to the old figure. But no person has as yet proved that such a fabulous quantity does exist. As long, however, as the other nations believe this is the case, and will not take silver, we cannot make them do so.

The only really good reason there is for discarding silver is that there is no financial use for it, excepting for small change, such as half dollars, quarters, and dimes. If one-tenth of the effort and bickering consumed on the silver question was directed to teaching the masses to use checks, a happy day would come to our nation.

It is required by law for a bank to carry in cash only about twenty-five per cent. of its deposits—that is to say, if a bank has \$12,000,000 deposited by its customers, the government and experienced financiers consider it safe banking to have only a quarter of it (which is equal to \$3,000,000) in cash in the safe. The other \$9,000,000 is loaned out on notes and collaterals to the bank's customers and cannot be got at immediately. The principal reason why that \$3,000,000 reserve is kept on hand is to be ready for a time when a panic comes, when the depositors want their money paid back to them all at once in cash; then, of course, there

is this "reserve" on hand to partially meet the demand. There is, accordingly, supposed to be \$9,000,000 of deposits unprotected with a reserve, which represents more than half or three-quarters of the depositors, all of whom are supposed to have level heads and know enough about banking to leave their money in the bank in troublesome times, not foolishly helping to cause the failure of a solvent bank by a senseless "run." There is hardly a bank in the world without outside help that could pay all its entire list of depositors off on a day's notice even in the best of flush times, for the deposited money is loaned out and cannot be collected on an hour's notice. It takes some time to collect it, and then the stockholders' capital stands there to make the depositors safe if the bank has lost money.

In some banks there are these reserve packages of greenbacks and bags of gold coin that have never been used for twenty years. They just rest as quiet as a mummy in their little corner in the steel safe, doing nothing from one year's end to another. The banking business of the country is partly based upon the confidence the people have that all that "reserve" money is kept honestly in the safe by the officers of the banks. That reserve might just as well be something else as well as gold or greenbacks, if people had confidence in the new material, whatever it is. Some people say warehouse receipts for wheat and corn or pig iron or silver and other stable productions would answer for bank reserve security just as well as gold. There really would be nothing so substantial as land certificates, if the government owned all the land and was back of the national banking business, the same as it is now back of it with government bonds. Or, if wealthy owners of real estate should back up their desire to open a bank with real estate security, it would be as good as gold so far as national banking is concerned, but not good enough to satisfy a settlement of a balance of trade

by foreign countries against our nation. Corn and grain might burn up or be destroyed in various ways, and would complicate the security even if it was insured. Pig iron, as well as silver, might be over-produced in an abundance far beyond a commercial demand; but there is just so much land on this earth, and no more, as you cannot stretch the earth to a greater circumference than twenty-five thousand miles, and the values can be fixed or established by the government, the same as gold and silver has an official established or fixed value. Gold has only a fixed or artificial value, as it costs more to produce it in some places than in others; but when it arrives at the mint it is taken at a fixed price, and that price has been agreed upon by all nations, just the same as one firm can make shoes for \$2 a pair and another factory turn them out for \$1.50. But if the government takes them all at \$1.75 per pair, then one man makes and another man loses by that fixity of price; the man that loses will soon give up the business, and if shoes increase in numbers beyond reason, and the price goes down to ten cents a pair, then the nations of the earth would have to come together and adopt something else besides shoes for a standard. It is the same way with gold.

The "gold-standard people" say that the governments do not establish the price for gold, but that it is the commercial demand that gives it its fixity, like any other article that comes under the laws of supply and demand. That is not strictly so. It is a shrewd, technical statement. The government does not in reality actually buy all the gold, but arranges to give a certain number of gold dollars in exchange for an equal amount of gold dust, nuggets, or bars delivered at the mints, providing the depositor will pay for the cost of the coinage. But when you resolve the question down to its practical bearings, it amounts to the broad statement that the various governments do purchase the gold, for

they agree to call it the standard of exchange, and will take it for all debts at a certain price per ounce, and that gives it its stability. If it were not for the various governments doing that, then gold would fluctuate daily, same as wheat or pig-iron or as silver does at present.

It is not necessary for a man to go back to the mint and carry off the gold dollars coined from his particular gold deposit, but he can receive a gold certificate for the amount and the gold itself remains in the treasury vault.

If the government would do the same thing for grain or other commodities, then there would be no need for commercial travellers, for manufacturing or quarrying companies, as all would be favored the same as the happy gold producers are at present—that is, with power to go and turn their products into a medium of exchange that does not vary day after day or year after year in value. A farmer cannot do that with his produce. He can take ten thousand bushels of wheat to a grain elevator and receive a certificate for it that can be endorsed and transferred from hand to hand, but the wheat will be one quotation to-day and another price to-morrow; it has not the government back of it to receive it at a fixed value and keep the price from dropping.

Many arguments can be offered *pro* and *con* in regard to the above, and the further it is discussed the more complicated it becomes; but as all roads lead to Rome, so all the arguments finally go back to the fact that the governments are back of gold, and give it its fixity of value. Ninety-five per cent. of the people never in the least manner trouble their heads to think or consider the subject, but take gold coin from habit or custom or usage or from the confidence that has come down generation after generation for six thousand years. They see the government's stamp on it,

that the government is behind it, and that is the end of the whole matter with them.

The price of gold is gauged by something that is fixed or settled in price, which, of course, cannot be wheat or grain or iron, as they fluctuate according to the supply or demand. Gold must be gauged by something, such as mortgages or bonds, that have a face value and that will keep their fixity for a century or a thousand years if necessary. A \$1000 bond or mortgage means one thousand dollars' worth of accumulated labor; and when the average value of a thousand dollars' worth of labor has been once established by the financial world, it can become the unit of value to gauge all further transactions and can be adjusted in the course of the centuries.

So gold money, as I said before, has no high present value in itself beyond the fact that the governments will buy at a certain price all that is presented. Every other thing than gold that man buys and sells eventually receives its value by competition. If the governments did not buy or receive all the gold presented at an established price, then gold could not be a steady article of value to be used for money. It would soon be like silver and all other commodities, and would have its price fixed day by day by competition, and eventually be used only in the arts.

Checks would answer every purpose for money, but the country as yet is not educated to it. Some day, however, it will be practicable and better than all else. Year by year more people use less money and more checks in their transactions; and on this basis, as I first stated, there is too much rather than too little money in the world, providing people take advantage of the check system. The main thing I want to impress on your mind is that gold is not valuable or worth its face merely in itself, but holds its price because the governments fix it at that figure. The day may come,

and soon, when gold will flow in from the mines so plentifully that it will be demonetized as silver is at present, because there would be more of it than the world needs for money; and the increased use of checks and the recognition of some other form of security will supersede gold.

Platinum could be used as money in place of gold, as it is much scarcer and more compact and worth more than gold per ounce; and there is one very significant fact respecting the distant future, that the greatest and most far-seeing banking house in the world has bought and is still buying every available platinum mine on the face of the earth.

Platinum is the most compact as well as the costliest of metals that can be obtained in commercial quantities, and, consequently, is the most convenient metal to transport from one place to another for bullion or money. The specific gravity (or number of ounces in a cubic foot) and value of platinum, compared with other metals, is as follows:

	Weight Per Cubic Foot, Ounces.	Worth About.
Iron	5,200	\$3.25
Lead	7,780	19.44
Silver	10,534	6,320.40
Gold	17,647	352,940.00
Platinum	22,069	460,000.00

The price of platinum is gauged by the commercial demand; but if the governments of the earth would put a price on it, they could make that price as high as they would choose, as the supply is so comparatively limited.

Do not despise gold at present, but obtain all of it you can; when the gold collapse does come do not have too much of it on hand to sell at half the old price.

Remember that silver has gone all to pieces inside of twenty-five years. There is no telling but that for commercial purposes silver may not some day be more valuable in dollars and cents than gold itself.

I have now talked to you on the subject of money and checks, but there is one underlying fact that I have mentioned, but not particularly dwelt on, and that is what is back of the checks that makes them safe, or what is the underlying security to a depositor's protection and safety. The government looks after that part of it as well as it can, and the wisest of men have all they can do to arrange laws and think out plans that will meet new emergencies. The main thought of the government, as far as banking is concerned, is how to secure or protect depositors.

Next week I will talk to you on the subject of banking, and will then try and furnish you with the missing link explaining the basic security to all finance, and will endeavor to make it easy, showing you what is back of checks; but it is very hard in a few words to make it plain, as thousands of thick volumes have been written on the subject, and it is still a mystery to many who make finance a life study as well as to the millions who do not.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BANKING.

“ LAST week we talked about money, and the check system that has come into such general use during our century. From the year 1700 to 1800 and before, checks were used the same as now, but their circulation has enormously increased from 1800 to 1900. During the next century, from 1900 to 2000, the circulation of checks will be still further increased. Thus the coin system in force for the last six thousand years will be almost entirely superseded by our modern check methods, and the age in which we live will be as conspicuous for improvement in financial affairs as the Elizabethan age was in literature.

“ I spoke last week about ten men starting a bank with \$100,000 capital, each one contributing his certified check for \$10,000. ‘Certifying’ is the act of the bank writing across the face of the check that the signer has in the bank the amount of money that it calls for. The reason these checks were certified by the bank was because each one of the check signers had \$10,000 capital or accumulated labor, or responsibility deposited in the bank, and the reason why any business man would gladly accept one or all of

those certified checks was because the bank, on presentation, would redeem the check by paying gold or silver or greenbacks, whichever was demanded; but generally as long as the holder of the check is satisfied that the bank has the money in its safe and is able to pay, then he does not want the money, as it is too bulky to carry or handle. He prefers to hold the check, for he can care for it if necessary in his pocket. The reason he prefers to keep the check is entirely one of confidence in the bank, and also confidence in the quality of the money the bank has in its vaults, and this confidence is the foundation or key-stone of the arch on which the banking system rests.

“If the holder of the check has confidence, then in what did the confidence consist? It was in three things: First, in the integrity and business ability or genius of the men who manage the bank and in the honesty of the employés, and, second, in the confidence that the gold or silver or greenbacks to the amount of the check was there in the bank to meet it if presented at any time. There was also a third and important reason, which was confidence that the State or National government had established laws to protect depositors. That has too often proved unfounded confidence, for the government does not make good one's losses if dishonesty or mismanagement has made a bank fail.

“Can a poor person go into the private banking business? No; he has first to prove his financial genius by going into some other business to accumulate a small or large fortune, and then he can go into handling money, or he can inherit money, and thus take advantage of the business genius of his father or other benefactors, afterward proving to the world that he himself has inherited business genius as well as gold.

“Poor men who have financial genius can become bankers by being advanced by rich men to responsible

positions in banks, but they own only a very little or no interest in the bank. Before they were advanced to such a responsible position they had first to prove their genius for banking in under positions or in some other department of business, and also by establishing their integrity. As a general rule, no person who is poor should be in the management of banking circles; only successful men should direct the handling of money for others. No director of a bank should be a continual borrower from his bank. He should not be under extreme obligations to his bank associates, but should be independent, and just as soon as he is in any way embarrassed or permanently involved he should immediately resign or be compelled by the law to do so under penalty. In this last-mentioned channel lies the great danger and weakness of the banking system, for when directors and managers of banks are lenient and inclined to favor one another, then the commencement of the end of that bank is at hand. Bank directors should be more severe and exacting with themselves than with customers; a board of such bank Spartans will never see a run on their bank, and it will be the rule and not the exception in the next century, as laws will become more perfected and severe.

“ Thus, the first thought of confidence in the \$10,000 check is in the integrity and good business management of the men within the bank, but the second reason for confidence is more difficult to understand, as the actual money the check represents is a very complicated affair. It involves the proportion of a reserve, consisting of some gold, which is good for its weight all over the world; and some silver, which is demonetized and not worth its weight at the same price in every country; some greenbacks, which represent only the solvency of a single nation; and in addition to this reserve, the bank has loans and dis-

counts to people who may or may not be solvent; bonds and stocks that may go up or down in price to-morrow; real estate that may become involved in some unthought-of way; in fact, the value of the check for \$10,000 is complicated in a hundred or a thousand ways if anything should happen to the bank. If nothing happens to the bank, then the check is good, and when used has answered its purpose better than if the gold or silver or paper money had been lugged around by the citizen from place to place.

“To a person who does not know about it, the more you try to explain the banking system by going into details, the more you will mystify him. If you want him to understand the subject you must take him away from the quarterly, semi-annual, and annual statements; away from the gold, silver, greenbacks, and silver certificates; away from the clearing-house; away from the steel safes and complicated books of entry; away from the silver question and ‘single standard’ or gold hobby; away from drafts, checks, and bills of exchange; away from bonds, stocks, warehouse receipts, and bills of lading; away from safe-deposit vaults. When you get him away, then take him on top of some high tower, or on the summit of Pike’s Peak, or, what is better, go in your imagination with him one thousand miles high in a balloon and look down on our whole country in one bird’s-eye view and take in the entire country’s progress at a single glance, and what do you see? If you have a magician’s glass you can ‘look backward’ four hundred years to 1490, before Columbus ventured westward on the bosom of the ‘great unknown;’ and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there is nothing to see but vast forests and plains inhabited only here and there by a race of ignorant Indians who live in ramshackle tents, and whose entire wealth consists mostly of an assort-

ment of bows and arrows and crude cooking utensils, and for the entire national lot of them you would not pay \$1000 cash.

"After viewing such a scene for a few minutes you can then gaze through the other end of the magician's glass and look at the scene to-day, four hundred years later, and what do you see? Only a magician's glass could seemingly produce such a change, for now you gaze down on a nation of seventy-five million civilized people who live in homes; spires are pointing upward in all directions with some good intention or purpose, and on every hand wealth is abounding to the extent of \$100,000,000,000.

"Four hundred years ago, \$1000 was your estimate of the wealth of the country's movable articles, gauged by present values, but now \$100,000,000,000 has, Aladdin-like, risen before you. Where did it come from? Listen, and I will tell you. Those forest trees you first peered at were cut down by the new colonizing workmen from Europe and built into houses; that clay or mud that had been there for ages was made into brick; parts of those abiding granite cliffs were blasted into building material; the buried marble quarries were unearthed and chiselled into beauty; the hidden and unknown coal mines were worked, and the earth pierced for the underground lakes of petroleum; the soil was tilled annually for its products; on the grassy fields the sheep and cattle were herded and bred; and year by year, and decade by decade, the people made or erected their own personal, particular handiwork, and then died and left it behind them for their children and others. As the centuries rolled by each of the hundred years closed with more extended occupation of the land; with more magnificent farms and farming outfits; with larger and still grander cities; with houses more stately, churches more beautiful, stores and ware-

houses more replete; factories and shops enlarged; schoolhouses extended; and with a wonderfully increased population, having more refined manners and ever-advancing tastefulness in dress and attire, and of love of art in its various forms. All of that accumulated wealth was being constantly wrought by days' labor out of the earth and water and surrounding air, until at last, after four hundred years, it has blossomed forth in its glorious civilized appearance of to-day. That \$100,000,000,000 represents the progression of raw material by the aid of muscle and brain to its present completed state; it is the accumulated handiwork or days' labor of man, and what little of present wealth or material has been brought into our country from other lands is fully offset by what we have made and sent away.

"While you, up in the balloon, have been looking downward on the earth and backward in time four hundred years, and watching this slow but sure accumulation of wealth over the whole vast area of our nation, you have seen the cities gradually growing larger and larger, pushing out beyond the old corporation lines, and you have seen surveyors plotting out the surrounding farms into divisions and sub-divisions, and you have witnessed the opening of new streets and the erection of new houses, factories, stores, schools, churches, and institutions. You have seen the forests cut away, and grain fields, barns, homes, and new towns take their places; canals, railroads, turnpikes, and telegraph lines have been slowly creeping outward in every direction; material was transported, manufactured, bargained for and sold, some of it to be used up immediately and the rest of it laid by for future use. You have seen fires burn some of it down; floods sweep part of it away; cyclones twist and scatter portions of it in all directions; and you have seen how time, rust, and age made much of

it fall into decay. You have also witnessed the improvements which required whole areas of the old structures to be torn down; but when the end of each year arrived you noticed, as you went along, that a little increase in the grand total of the handiwork of the whole country had taken place and that it had grown broader and better in quality. Its vastness of increase is more noticeable at the end of each century, and at last when you look at it all at the end of four hundred years as it stands to-day, and then go back two centuries, you cannot help but exclaim, 'Surely this nation has proved itself industrious—\$5000 worth of material at Plymouth Rock on landing day, and now there is \$100,000,000,000 worth of new-made values,' and you cannot help saying, 'Gentlemen, this is business.'

"But there is one thing you must not lose sight of, that the land itself has not increased in area, for it is all there just as God permitted it four hundred years ago, and it is still about four thousand miles deep. If man did not produce it then it should not be considered any one's personal wealth, and no one should be allowed to own it except the entire nation.

"Men have evolved wealth from the land and erected their handiwork on its surface, and whatever man can get out of the earth and air and water he is entitled to, but there is no good reason why a few people should own the whole original surface. As man did not make the land it should not be called or classed as wealth. It belongs to the whole nation, to the people whom God placed on it; the improvement is the only wealth, and should be considered personal property and not taxed. Nor should men be allowed to own the vast coal fields that nature has preserved for centuries for man's uses. It should all belong to the whole people or government, and leased out in such area as a company of men can handle, and as the

years roll by the generations get the benefit of that amount of coal that is mined during that generation.

“The country or land belongs to the nation, and the government should lease to every one that portion of it that he can industriously use and pay an annual rent for. This total rent should be equal to the cost of running the local government, and then every one should be encouraged to scheme or plan to get something out of the earth and increase the wealth of the nation and afterward be applauded for it, and not hounded and taxed for having an industrious disposition or a genius for directing business that gives employment to the rest of mankind. The laboring men ought to thank heaven that there are some men on earth who have brains enough to know how to make and save money, so as to direct and give work to others who have no capacity for organizing and directing business. The great and vast majority of these laboring men do not know and never will know how to save money, and thus help others. It is not born in them, and when from among them a genius for such a calling is born, he is sure to get rich and become the millionaire of the next generation.

“Geniuses for music, painting, and poetry rise in the same way from the masses and soar to the summit of greatness. The parents or grandparents of almost all of the millionaires of to-day were poor men. If the laboring men want to kill off or cripple the genius that makes the wealth of a nation, then they are nothing but a lot of idiots, and their lazy advisers are their worst enemies.

“While the laboring men dug out all this vast one hundred billion of wealth of our nation, they must not forget that it took brains to run and direct affairs, just as it took the brains of Grant to run or direct a million men to a successful issue. If every soldier in the ranks wanted to ‘down’ their general and take his

place, it would be just as reasonable as for every laboring man to want to take the place of his employer, who is at the head. The best thing for the laborer to do is to save money and try and find out if he has genius to be an employer himself; then, if he saves a little money, nine chances out of ten he will lose it all and afterward wish he had been content with his humbler position and not risked his savings in business. The country to-day is full of men who have failed and are now bitterly despondent. They did not have business genius or foresight, and the sooner they realize that fact and accept their failure, the sooner they and their families will be happy.

"A few men stumble or fall into riches, but sooner or later the most of them lose it. The vast majority of rich men have had a silent and unwritten fight and battle for their riches that would be comparable to the struggle of a Cæsar or a Napoleon for empire, and when they come to die most of them will tell you that the game was not worth the hunting. The only ones who really enjoy the accumulations of wealth are their heirs; and all is not gold that glitters, even for those who inherit riches. The most lasting satisfaction one gets out of life is the joy of helping others, and poor men as well as the rich can find plenty of ways to do it.

"As you look from your lofty height down on this slow development and piling up of accumulated wealth, and as you follow it along in steps of fifty or seventy-five years at a time, you see a certain portion of it finished, the workers bidding good-by to their families and passing away into the valley of death; their children follow on in the paths of their fathers, or they turn their attention to something else, and century by century the value or wealth of the completed or permanent or fixed portions grows up into high figures. The movable parts, such as the crops, eatables, fabrics for making clothing and furniture,

building material for new enterprises, metals and minerals being mined, the new improvements going on, the material for wars and means of travelling, and all that is soon to become fixed wealth—all these are being daily passed from hand to hand, requiring for transfer from one person to another a convenient medium of exchange called money. If it was customary to supply our wants by giving a hat for a pair of shoes, and two pairs of shoes for a coat, and three coats for a month's rent, etc., then things would soon become complicated, and every person would have to spend the best part of his life in becoming an expert as to the value of the different articles of commerce, so as not to get cheated every time he swopped off.

“In the course of ages gold and silver have been agreed on as a medium of exchange, and in order to save every person from being swindled with ‘gold bricks’ and from the trouble of learning to judge whether each piece of gold and silver metal is pure and genuine, the government has taken that duty upon itself, guaranteeing the people that every piece it stamps its name on is genuine and all right; and laws are passed to punish any one who would counterfeit or degrade the national money.

“A dollar in gold or silver, or a bill, used in cash payment for goods or for settling debts, may pass a thousand times from hand to hand during the course of a single year. Here is an illustration of how a dollar can circulate and what it can accomplish in just one minute of time. Ten hungry, penniless boys are standing on a corner boisterously quarrelling about debts they owe among themselves. Suddenly a gentleman comes along and pays boy No. 1 a dollar for shovelling coal for him the day before. Boy No. 2 immediately borrows it from No. 1, who is his chum. Then boy No. 3 addresses No. 2, and asks him to please pay back the dollar he loaned him the day before. No. 2

says yes and hands it to No. 3. No. 3 then pays a long-standing debt of \$1 to No. 4. No. 4 immediately pays the dollar to No. 5 for money borrowed the week before. No. 5 hands it to No. 6, and No. 6 to No. 7, and No. 7 to No. 8, and No. 8 to No. 9, and No. 9 to No. 10, each one of whom, in the order named, having been indebted to the other in the sum of \$1. Then No. 10, who now has the dollar, and who owes that much to his friend, boy No. 2, pays it to No. 2; and then, last of all, No. 2 turns around and pays back to No. 1 this same dollar that he (No. 2) a minute before had borrowed from this original boy No. 1, who was the one that received it from the gentleman; and just as this No. 1 receives it back from No. 2, another boy, No. 20, comes along and asks boy No. 1 to pay him a dollar that he (No. 1) owes him, which No. 1 immediately does, and then boy No. 20 passes on down the street carrying away the dollar with him, leaving the original ten hungry boys still on the corner without even a dollar or even so much as a penny between them to buy a sandwich, but all standing in wonderment and silence and somewhat disappointed, for they now have no cause to continue their quarrelling or disputing, their separate debts to one another having been settled. Then they lock arms and walk away with their heads down, trying to think how it was all done; no money at first and still they have none on hand, but somehow their loans to one another are all cancelled and the whole ten of them are out of debt. But please remember it was labor (coal shovelling) that started that financial boom. Some one had labored and earned the money.

“ That is the manner in which it requires very little money to settle a multitude of transactions. A few dollars if ‘pushed on’ can settle many debts, and if people would all pay their bills promptly, then the whole country would be running on wheels at high

pressure. But suppose one of those boys, for instance No. 6, had put the dollar in his pocket and kept it there for a month and refused to pay No. 7, then that whole beautiful, financial, adjusting scheme would have been blocked, and half of the members of that youthful crowd would have had unsettled bills to collect and probably been still at their quarrelling. It is just the same in business. If a man receives money from one of his customers and does not promptly pass it on and settle his own bills, he is locking up just so much money from the prompt business settlements of the nation, and other people are distressed thereby. In the old way large sums used to be buried or hidden away, and that made a break or dead stop to the circulation of the country's money; but in these days such hoarding persons deposit it in banks; and there is this redeeming feature about such a lock-up of the money—the bank will loan three-fourths of it to other persons who want to use it, so banks help the nation in that manner.

“ People who have no money cannot be expected to pay their debts, but by getting in debt they have stopped the wheels of commerce just that much. But if people who are fortunate enough to have money would pay their debts promptly, or as many of them as they can, it would make a great difference in the business world. I do not refer to business houses, for firms that never pay their debts promptly do not last long, but I refer to individual purchases for personal and home use.

“ The largest retail houses say they have more difficulty in collecting their bills from the rich than they do from others. The rich take it for granted they are responsible and pay the stores at their own sweet will, which means when they get ready, and the stores do not wish to offend their wealthy customers by urging or excessive dunning. If the rich would pay their bills

with reasonable promptness, it would be a great help in pushing things along. If prosperous people cannot pay cash for the things they eat and wear, they ought not to have them; yet many men and women pay for their clothes six months after they are worn out or discarded, and the tradesmen must suffer in silence for the want of their money.

“ The banking business originally started in a crude way. People who accumulated gold and silver coin found it too heavy to carry around with them, and being afraid it might be stolen, they brought it to some trustworthy man who had a strong iron chest and who was willing to be a banker, and asked him to take care of the money. The banker took the money, and as the depositor, as a general rule, could neither read nor write, he (the banker) took a pine stick and on it cut an equal number of notches at both ends, each notch representing a given sum of money. Then he broke the stick at the centre into two parts, giving one to the depositor and keeping the other himself, and placing it in the iron chest. When the depositor in a week or a month, or years after, returned or sent some one else for his money, the two sticks were again placed together, and if the ragged, splintered ends fitted in, or meshed exactly together, then it was considered the genuine original stick and no counterfeit, the ‘ wooden check ’ was cashed, and the depositor received an equal amount of money back. In later years almost the same thing was done on a piece of paper, by writing the history of the transaction, and then raggedly tearing the paper into two parts, and at a later time when the ragged edges of the two torn parts were again brought together and exactly fitted, the money was paid back.

“ After that, many improvements were made in banking, and as education increased the masses learned to read and write, and adopted the modern

style of checks, and banking houses became numerous. But some bankers became dishonest, and then the government considered it its duty to protect the people. It stepped in and passed such laws as it thought best devised to defend the depositors, for it was found that an individual banker or a banking institution could receive a million dollars from various depositors and loan it all out at interest, and some morning find there was not a cent on hand to pay checks. So after considerable experience, and by averaging the amount people were in the habit of drawing out daily, it was found that banks could safely loan out three-quarters of all the money deposited with them, and one-fourth was enough cash to keep on hand to meet the usual daily demand. So one-fourth of all the money deposited in banks became the reserve or cash banking capital of the country, but there was millions of coin not in the banks, carried in people's pockets and hidden away.

“ Now suppose from your lofty balloon you could look down and see all the money in the country brought some Monday morning and deposited in the banks—that is, all the money excepting nickels, dimes, quarters, and half dollars—the result would be that the bankers would be loaded down with cash; and suppose a law had been passed that after that date in all money transactions between citizens checks and not money should be given for sums of one dollar and over, and that all the money in the banks should remain there as a reserve, and only be passed from bank to bank, as the balance of trade became in favor or against the various banks. The result would be that checks would answer every purpose of gold or silver or bills, and there would really be no use for the old money at all, for if the bankers could send all the gold and silver out of the country and return the bills to the government and replace it all with good mortgages

or government bonds, or something that the people considered first-class security, then they would be satisfied that their deposits were safe, just as they were formerly satisfied with a lot of gold and silver that rested in the bank safes almost permanently, not being removed from the bank once in ten years.

"Now what could the government replace the bills with instead of the greenbacks withdrawn? If checks were adopted, a new form of greenback payable to bearer, and arranged exactly as a check in wording, shape, and size, could be made, good for only one month from date of issue, and not good after that time, but to be returned to the treasury for cancellation and reissue. In this manner the new check money could not be hoarded or locked up for unfair commercial or speculative purposes, and the people could do without gold and silver except for one purpose, the settlement of foreign trade balances, which would be required in gold. (Silver is already demonetized and not needed for that purpose.)

"All transactions within the country would be required to be settled in individual checks or the check money of our country, unless otherwise specified, and if any person wanted to make a contract payable in gold he could do so, taking his risk when settling the debt, the same as he would if he had made the obligation payable in diamonds or rubies.

"The greatest of all complications would be in the settlement of the trade balance in gold required by other nations. There is the rub, and this was where the old Greenback Party always ran up against a stone wall and broke its back. There is only one answer to it, and that is, that we cannot change the gold standard as we have it at present. All my talk is for nothing as far as that question is concerned, and the gold standard will have to remain as it is as long as other nations hold hundreds of millions of dollars

worth of our bonds and stocks that they can threaten to send back to us any day. The greenbackers reply: 'Then let them send them back;' but when foreigners choose to send our stocks back in large quantities the market goes down over in Europe, and that sends our market down here, and when the bottom falls out of the stock market here, half of our nation becomes bankrupt. Then the greenbackers say: 'Let them become bankrupt,' which only shows that they are a lot of unfair people. They would not say any such thing if they had any property or anything of their own to lose, but they have not, and they are perfectly willing to see every other person in the country lose if they can only carry out their plans for getting hold of the government, where they can get fat salaries at some one's else expense.

"There is only one thing about it, and that is, as long as we individually owe our banks some money, we have to step up to the counter and settle it according to the bank's custom, or else get ourselves in trouble; and likewise as long as Europe is our banker we have to conform to requirements of international banking custom or else we will be discredited as a commercial nation.

"Some of these days our country will be the banker of the world, and then everything will come our way. We shall own all our own stocks and bonds, and be taking in interest from Europe, the same as they are doing now from us.

"There is only one remedy for gold payments, and that is time. Time will make all things right, and there is no right in a proposition that the world should subsidize the gold industry. It has lately dethroned silver and put it where it rightfully belongs—which is in the world of competition, and where it has to fight its own battles under the laws of supply and demand, like everything else. Gold will have to be

there some day. It will eventually have to settle to the level of all worldly productions, selling for what it will bring just the same as all the rest of our world's manufactures; but before that time comes the nations will have to devise some plan of accepting a medium of exchange that has no power in itself to expand or contract like gold, and the only thing on earth that answers that description is land.

"The land belongs to the nations and not to the individuals. On it they should live, and on it they should base their unit of value.

"Gold and silver may disappear from off the surface of the earth, productions of other kinds may change in their quality or in supply and demand, but when the land disappears, then mankind will have no use for money or merchandise standards of any kind, with probably the exception of feathers—for they will be greatly in need of wings, quite heavily coated and doubly lined with celestial down of some kind."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EDUCATION.

THE modern system of education may no doubt be perfectly satisfactory to those fortunate publishers and authors who are realizing a large income from copyrighted school-books for the young, but it is to be hoped the day will soon come when what is known as higher education will be simplified so that poor children under the age of twelve can be made to grasp at least sufficient of scientific lore to enable them to have some pleasure in after life from early familiarity with nature's underlying principles.

Most children leave school before they reach their "teens," and carry away with them a knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, a little grammar, some geography, and a smattering of history, all of which is good and practical. But as America is a growing nation of artisans and wealth-producers, the masses, that number millions, should be from childhood, even almost from babyhood, taught more of nature, from which all wealth is produced and from which they, in some manner, earn their living.

The boy who leaves school at the age of twelve to start at a trade has studied and been obliged to mem-

orize page after page regarding the French and Indian War, which occurred over a hundred years before, and also a mass of other similar information. Would it not have been of far more advantage to the masses to have been obliged to study something else that would have unfolded and made plain the workings of nature; for instance, the causes of the rain storm that is liable to occur at any hour? A knowledge of history is not to be belittled, but there are other branches more practical for a lifetime, and what is more useful to a child than familiarity with such subjects as rain? Does he know how the water was lifted from the salty ocean, and why it did not taste salty when it fell upon the earth? Does he know that after the rain sinks into the soil and makes its way out again in the cooling springs, why some of these springs are pure and fresh while others burst forth as seltzer, vichy, geyser, and various medicinal liquids? If a boy is poor and cannot avail himself of the high school or college, is there any reason why he should not be sent forth from the district school filled with information about oxygen and hydrogen gases, and know that in nine pounds of water eight are oxygen and one is hydrogen? That may seem to some people a worthless thing to know; but why should a boy not be familiar with these scientific names, and thus have a knowledge about the water that plays such an almost unlimited part in every-day life and especially in the nation's manufactures? To know something about such things in after life might set a man to thinking, to develop his inventive talent, and so lead to fortune.

The infant's head is literally filled full of fairy stories from the time it is able to understand until it is tired and surfeited with such unprofitable knowledge. The child is also brought up on a series of deceptions that eventually bloom to the young mind as nothing but

flagrant falsehoods, such as the Santa Claus and Kris Kringle foolery, and the stories of children born in hollow trees and dug out of "the cold, cold ground" by doctors.

Life is very short and the brain is a receptacle for storing up impressions that will be of the best advantage during life, and will direct it for eternity, and the above forms of unprofitable brain stuffing should give way to a new system of teaching children (even if necessary in childish prattle) those secrets of nature which are to be found on every hand from the hour of birth up to the last minute on earth.

There is enough of beauty in the wonders of nature for a new set of writers to compose a fresh system of school-books, brimful of the happiest kind of scientific information, that would please the youngest. In rhyme and jingles could be condensed useful knowledge that would assist us in after and maturer life, which would helpfully take the place of "Little Bo Peep," "Old Mother Hubbard," and all the rest of those nursery rhymes. The childhood books should have more verses like

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land."

There should be more of the old Rollo and Abbott books and Franconia stories.

Is there any child of five who could not readily learn why the flowers have such beautiful colors and why they are so sweetly scented? He could understand why the bees are drawn to them, and how the insects enter within the open leaves and gather the honey, and at the same time cover themselves with and carry the pollen to other flowers that need the

pollen, and help to complete the succession and evolution of the flowery kingdom.

All this kind of information can be placed before a child in simple and beautiful language, and will wonderfully interest him if properly presented amid the living flowers themselves. And has not every home and school and neighborhood flowers at command?

Thousands of humble homes could utilize the house tops and easily make one or two hundred dollars a year from honey and wax by raising bees, and the object lesson of the bees and flowers, if properly presented, would give rise to a desire for further information that could flow into little heads, and would be an excellent substitute for the mass of useless items that are daily stored away in the brain of the young.

A child by the time it is twelve learns more practical knowledge than it does all the remainder of its days. If you will think upon this last statement, you will more and more see that almost all a child learns after it enters its teens consists of modifications and changes on the basic information previously garnered.

There is such a wonderful, endless amount of knowledge to be obtained in this world that no one person can ever grasp it all. What earthly use is it to try to learn by heart the scientific names of every butterfly known or every flower grown? It is well for some one to know them, as the subject is part of the sum total of human knowledge, and we should encourage those few who like such things to continue in such departments of learning. But nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand have no time to get information that is useless to them. They do not study navigation, for they have confidence in the experienced captain on the ship's bridge who has their lives in his hand as he guides the vessel from the hur-

ricane's fury past the breakers to the harbor within. We have to trust to others in the higher branches; but when it comes to the simple, every-day workings of nature, to be seen on every hand, it is unfortunate that men and women grow from youth to old age and do not have the joy of knowing, for instance, why a piece of sugar melts faster near the surface of a cup of tea than it does at the bottom, or why the little air bubbles collect around the sides of a cup of coffee instead of at the centre. Some one may say what is the use of educating one's self to such things, but the reply is that if you know the reason, then you are cognizant of great principles that you will meet daily in a thousand other forms and conditions, such as why an apple falls to the ground, or how the sap of a tree flows upward, or why, if the earth is round, the people on the other side beneath do not fall off head foremost. Having knowledge, man has an independence of spirit and joy in life that cannot be realized by those who "do not know."

What is the best information to have is a question that few would agree upon. The most useful education is a knowledge of nature and her forces: of winds, rain, snow, cold, heat, light, sound, taste, storm, lightning, thunder, sun, moon, planets, stars, clouds, ocean, water, coal, gravity, ice, air, vapors, smoke, lamps, fire, rust, tarnish, froth, damp, hail, rainbows, colors, echoes, sleep, tides, earthquakes, whirlpools, cyclones, and of the human body and its workings. Why should not a child's head be a receptacle for information on the above subjects, all of which are useful for a lifetime? Surely they are a great improvement over stories about Cinderella, Jack and the Bean Stalk and such useless fairy tales.

It would be beyond the knowledge of any human being to grasp in their fulness all the above-mentioned subjects. The man that says he knows the

most about them is generally the one who knows the least, and when the greatest minds of earth, whoever they may be, who have made such things a life study, sit down to think over what they know, they are forced to say that there is so much more to learn that is beyond their ability to grasp that they think they know almost nothing, and with Whittier exclaim:

“ I better know than all,
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.”

The more a man learns the more modest and humble he becomes, as he soon finds himself face to face with what is far above him.

There should be a child's primer of nature that every one under ten should be compelled to study. Such a book should be of equal importance with geography, history, and grammar, and public schools should adopt such books and make the teaching of nature in simple language obligatory on all teachers, so that when their pupils go forth to their life's work at an early age they can carry with them in memory a little, if only a superficial, knowledge of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms and the forces governing the same. This would help mankind to know more of the world in which they are living and the laws governing and surrounding the raw material which they are engaged in manufacturing into objects of use and beauty.

Do not infer from what I have said about cramming or stuffing children's heads, that I mean the brain of any one can be filled with knowledge by the will of any teacher or set of teachers, for that is not true. A great tank of petroleum may have many pipes leading from it that by gravity are capable of filling up a hundred or a thousand empty barrels at

one time. Such is not the case in a schoolroom where there are a hundred scholars and one instructor gives information. The teacher talks, explains, and lectures, and every ear receives the same wording, but upon a hundred brains are made as many different impressions.

A teacher's function is to inspire. A teacher's duties end with his or her effort to stimulate the activity of a child's brain so that it will permit itself to receive knowledge. You cannot pour information into any one's brain, any more than you can "learn" a child history. You can teach, but the child must do the learning, and its own mental activity or receptivity and willingness marks the rising or falling in the thermometer of brain development. What a child *wills* to know is the brain's measure of capacity, which, of course, is governed by the quality of brain inheritance, or the brain improvement of the individual.

The teacher's office is to make pleasing to a child the various divisions of the sum total of human knowledge by presenting word pictures that will produce in the child a longing for a closer intimacy with the subject. That is what is meant when I say that pleasing books on nature should be written that will produce a mental desire to love useful information about nature, instead of having the mind in a never-ending hodge-podge of fairy tales.

Thousands of ignorant workmen in their daily avocations have observed phenomena that were nothing to them but a passing curiosity, but if they had gained in their common school education the smallest amount of information about nature, it would have set them to thinking and caused them to report about it to others, which might, by discussion, have resulted in the discovery of some secret of nature that would have been of great benefit to the world and made them

independent in means and useful to their employers. The humblest persons have it within their power to discover for the world the unnumbered, unknown, and undreamed-of secrets that are still hidden around us in the air, sky, earth, and water, and the more our boys and girls who cannot go to college learn before they leave school from some simply worded book of the known laws underlying nature, the more joy they will have in their own lives and the greater blessing they will be to mankind, and the sooner, too, will their own country be foremost in commercial progress.

This primer of science for the young would not injure the rich schoolboy; it would be an introduction for the favored ones who can finish a college education. A longing for proficiency in Latin and Greek and the most advanced scientific learning is to be admired in youth and manhood, but nature has come to stay as long as the world lasts, while Greek and Latin will some day be things of the dead past; consequently, for the great masses, nature should be first as a branch of education and all should learn to know about what is continually going on around them in both the seen and the unseen.

May the era be hastened when four hours shall be a day's work for every man, woman, or child, and when the whole world shall covet spare hours in order to be able to reach up for that higher knowledge that shall make life easier, nobler, and more helpful to others.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MADAME GUYON.

THE night of the 18th of January will ever be a memorable one to Flynn & Schmidt and their young counsellor.

It was the first time for many months that a harsh word had passed between them. Sally was present, and the conversation turned on "woman's voting," a subject that was being energetically discussed in the daily papers. Both Micky and Fred were most violently and unquestionably opposed to any such "glaring nonsense," while Ed upheld Sally in her endeavors to give women every right that man had.

Miss Bridget McMullen was the cause of the whole trouble. She was the sister of Barney McMullen, who had lived for many years on the banks of the canal out at Brighton. Thirty summers before they had come over as little orphans from Ireland, and had passed through poverty's deepest struggle up to middle age, but at last Barney drifted into politics, was elected Alderman, succeeded finally in becoming the district boss, and at last reached the high position of political boss of the whole town. This honor, with

the riches it brought, so completely turned his head that it became almost impossible for Bridget to keep house for her bachelor brother with any degree of comfort to herself or to him either. She was fair, fat, forty, and free—that is, free from the bonds of matrimony. The reason for the last-named condition was not because she had never had opportunities for taking unto herself a husband, for, on the contrary, a hundred of Barney's unmarried compatriots would have been only too glad to have led the great ex-Alderman's sister to the altar, but it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to have addressed her on the subject of matrimony. She hated men from the bottom of her heart, and when she began to realize that her brother Barney was being almost worshipped by his admiring countrymen of his own political party, it puzzled her to find out what there was about Barney that made him any better than anybody else. She was five years his senior, and remembered that he was born in a bog, raised in a hovel, played "hookey" from school, and never had any particular education. For thirty years it had been a struggle for him to get enough to eat and wear, and now to see him not do work of any kind, suddenly get rich, be one of the governors of the city—the power beyond the mayoralty throne—and have people coming by the hundred to their grand new house and to his office at the hotel to ask him to do them favors, and to see him ride at the head of the procession on St. Patrick's Day, all of these incidents and others too numerous to mention caused her at first to laugh to herself and think in a rather sarcastic frame of mind and say to herself: "Well, if the rulers and bosses of the cities are made from such stuff, then I know a hundred women who have more sense than Barney and could conduct city affairs better." This primary seed, accidentally sown in her heart, resulted in Bridget's joining the

Women's Rights Association. From that time she grew and grew in the "suffrage" faith and "talked up" her own sex, and never lost an opportunity to preach the doctrine to every woman that ran across her path; and it so happened upon the aforementioned eighteenth day of January that she met Mrs. Flynn and Sally, and fairly deluged them with information regarding the wrongs of woman.

The overflow of Sally's indignation at her newly found ideas of the unfair manner in which women were treated was still rankling in her bosom, and caused the subject to come before the kite firm upon that particular evening. Before they knew it a regular quarrel was in progress, which, by the unfortunate introduction into the discussion of the topic of religion, almost ended in a cessation of friendship.

Micky and Sally were Catholics, Fred was a Lutheran, and Ed an Episcopalian, and almost unaware they found themselves drifting into a sea of loud words and unkind reproaches. Fred cast some reflections on the Catholics, while Sally threw slurs at Luther. Micky made some slighting remark about Henry VIII. and the English Church, which brought from Ed some uncomplimentary allusions regarding Loyola and the popes.

There is no telling what might have occurred to the discordant quartette if the unexpected had not happened, for right in the midst of the conversation Sally suddenly fell backward in her chair in a swoon, which astonished all the party excepting Micky, who knowingly stood unmoved, but turned as white as a sheet when he saw the same fixed look spread over his sister's face, and heard the same deep and irregular breathing with which he had become familiar on that awful night when the ghost of Blavatsky appeared and nearly frightened him out of his life. He had no time to explain, or even to attempt to awaken Sally,

for almost instantly there came a crash of seeming mammoth cymbals like a peal of deepest thunder. Like a flash the chairs flew up with a bang against the cellar ceiling, the table raised up half way from the floor and whirled horizontally around with the speed of an engine fly-wheel, while the tens of thousands of kite sticks flew out of the corner in a cloud, completely encircling the entire trembling group. After ten seconds, with another clap of thunder, everything that had been moving settled down in its accustomed place as quiet as the grave.

It was Fred's first experience with the occult, and at the first crash his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and making a wild grab for Ed's arm, he held on like grim death. Ed was also nearly terror-stricken, and would have bolted for the stairs, but his abiding faith in manfully upholding, under all circumstances, the powerful name of the great firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts gave him courage and he stood his ground. There was a confused mental impression underlying his fear, that as he was counsel for the kite firm, he must take notes of the impending surrounding danger for evidence in any suit for damages that might result from the unexplained action of the furniture and kite sticks. When the second crash came it was too much for Fred's nerves, for with one yell of horror he broke loose from Ed and ran and tumbled head foremost, or, more properly speaking, smoothly glided, eel fashion, and disappeared in a large empty dry-goods box standing in the corner.

After a short silence there came another dreadful noise, and then for five minutes there was a succession of "spiritualistic" crashing peals; shifting and whirling of table, chairs, and materials; extinguishing of lights and introduction of electric flashes, alternating with humming of innumerable voices and musical

sounds, until with a most dreadful, deafening noise the whole cellar seemed filled with a brilliant, almost blinding flame, from the midst of which, when the eye could receive it, appeared the form of Blavatsky in wonderfully gorgeous Oriental apparel, and in all directions her name was brilliantly flashed in a multitude of unreadable alphabets.

Blavatsky eyed Ed and Micky for a moment, and then addressed them as follows:

“You are children of destiny—I would instruct you. I would tell you of the world of sorrow that some men bring to earth under the name of religion; but when from spirit life I am materialized, as I now am, I am too loaded down with the passion of my former bodily existence to speak calmly of the wrong that ‘creed’ is working on the earth, and so I will call to your presence a woman of women, a soul of souls, to talk to you of your future duty to the age in which you live. She who will come is worthy, pure, and good, and one to whom a universe should grandly lend a listening ear. What she may say I bid you treasure in your deepest heart, treasure it to help eventually to save a world by telling it to men of differing minds; and so, good Madame Guyon, good, holy Madame Guyon, I bid you come. Appear! appear!”

Immediately, filling the entire place, there came a purple light that, amid the profoundest silence, slowly blended into blue, which in its turn changed gently to a golden hue, deepening thicker and thicker toward a common centre, growing more and more intense and condensed until it took on a form which gently and slowly took human shape. Sweet music filled the surrounding space, until at last there came a charming strain that ended with the appearing of a woman’s form and a face such as only a Raphael could imagine.

For a minute Madame Guyon looked kindly at Micky and Ed and at the sleeping Sally, when, in a sweet, gentle voice, that took away Fred's fears and brought his head peeping out of the dry-goods box to see and hear what was going on, she said: "Children, be not afraid, I am the spirit of one who has long since passed on to other than worldly work, but I have been summoned back, to talk to you of richer things than gold and gain. I have a spirit ear and hear a shadow fall. I have a spirit eye and see a thought of love. A spirit ear can sense an oratorio in the rolling clouds. A spirit eye can see a rainbow in a noble deed. To-night you have not, all in love, produced an oratorio in your rolling speech, nor shown a personal rainbow to your unseen spirit friends. I am now come to tell you of a lovelier, holier way to dwell on earth in peace, and I will talk to you of those disputable things that you to-night have in an unseemly way discussed, and that have almost broken friendships that should ever last.

"If, this day, you were the only ones who have unkind disputes regarding these subjects of your quarrels, it would be well for the world; but in unison with you, around the entire earth, are thousands and thousands of thousands of older ones who are vexed and angry on these self-same themes.

"Should a woman vote?' is the original subject that has caused your quarrel. It is a question unknown to nine-tenths of the population of your world, for the vast majority of even the men themselves that dwell on earth are not even permitted such a privilege, and there are three hundred million men who do not know what it means. It is only in a few lands like your own, where human beings have been uplifted, that men can have a voice in their nation's doings.

"You live in a land that, by comparison, is supremely free. You belong to a nation where men are yearly

progressing in their kindly treatment of the weaker sex—weaker in frame, but not in gift of soul. Amidst you in your country, on every hand, you see the courtesy that men bestow on mothers and wives, sisters and daughters of your homes, but could you travel to the far-off Eastern world, your hearts would melt in pity for all the girl-life born to earth, for they are there graded with the household beasts.

“In the Oriental realm, woman is degraded from her birth, and in some of those lands she has been made to believe she is without a soul or hope of future life—for when she dies that is her eternal ending. But the men of those lands have arranged their religion beautifully for themselves. When they pass the gates of death, they go direct to paradise to live forever, and are each supplied there with a thousand heavenly wives, and have everything for their future, eternal happiness, that their own selfish, sensual, lively imaginations can conjure or fancy. Such is the lowly plane on which the Mohammedan and heathen dwell.

“What there is about an Oriental man, or any other man, that it should ever have crept into his head that he has superior or privileged rights on this planet, I do not know, except that he is the strongest and has usurped the conceit of the race. Men are not required to vote, nor do they always vote, and I am not making a plea for woman suffrage because I would compel her to vote, but because I wish her to have the right to vote if she so desires, exactly the same as is the right of man. All mortals have souls and come into the world on equal terms, and men have no right to legislate for their own interests. Woman is a part of the world and should have a rightful say in its affairs. It cost considerable bloodshed to resist kingly despotism and secure for men the right to vote, and now that the entering wedge has been forced into your world, I would that every one should have that right, and all

human beings, both men and women, are sure to have it in the coming years.

“ Because one child happens to be born a boy, and another a girl, there is no good reason, as angels see it, why the boy is to be the ‘ grandee ’ of the earth and rule things for his own especial glorification, and lord it over his sister. He certainly had nothing to do with the choosing of his manship, any more than his sister had of her womanhood. Why the boy should rise up and assume a ruler’s authority, I do not know, excepting that it is the result of brute force or superior strength in past ages, which has left its imprint or tradition on ‘ polite ’ humanity of the present day. Christianity is gradually lifting woman up to the self-made level of man, yet if every good man would honestly think of himself in comparison with his mother or wife, he would be forced to say that instead of forming societies and political parties to help woman to his level, he (the man) had better be endeavoring to raise himself up to the level of woman.

“ A trip to the Orient will open up to the American mind how in the past all womankind has been degraded, and in some nations left without eternal hope; but as he travels toward the setting sun, he will notice that westward rises a new star of woman’s hope, for your own fair America is in the van, and the whole Eastern world of female slavishness will have to look to your freedom’s stronghold for that light which is destined to lead all womanhood to loftier levels. And so I hope the day will soon come when the vast throng of American women who are wickedly indifferent on the subject, or who are continually talking against it, will see the injury they are doing to ‘ their own ’ in far-off climes, and that they will nobly favor that which has made their own lives so much brighter in America than their sisters in other lands—including Europe—

and that they will understand that every time they speak against woman's political, ecclesiastical, or educational uplift, they only give one more blow to some poor, downtrodden sister, to whom the unknown name of husband is supplanted by the terrorizing title of lord and master; and every word said by women in favor of suffrage is forming sentiment eventually to revolutionize such Oriental degradation.

“To condense the whole subject: I will say that man and woman are both alike in that they are made up of body and soul. The body is the material and perishing part, while the soul is the spiritual and everlasting. It is the spirit in its entirety that is the immortal; it will live on forever without disintegration or separation, but the body after death does disintegrate, and becomes transmuted or gradually enters into other and separate materialities.

“The flown spirit, however, is one unseen, everlasting evolution of a thought of God, returning to Himself and presenting again what has been self-evolved in one human life, and it certainly is sad for God to see what kind of a record some individuals bring back to their Maker.

“The original life or spiritual part of a human being is the same in a man as in a woman. The difference that God recognizes between a man and a woman is the physical, and this difference is intended by Him simply for bodily perpetuation; but the spiritual capabilities that are within a human being should not be curbed or circumscribed in either man or woman; God never intended partiality—the existing partiality is all man-made, and a woman who has no ambition to rise is servile and thwarting her own destiny. Both men and women should have an equal opportunity to work out, or compose within themselves, a hymn of life, that the angels of heaven will rejoice in,

when they see God's smile, as it is chanted at the passing by of each individual, in the long line of spirits coming to Him from the material world.

" If there is on earth any kind of aspiration or any longing for higher education, or any noble desire for human usefulness, there certainly can be no wish on the part of God that the spirit He gives at birth should not have equal freedom with every other, whether that spirit happens to find lodgment in one or the other of the human physical forms. God's wish is to have evolved a beautiful character or soul-painting, that the 'artistic' of heaven could rejoice at seeing, and there is no reason why God's breath of life in a baby girl should be hampered in its individual development, simply because God's breathing did not fall upon a human being of different physique. Consequently, it follows that man's statute laws, or humanity's customs, or society's demands should never prevent an equal chance for womankind to give vent, if the desire is within her, to the same noble aspirations or longings that dominate man.

" Man, in his self-evolved conceited wisdom, assumes to say that woman shall go just so far and no farther. Who gave man such power? Who gave him such a responsibility? Is it not presumption? Therefore, do not look at the 'Woman' question in its narrow, contracted form as referring simply to her temporalities, do not consider the subject as one of 'whether she should vote or not;' whether she should do this or do that; but look at it from the higher viewpoint, of the *freedom* which an everlasting soul should have, to develop itself in any or every manner that its own life's leadings, which come from God, would direct. The proposition is entirely one of *the freedom of a soul*, and not a question of sex, and any one who tries to repress the aspiration of a woman's soul is trifling with God's prerogative.

“The body is but the receptacle or case for transporting a soul through the earth life, just as a beautiful white marble statue is enclosed in a shipping case at Florence, to be forwarded to America to be received as a joy by appreciative eyes. So, God starts a soul in a human casing, and sends it over the stormy ocean of life to garner its own individual experience, that it may reach at last a spirit's shore, where it can be a joy to those whom you on earth think of and talk of as the unseen host. But the souls in your human caskets are not impenetrable as is marble. On the contrary, a soul absorbs and can receive whatever its environment throws within its reach, and as the soul in a woman is in its origin, the same as that in a man, so nothing that is noble should be denied to either; and so this thought of a growing, absorbing soul, without distinction of sex, should be entrancing to a human life, for what is more beautiful than the thought of the growing, developing, and unrestricted evolution of a soul!

“What is the evolution of a soul? It is the onward march of the upward progression of material things.

“Man is yearly advancing in knowledge of the origin and growth of worlds, and of the upbuilding of human beings from lower life. Your Darwinian theory is replete with truth, but where Darwin leaves off we have only the commencement of soul-growth or soul-evolution, which is the grandest of all thoughts, for soul-upbuilding was the prime reason why our universe was designed by God. No world can prevent its own order of evolution, for God is back of it, His one beautiful and highest aim is to develop souls within the highest form of animal life; and when from the primal life germ, human beings have been developed in the millions of peopled worlds, and have reached that plane where dwells within them an inborn desire to conquer sin, then holy desire springs in the human breast, and grows transcendent in the heart to win per-

fection. It is then that every kindly word spoken gives birth to still kindlier, sweeter, happier words; and every noble act becomes the stepping stone to nobler and holier deeds.

"This daily upward growth is pure soul development. There is no holy thought of love but in its evolution gives birth to holier love. There is no aspiration for heavenly thought that does not bud into a vision of what seems hidden beyond the veil of death. We can have no chaste ideal in art but its evolution becomes the stepping stone for higher, holier types of beauty. We cannot have a love for the spiritual within our life but it daily grows and gives a thirsting for larger spiritual things. We cannot read a book that tends to elevate the soul but that a wish is born within us to search for other thoughts that may lift us to still higher planes. We cannot view a scene sublime but that our dreams give lustre to the view. And so from day to day, if we select the holier way to guide our life, we encourage the Christward evolution of our soul, and our experience is naturally in the upward path with Christ and Christly ways.

"Thus our daily life becomes our experience, and having life's experience, it buds into knowledge, for all knowledge is experience—either of ourselves or of others—and if our experience is with Christ, it naturally follows that it will be knowledge of God. Then comes power of the Holy Spirit; and power eventually gives freedom, which freedom is promised us of God, to be that which makes us free from the law of sin and death. Then being free, we can leave behind us that æon in which our world was evolved from chaos to soul-life, and speed into a region of eternal companionship with the author of the starry heavens.

"As animal life in the long-gone ages developed on earth into higher types, eventually man was evolved from it, and in each soul of every nation, kindred and

tribe, was a mysterious longing to worship something higher, mightier, and worthier than itself. Thus there was born in man a hungering and a thirsting for a God. At first the visible starry universe became the deity, and the sun was the god of men; and then later 'fire' became the object of worship, and then stone and wooden idols had their turn, until at last Jehovah, God, made himself known to men, and later Christ came and taught the world that God is love, and gave to earth a new commandment that we should love our God with all our hearts and our neighbor as ourself.

"Since that time men of different thought have multiplied creeds and instigated wars to defend their own particular creeds, and brought woeful trouble to the earth as a result of their fanaticism, but the day will come when creeds will all be blended sweetly into one, and Catholic and Protestant will be no more, and all sects will be merged, having the one and only name, Christian.

"I have come to-night, dear children, amidst your unkind quarrelling on secular and religious lines, to charge you to cease such unseemly strife, and bid you long for one and only one creed—God is love. 'There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea,' and as God's mercy is as broad as the earth, and to the farthest limits beyond, so, children, I bid you be broad and not narrow in your religious views. If you are a Catholic, be a good Catholic. If you are a Protestant, be a good Protestant. Be thankful that your neighbor who differs from yourself has a faith of some kind in Christ. Let it be your aim to help him keep it fresh and unshaken rather than belittle it in his own estimation. Give God the glory and not a man-made creed, and remember that the evolution of each of your individual souls depends on the manner in which you individually walk with Christ. Be charitable toward one another, and have charity for all mankind, for if you

have everything else and have not charity, you have nothing."

When Madame Guyon finished, she stood for a moment calm and undisturbed, and then, after smiling kindly on each one present, said Adieu! and instantly disappeared, as also did Blavatsky. With them went the wondrous dazzling light, and then the original occupants of the cellar found themselves alone, amazed, and in wonder, peering into one another's pale faces through the faint flickering of the fast-fading candle-light.

When Sally awakened everything that had taken place was detailed to her and all agreed to keep silence; and forever after, peace and kindness dwelt in their midst, and their future thought, as will be seen, was bent in the one direction of advancing woman's equality with man, and encouraging denominational or kindly Christian fellowship with human beings of every faith who call on the name of God.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NATIONALITY.

WHEN Ed arrived at the cellar on the night of May 3d he found a dead silence prevailing. Neither Micky, Fred, nor Sally looked up or said a word. He stood waiting for fully five minutes to receive the usual greetings of the evening, but not even so much as a whisper came or an invitation to sit down.

He was about to go upstairs and leave for home, and had actually gone up two steps when Sally, realizing their impoliteness, called out in a faint-hearted way for him to come back, which he did; but still the two partners sat in silence with their backs to one another, not doing a single stitch of work—which was a most unusual thing, as they were generally like two machines with springs never entirely unwound. Ed waited patiently in the silence for two minutes longer, and then in a deep voice, like a fog-horn, that startled the firm, he said: “Well, what’s the matter?” Both boys gave a frightened jump, looked around to see if it was really Ed’s voice or that of some new ghost, and then they sat down again without saying a word.

After waiting a minute, Sally falteringly said that Fred and Micky had been insulting one another. It was all the explanation she made. For the next ten minutes there was another silence.

Ed sat down and quietly became a party to the silence, which ended about eight o'clock by Micky saying sharply, "Let's get to work," and immediately commenced on kites, and Fred instantly followed suit.

By half past eight, Ed learned the cause of the trouble. Micky had said the Dutch were no good, and Fred, feeling his fatherland was insulted, said the Irish were far worse. One word had followed another until Sally had to come downstairs and threaten to have her mother turn them out of the cellar if they did not stop.

Ed went home without saying a word, but when he arrived the next night and was about to descend the cellar steps, he realized that the quarrel was being renewed. Sally was not there, and the partners were talking in a loud and angry way. Micky was saying that the Dutch were nothing but gassers, braggarts, and walking beer-kegs, and Fred retorted that the Irish were nothing but bluffers and whiskey soaks.

Micky responded that the Germans were stupid; Fred answered that the Irish were ignoramuses, and there is no telling what dreadful things the representatives of the two nations would have had laid at each other's door if Ed had not walked down the stairs and stopped the talk by his presence.

Sally soon came in, and when she learned that Fred and Micky had been quarrelling again, she asked Ed, with tears in her eyes, if he would please stop their fussing, as it was nothing but a continued story every time they met, and, besides, it was interfering with the business. She explained that the quarrel had started by Fred asserting that the Germans were the smartest nation, and Micky claimed that the Irish were, because

they run all the politics of the cities and constituted most all the mayors, and aldermen, and councilmen, and commissioners, and police force.

Micky did not give Sally time enough to finish her information, but started addressing Ed on the subject, and wanted to know if it was not true that most of the policemen of the country were Irishmen, and if almost every mayor in the United States and almost all the aldermen and city councilmen were not Irish; and if so, how could they be almost everywhere unanimously elected the rulers if they were not the most intelligent?

When Micky was through, Ed sat down and quietly thought over the matter for fifteen minutes, when he broke the silence and said: "It is true the Irish run almost every city and town in the country, but it is not because they are the most intelligent."

"Then what is the reason?" demanded Micky in a voice like thunder.

"Well," said Ed, "I don't know, unless it is because they are sloggers."

If a cannon had been suddenly fired off, Sally could not have had a more surprised or painful expression. She had never heard the term "sloggers" before, and it sounded like a swear-word, and the awful thought that Ed would swear made her heart sink. Micky, who knew what the word meant, saw a grin spread over the face of Fred, which in its turn caused Micky to turn almost white with anger. Sally immediately said: "Why, Ed, what do you mean by such language?" and in less than five seconds there was a general row progressing, in the midst of which Ed at last succeeded in claiming their attention, and said that if the word slogger had offended any one he most certainly was sorry and would apologize; but if they would sit down he would try and explain what he meant.

When quiet was restored Ed said: "You know, I would not want to hurt any one's feelings; but, Micky,

you asked me the question and I gave you the answer. A slogger is a fighter—one who uses his fists—and, Micky, if your countrymen from the Green Isle rule towns and cities by being the most intelligent, then their brains—which are by scientific men considered the seat of intelligence—must be in their knuckles instead of in their skull. You certainly cannot claim that the Irish gang which rules this town is intelligent. You see, Micky, the word intelligence means a good many things. For instance, down on the second corner there is a big sign that reads 'Intelligence Office,' and you may see ladies going inside to get servants to do house-work; now you don't want us to understand that you think those ladies go in that office to get persons of 'intelligence'?

"Who are the men who run this town? Two-thirds of them are Irish, but not a single one of them is a graduate of any of the great colleges; not five out of the six hundred of them have ever been in our city high schools or any other high schools, and most all of them—you can say without any hesitation—left school before they were thirteen; and if you should ask any of them what is the cube of '3' or what is the cube root of '64' none of them would remember what it meant; they have forgotten all about it; yet they once studied it as we are now doing at school. The reason is they have not followed up any intellectual pursuit. All they did after they left school was to get work in a shop or on some laboring job, and then up to the time they were voters they spent all their spare time on the street corners and in saloons learning to swear and drink whiskey, and about all their conversation is about prize-fighters and the latest crimes. They do not read good books at home, or go to night-schools, or converse on subjects that give people intellectuality, which would help them to get on in the world in the manner of educated people. The main object of their

lives, their chief object and aim, is to hope that some kind of luck will strike them so they can get a little money and start a saloon—that is their highest ambition. If you will take a census of the saloon-keepers of the city, you will find that seventy-five per cent. of them are Irishmen, and if you take a census of all the Irish politicians who have had office under our city government, you will find that seventy-five per cent. of them were at one time or still are saloon-keepers, or interested in some way in the sale of liquor; and a large percentage of them at some time in their lives have been arrested for crimes. So, Micky, when it comes to your Irish politicians ruling because they are the most intelligent, the figures are dead against you. The real reason they are rulers is because they are the sloggers and bullies of the ward. From the time an Irish baby boy is able to stand on his feet, the father will, in fun, teach him to hold up his fists to pretend to play fight, and by the time he is six years old, he has attacked every decently dressed little boy of his size that has tried to pass by the corner; and the decently dressed little boy's mother has taught him from infancy that it is wrong to fight, and the little fellow early learns to avoid passing by those corners where the little fighting loafers congregate. The Irish kid's parents think it is all right to fight and encourage the youngsters in it, for it is a part of their national education to never go to a county fair without taking a shillalah to crack some fellow's head.

“Now please do not understand me that I am running down all the Irish, for I am not. I read in a book the other day that Macaulay said that Irish gentlemen were the most perfect gentlemen in the world. And in Ireland there are tens of thousands of the loveliest people on the face of the earth, but they would not want some of their Irish third-cousins in America, who are aldermen, and police officers, and city politicians, to

come back to Ireland and enter the inside of their houses—they would not want them for door-mats.

“And then, Micky, I do not want to cast any reflection on some of the grand Irish heroes who are in the Fire Department and Police Force of our city; for if some of the noble deeds performed by them could be written, it would compare with any department of valor. You know there is a difference between bravery and heroism—a brute of a man can be brave, but a brute of a man cannot be a hero; heroism is from the heart, it is born of noble impulses.

“Now, Micky, I don’t want to seem to be hard on you and in favor of Fred, but when you say that the Irish are more intelligent than the Germans, you are mistaken. If there was in all Germany a man who was not an idiot, and if he could not read and write, and the Emperor should hear of it, he would have the man arrested and put in the army school, or sent to jail for daring to be a German and not know such things, and would make him stay there until he knew something; but if you take the census of Ireland, you will be amazed at the number of grown men, not to mention boys, who cannot write a letter or read a newspaper. Some day in Ireland they will be just as particular as they are in Germany about education, but they are not now, and there is no use in denying it. In fact, Fred, it can be truly said that the Dutch know too much—that is, they think they do.

“From the time of the dawn of intelligence on our earth down to the present time there has been a desire on the part of mankind to find out what is truth, or what is the right of things, and the civilized nations are all working in that direction; that is, all are trying excepting the Dutch; they are not trying to find out what is right, for they know it already, or, at least, they think they do.

“A German not only thinks he knows the truth-side

of everything past and present, but he can tell you positively about everything that is to take place until the day of judgment, and if any person is rash enough to dispute what he says, then he gets mad and talks loud, and finally goes off by himself to drink five glasses of beer to fortify himself for a further presentation of his undeniable statements.

“ But, Micky, an Irishman does not do that way ; his manner of settling arguments is by using his knuckles, and that is the reason respectable people do not like to stand on the corners and discuss politics with a saloon politician from the Emerald Isle, they prefer to walk quietly down to their place of business and let the statesman have his own way of thinking and of running the City Hall as long as he does not interfere with their occupation.

“ It seems to be almost a part of an Irishman's nature to enjoy a fist fight. With the Germans it is not so. Take, for example, the German Sangerfest that was held recently down the river road at Hunt's Grove. It lasted for seven days, and there were fifty thousand ‘ Dutchmen,’ as you call them, there—that is, all men, not counting the women. They drank a reservoir full of beer and had a grand old time, but remarkable as it may seem, there was not a single arrest or a staggering drunken man seen during the whole time. Now, on the other hand, Micky, suppose there had been fifty thousand Irishmen down at Hunt's Grove on a picnic for a whole week ; what do you suppose would have been the result ? Why, Micky, they would have made away with an entire fifteen-days' output of the great Mill Creek whiskey distillery, and there would have been at least twenty-five killed, one thousand wounded, and thirty-one thousand arrests. There would not have been in the whole county prison accommodations for them all.

“ Now in our own country there are thousands of Irish families, just as good and amiable as the fami-

lies of any other nation in the world; among them are teachers, ministers, priests, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and others, and they are ashamed of their low-down countrymen; they were poor when they arrived in America, and they aimed and are still aiming to better themselves and their children, and wish to associate with people who have high ideals in life; but the vast majority of your countrymen, who have a liking for politics, have no other ambition but to associate with ward loafers, and raise sufficient money to drink whiskey or buy a saloon of their own; and it is awful to think of the result of such a low, hell-born ambition as to want to own a saloon, for in the United States four hundred drunkards go down to their besotted graves every twenty-four hours. It is almost enough to tempt the angels of heaven to have a desire to push the rum-selling scoundrels over the brink into the deep chasm, amidst the never-ceasing tongues of flame that make what millions of mortals firmly believe in, and call hell."

Ed was about to proceed when the voice of Mrs. Flynn at the head of the stairs interrupted the talk. She came walking down the stairs, and said slowly and in purest Irish brogue: "Ed, if any person else had said such things about the Irish I would have been tempted to have hurt them; but, 'Eddy,' my boy, you have told the truth, and my husband, who is dead and gone—peace to his bones—was one of those same kind of fellows and did not want to better himself and family, and was content to drink whiskey. But now, Micky, my own boy, do you mind that what Ed says is true, and do you keep whiskey ever away from your mouth till the last day of your life, and don't you let me hear you fussing with Fred any more on the subject, but go right on with your kite-making."

A few evenings later Micky asked Ed to explain to him how it was that the Irish could get almost all the

offices; "for," said he, "the Irish are not in the majority—they could be outvoted five to one—yet the other people annually vote for them; and if they are so objectionable as stated, why do they vote for them?"

Ed promptly answered "that Micky's question was well put and that the real cause was a great burning disgrace that had settled down on the American republic. All the mischief was done at the primary meetings, where men were nominated for office. The respectable voters did not attend those primaries, and as a rule nothing but low-down saloon politicians in a large majority were there to run things and put in nomination those who had to do with governing the city. The respectable people were not fighters, corner loafers, saloon-keepers, or loungers; and if they ever chanced to go to a primary meeting, they found no one there that they respected, and they would immediately leave and go home, and in this manner the saloon element were left in charge and made all the nominations for office; and this saloon element was composed of the same little, grown-up fighting kids that used to stand on the corners and bully those respectable men when they themselves were little fellows. It thus comes about that in a community two classes of boys grow into manhood—the one a curse to the country, known as the saloon element, and the other a respectable class of people who give character to the nation. From the saloon element comes nine-tenths of all the criminals, and from the other element come the noble people who help the world to grow better. Now, it is impossible for oil and water to mix, and the disgrace to the nation is, that the respectable people do not go down to the primary meetings and in overwhelming numbers frown down on the saloon scoundrels and outvote them with such a majority that at the next primary they will not care to put in an appearance; but alas! the opposite is always the case, and the saloon-loafing element is in

attendance in such vast numbers that the few respectable people who go have no voice and seldom return. Now, it is these little Irish sloggers, or sluggers, on the corners that grow into big sloggers; and instead of being in jail, where they belong, they attach themselves to some little local boss, who helps with his influence to keep them from being arrested for their misdeeds. In return for the favor, they are always on hand at the primaries and general elections to help overawe the non-fighting citizens.

"These little local bosses give their allegiance to some district boss, who in turn does the bidding of the chief boss, who rules the community and grows from poverty to affluence in a hundred questionable ways that no one can prove on him; and so in a spirit of insolence and arrogance, the grand boss and the little bosses, who all ought to be in jail, intrench themselves in the citadel of the public treasury, and grind out of the law-abiding citizens a living founded on stealings from contracts; and also absurd salaries running up in the thousands of dollars per year, when, in fact, if they were let loose on the community to earn a living, the overwhelming majority of them could not honestly earn \$2 a day."

"But," said Micky, "you have not answered my question; why do the respectable people vote for them?"

"It is this way," replied Ed. "These bosses are afraid to nominate a full ticket composed of only these saloon-loafers, so they manage to get up, in advance of the election-day, some grave discussion in the newspapers on some city question, and thus get the good citizens of the community deeply interested or excited on the subject. Then the bosses nominate two good citizens to fill some office, such as school commissioner or something unimportant to which the city quarrel or discussion refers; then the bosses fill all the other nom-

inations for the rest of the offices, that should be considered of importance, with the riff-raff of creation. Thus the government of cities becomes a disgrace to the present civilization; and there is no remedy for it but patriotism—patriotism that will prompt the righteous citizens of a community to rise *en masse* and sweep this lower saloon element back into obscurity, where it belongs; and for your satisfaction, Micky, I will state that this lower saloon element is not *all* Irish—there are others.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STRIKES.

THERE was a great strike going on in Cincinnati. The disappointed, frenzied men, who thought they were about to lose their cause, became a crazy mob under the influence of rascals called anarchists, and they started to take the city government into their own hands.

It was an awful hour in the history of the city. Murder and conflagration seemed to be uppermost in the minds of a few wicked leaders.

The unemployed men were full of whiskey and hate. Some of their families were without food in consequence of the men folks buying beer, whiskey, and tobacco, and also from their prolonged absence from work. Crowds of disaffected men gathered in the saloons and concert-halls. The street corners for the time became a rendezvous for boisterous boys as well as men. It required but one word to kindle the powder of discontent, and the word came; and there was a man for the occasion, and he cried out "Bread!" then another repeated the cry; the women screamed "Bread!"—many of them being full of bread and not in the least hungry—and the boys yelled out "Bread!"

and the word was passed along from corner to corner, until it reached the neighborhood of the city jail within which "strikers" were confined. Then came the cry "To the jail!" "To the jail!" and it was repeated over and over, again and again, until with one impulse thousands rushed in its direction, completely surrounding it as well as the county court-house on the same square, blocking up the nearby thoroughfares; and no one of them seemed to know why they were there; all they could realize was that every one was crying "To the jail! To the jail!" which was heavily guarded. Then some one cried, "Burn down the court-house!" "Burn down the court-house!" and in a frenzy of excitement it was done, and no one knew why; it was simply a wanton act of an irresponsible crowd, led by crazy, drunken, so-called labor leaders; and the great court-house, that had cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, with all its valuable contents, was destroyed. The police were powerless until reinforced by the National Guard, and then the mob was quelled; the strikers went back to work no better off than before; there were a few more widows and orphans; business was resumed; history was recorded, and the whole affair settled down into a horrid dream that the citizens could never decipher, and it became a misty memory.

The kite firm met the evening of the court-house conflagration. As a matter of course, the uppermost topic of conversation was the mob-rule and its possible consequences.

Micky asked if "men had a right to strike and do such things." Ed replied that "men had a right to strike, but not to do such things, and that every one of the rascally participators in the court-house vandalism ought to be most severely punished. Every workman," continued Ed, "has a right to quit work if he wishes to, as this is a free country, and no one can compel a man to work as long as he behaves himself. Every

man has a legal right to quit work, although he may not have a moral right; in the latter case, he may have a family, consisting of wife and children, and probably an old mother and a sick sister depending on him for their bread and butter, clothes, and the roof over their heads. By quitting work he may do them untold injury. But that is the private business of the man and his family; they should be privileged to settle that question among themselves. Therefore, you can put it down firmly in your mind as a fact that a man has a right to strike and quit work if he wants to. But," continued Ed, "if a man quits work, he has no right to prevent any other man from taking his place, no matter if the new man is willing to work for half price.

"Workmen have a right to form unions and make a scale of prices that they are all willing to work for. In fact, every class of workmen ought to form themselves into unions and try and better themselves, and they are not worthy the name of men if they do not try and better their condition, and they have a right to request and coax others to join their society. But that is the end of their privilege in the matter, for they have no right to intimidate or say to another free-born American citizen, 'You shall not take my place, and, when I quit work, if you attempt to take my place, I will prevent you, and fight you or kill you.' For any union or society to threaten or intimidate an American workman from seeking employment at any wages he pleases to work for is a piece of insolence that should be resented with the assistance of the police force, backed up by the National Guard and Regular Army.

"But every time there is a strike the unions make themselves ridiculous by their unlawful endeavors to prevent other workmen from taking their places. It is just as plain as the nose on a man's face that they have no right to prevent others from working, yet every time there is a strike the leaders adopt the same old

tactics, and fail in principle, and they will always fail until they learn that this is a free government and every man is a free man and has a right to work for whom he pleases and at what price he pleases.

"The trouble is that the leaders of the unions and the walking delegates get salaries, and for it they do no work, except to scheme incessantly to hold their offices, with the salaries which they get while their dupes are starving, and they wrongfully advise the poor, ignorant workmen to run the risk of getting in jail by preventing others from applying for strikers' places. If the leaders would adopt moral suasion only, they would have more members of their union.

"I cannot," continued Ed, "understand why every workman does not join a union unless it is that they cannot afford to pay their dues. If I were a workman, I certainly would join a union, and use my best persuasive powers to have every other workman in my trade do likewise. But certainly, it seems to me, I should have sense enough to know that I could not in the end succeed in killing off the great American Eagle, that represents freedom to every citizen to work whenever he chooses and for ten cents a day if he wants to.

"It is just this question of freedom that is the foundation of the whole subject. What is America for, if not to show to the world that our men are free, and have an army back of them to defend them in their rights? One of the holiest rights a man has is to work and to have no one dare tell him he shall not; why, the impertinence of any man telling another American citizen that he shall not go into a factory to work at his own price is enough to make the bones of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and a host of other patriots turn over in their graves.

"This whole subject of employment will adjust itself. The government in the end will have to take the whole matter in hand. The day will come when there

will be no private hospitals, orphan asylums, or other charitable institutions; all will be under government ownership and supervision, and old people and unfortunates will be cared for, all of them, down to the one who considers himself the humblest. No man will then have to say, 'The world owes me a living,' but in its stead it will be the motto of the government, that the nation—not the rulers—owes every one of its honest, willing citizens a 'living,' and it will see that he has it. But the time will never be brought about by burning down court-houses and killing innocent people, or by seizing and dividing up other people's possessions. It will evolve itself. Out of the trials of humanity experience will be gained, and legislators will be taught not how to upbuild a few individuals, but how to benefit each individual of a nation from the feeblest old man down to the little helpless infant that lies in its cradle wondering what the surrounding fuss is all about.

"This question of freedom is a very broad one, and is twin-brother to patriotism; but patriotism in one age of the world is quite another thing in the light of common-sense in a succeeding age. As the commercial trusts of to-day are absorbing smaller concerns for the ultimate benefit of civilization, so are the larger nations annexing the petty provinces of the earth to draw them, in the end, nearer together in a world-wide brotherhood.

"Just think of the benefit that would have accrued to mankind, if one thousand years ago the nations of Europe had abandoned the narrow thought of patriotism, and willingly, or forcibly by the arms of some Alexander the Great, become one mighty national force. If such could have been the case, then hundreds of millions of lives would never have been wantonly sacrificed in war. Billions of treasure would have been turned into home comforts and become means for the

upbuilding of mankind; and the scourge of war, down all these bloody years, would have been supplanted by the angel of peace.

“Look at the colossal, united Germany of to-day in comparison with its petty, bickering, divided sovereignties of only a hundred years ago, all actuated by so-called local patriotic thought. It will even look better when Austria is absorbed in that mighty empire.

“Look at Russia sweeping down from the north on the almost unknown interior tribes of Asia; while England is expanding northward, from the Indian Ocean, in the same thought of conquest, so that both nations in the future can control that entire birth-continent of humanity. Russia and England will not clash in war in the final struggle for supreme command, but by the time Asia is entirely conquered by these two giant powers under Christian control, there will be a Christian plan evolved to bring England and Russia into harmony; and by that time Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal will be one Latin people; and the little provinces of Africa will be absorbed in England's and Germany's empire, and the petty thought of patriotism will be relegated to the corner of the garret as a babyhood toy. The grander thought of mankind will be not pride in personal birth, not the glory of each little nation's past, but all nations and people will inquire, ‘What about the future?’ not the future for an individual or a petty nation, but the future for all mankind.

“By the end of another century there will be only five colors on the map of the whole world, representing Russians, English, Germans, Latins, and Americans.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SPECULATIONS.

LEAP year came, and the closing of the fourth fiscal year of the firm of Flynn & Schmidt was arranged to be celebrated on Fred's birthday, the 29th of February. By comparing dates, Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Schmidt were surprised to find that the days and exact hours of their children's births were on the same leap-year day, and as Sally was the twin of her brother Micky, all three of the young people were thus to be, in a few days, sixteen years old. The discovery of the mutual and unusual twenty-ninth-of-February birthday was quite a marvel to all, and it was determined to invite Mrs. Webster and Ed and have a good time. But imagine their surprise when Mrs. Webster informed them that her boy was also born on the same leap-year day and at the same hour.

They were all surprised over the discovery, but the smile on Mrs. Flynn's face soon settled down into an expression of anxiety and awe, which was augmented as the day came to a close. She slept very little that night; she imagined all sorts and kinds of things, and the overshadowing thought was that heaven had a hand in it for some purpose, and whether it was for a good

or bad purpose she could not determine. This was the cause of her rising early the next morning and starting half an hour sooner than usual to St. Patrick's Church to consult Father Powers, who to her was the most important personage on the face of the earth, next to the holy Pope.

The good Father quieted her fears and assured her that the mutual birthday should be considered in the light of a good and happy omen, and that it was a coincidence.

Mrs. Flynn did not know what "coincidence" meant, so concluding it was some blessed Latin word from the Holy Bible, she went home fully satisfied that all was well and that the boys' savings-bank account was in no jeopardy, and fully determined that the birthday party should be a regular royal celebration, and that even oranges should decorate the table.

The party was a grand success, and it was suggested to have one every year; but a sadness came over most of the group when Ed suggested that they had forgotten that leap year only came once in four years and that that length of time must elapse before they could again meet for such an occasion. This unfortunate discovery was turned to a suggestion of financial advantage by Micky, who saw immediately the hand of Providence in it, and reminded them of the amount of money that would be thus saved each year by not spending it on celebrations, as they might be tempted some time to spend as much as \$12, and that that would be a dead waste of the interest for one year on \$200.

Fred presented a statement of the financial condition of the firm, which showed a balance in the savings bank of \$4216.27, and not a penny in their pockets.

Early the next morning Ed called on the partners and advised them to invest some of that savings-bank money in real estate, as the firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts were going to foreclose a mortgage that day

on a strip of land on Baker Street, and he had heard Mr. Evarts say that it would be a good investment for some one, as it would be very valuable some day.

Micky wanted to know something more about mortgages and about that one on Baker Street in particular, and Ed explained that a man named Ian Maclaren had owned a small piece of vacant land on Baker Street. It happened that he needed some money five years before, and a banker agreed to lend him \$2000 if he would give the land as security, which was done by signing a mortgage. Mr. Maclaren died one year later without paying back the \$2000, and as the banker now wanted his money and his long unpaid interest, he would have to take legal proceedings, called "foreclosing the mortgage"—that is, to advertise the property for sale and publicly sell it to the highest bidder. The principal, interest, taxes, and expenses amounted to \$2912, and if any person bid that much it would be sold; if not, the property would be withdrawn from sale and again put up at auction at some future time. If the property brought more than the amount, then the excess would go to the relatives of the dead Mr. Maclaren.

Micky and Fred held a consultation and agreed to go down with Ed and see Mr. Evarts, which resulted in the property being sold at auction that day to Flynn & Schmidt for \$3100; but as the partners were not of age Mr. Evarts had himself appointed their legal guardian and held it in trust for them.

It was a fortunate investment, for at the end of three months the houses on Third Street, abutting south on the foreclosed Baker Street property, burned down, and the owners of the houses wishing to rebuild, thought best to enlarge their structure and run it through to Baker Street, and offered Flynn & Schmidt \$4500 for their strip, which was refused; after much bargaining, the kite firm received \$6500, one-third cash down, and one-third each in one and two-year payments.

This success rather startled the boys; their joy knew no bounds until it was rudely blasted by their receiving from Ed a bill for \$500 for legal expenses.

Ed did not come near them for three days, when, to his surprise, a check for the full amount was promptly handed over by Fred. Ed took the check with professional thanks, receipted the bill, and felt that he was now established as a lawyer should be, in sharing with his clients their profits, but rejoiced to himself, as a lawyer always does, that he—thank God—is exempt from the general legal rule of equally sharing with them their losses; and from that hour Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, and their silent partner, "Mr." Webster, had their division of Flynn & Schmidt's profits on similar profit-sharing-loss-exempting terms.

But Ed never knew the anguish that wrung the heart of Micky, and in a milder form the heart of Fred, at parting with that \$500. It appeared to Micky like a piece of highway robbery. "To think," said Micky, "that a great, rich firm should want to rob us two partners; they could afford to do it for nothing, and ought not to have charged us a cent; and Fred agreed with Micky, and they waited patiently for two days for Ed to put in an appearance so they could tell him, and have the bill reduced down to about \$35. They did not sleep for two nights; but on the third day they again talked the matter over carefully, and remembered about Ed's talk on the subject of values, and how the members of the law firm, like other lawyers, had spent their boyhood and college days and their whole lives in trying to earn their living by learning to do legal work for others, and were entitled to their pay as much as any other person for his labor or services. They talked over how their kite firm had made, at Ed's advice, by the land speculation, about \$3000 in less than four months, thus about doubling their investment, and by the time the evening of the third day came the kite

firm had come to the conclusion to recognize the fairness they should show to ability that was not their own, and as a consequence the check was made out and ready for delivery on Ed's first appearance.

Next morning Ed carried the check to the chief clerk, who most professionally hesitatingly took it from his hand, carefully read it over three times, examined the signature, satisfied himself that it was properly dated, that the amount in figures tallied with the amount in writing; also that it was made payable to Lincoln, Seward & Evarts; that all three of their names were properly spelled, and lastly noted that the check was numbered 44; then he took off his glasses and wiped them with the corner of his handkerchief, and readjusting them, he re-read the check, then scratched his bald head with the nail of the little finger of the left hand, and suddenly turned around and from his lofty stool gazed down for one minute in silence on Ed, then in a solemn and most professional manner said: "'Mr.' Webster, accept my congratulations," and then he suddenly jerked around to his desk, and commenced writing, which ended that transaction with Ed; for the memorandum of the \$500 immediately became a part of the secret archives of the great law firm of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, and one-third of the amount was placed in the great ledger to the credit of Edward Webster, which sum in due time reached the hands of his proud, but frail, little mother.

The next investment was in a different line. Micky received a letter from a cousin in West Virginia, stating that oil had been struck up near Cookstown, and that it was the place to make money. Micky took a check for \$2000 to invest, started by steamboat up the Ohio River, and bought two thousand acres of wild woodland at \$1 per acre. After six months had passed an offer to lease the land was received, which was consummated.

The oil men drilled forty wells without success. At the end of a year Fred went up to see about Micky's "fool" purchase and came away disgusted and disappointed, as no one wanted to buy the property, the locality being pronounced oilless; but at the end of another month a paying well was struck, which gave the kite firm an average of \$53 a day for ten months, when the well run dry, and no more drilling was attempted. It was a profit of nearly \$15,000, and they considered themselves fortunate; but what was their surprise unexpectedly to receive an offer from other parties for a lease to cut off the valuable timber. For this they eventually received \$18,000. The next surprise that came to them was an unlooked-for discovery of coal on their property, which during the next five years brought them in \$22,000; at the end of which time they sold a town site to a new railroad for \$5000, and the rest of the land to the coal company for \$60,000, all of which was a piece of good luck, previously unheard of by the natives of the West Virginia mountains.

This was an omen of good fortune, but Micky took it all as a matter of course, and said it was only a little commencement; and night after night they met and worked on kites as earnestly as if they did not have \$50 to their name, and Ed talked to them on all manner of subjects and never was at a loss to answer their most puzzling questions.

Thus, month after month, the kite firm grew richer and richer, and Ed grew wiser and wiser, in the estimation of the kite firm, and many nights he left them perplexed with incomprehensible propositions on subjects entirely foreign to business information.

One evening, when the subject of chemistry was being talked over, the inquiring disposition of Micky led him into esoteric fields, and the following questions and answers wound up the evening, and as Ed's last answer

came, he solemnly put on his hat and coat, and silently disappeared through the door into the outer darkness.

Ed was talking about "life" when Micky was rash enough to ask the question, "What is life?"

After a few minutes' silence the reply came, "It is that which, through æons, in its aspiring to reach perfection in physical mankind, has at last become next to the highest possible evolution of chemical action."

There was a knitting of eyebrows and a prolonged, uncomfortable silence, when Micky at last timidly ventured to say, "If life is *next* to the highest evolution of chemical action, then what is the *highest*?"

Ed's answer was, "The very *highest* is an unexplainable something called 'spirit' or 'soul' that emanates from that most exalted form of all life—'mankind.'"

"Is there not anything higher than such soul or spirit?" asked Micky.

"Yes, God," was the quiet answer.

"Then what is God?" quickly queried Micky.

After a few minutes' thinking with his eyes closed, Ed opened them and solemnly replied: "God is chemical action. He is the Supreme and eternal spirit. He is everywhere."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COMMERCE.

THE newspapers of Cincinnati, as well as those of the rest of the country, were in that era of competition for "greatest circulation," which took the form of offering rewards for a variety of objects, such as voting for the most popular teacher or baseball player; subscriptions for building arches and monuments; guessing at coming events; naming in advance the successful convention nominee, and a hundred-and-one kindred subjects. From one plan to another the rivalry progressed until about everything that could be thought of in the regular order had been tried, and the time had arrived when prizes had to be offered by the newspapers for a new suggestion.

The expense to the publishers at first was trivial, but later followed more elaborate propositions, with their additional financial burdens, which in Cincinnati reached, as it was supposed, its height, when the *Evening Times* offered a prize of a six weeks' visit to the seashore for the best design for a bicycle suit for a lady.

Mr. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, would not allow himself to be outdone by a little evening paper,

so he announced a free trip to Europe for the nearest guess to the coming vote for the successful Presidential candidate.

But Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, threw all the other "dailies" in the shade by proposing a ten months' trip around the world, all expenses paid, to the two pupils—boys or girls—of the public schools of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky who would write the best compositions on the subject, "Aim High." This announcement created a regular craze in the circles of six hundred thousand school children, even to the most remote cross-roads in the States mentioned, and the consequence was that the *Commercial* never before or since had so large a circulation. Family geographies became a maze of pencil marks in tracing a hundred would-be routes over the face of the earth, and fathers and mothers became almost distracted by the continual din of youthful conversation, augmented by the multitude of questions and cross-questions propounded to them on all conceivable subjects bearing on the earth's topography.

Such a wonderful offer had not escaped the attention of the kite firm, and Ed was urged to try for the prize, but he modestly refused, and suggested that Sally work for the reward, to which she at last acquiesced—not that she wanted to go around the world, but because she secretly coveted the prize for the sake of elevating herself still more in the opinion of Ed. She wrote and corrected the composition three times before venturing to read it to the kite firm and their counsellor. It was applauded, but subsequently severely criticised, which resulted in no feeling of humiliation on her part, but only spurred her on to revision; and after submitting her paper for the ninth time it was pronounced "the correct thing" by Micky and Fred, although Ed still had some objections. On its tenth reproduction

Sally was made blissfully happy by Ed saying it was perfection and ought to take the first prize, both as to composition and penmanship. It was fifteen pages long, was beautiful and praiseworthy, and was handed in one week before the day assigned.

In the meantime great was the discussion as to what Sally would do if she were awarded the first or second prize. She could transfer it to Ed, or Fred, or Micky, but neither wanted to travel without the other around the world.

The three States above mentioned were all aglow with youthful excitement and expectation when the morning arrived for the publication of the names of the successful winners of the two prizes. About eighteen thousand compositions had been handed in, and a month had been consumed in the reading of their contents by the board of one hundred literary judges.

Micky agreed to get up at four o'clock that morning and go down to the *Commercial* office to secure an early copy of the paper. When Fred and Ed arrived at the house at 5 A.M. they saw Micky sitting on his front fence with a broad grin on his face. He joyfully cried out to them that Sally had won the second prize. On inquiry as to who took the first prize, they were perplexed when Micky handed them the newspaper, and they saw in bold, one-inch type the published announcement that the first prize was won by Micky Flynn. Micky then admitted that on the day before the final one for handing in the essays (when the kite firm were discussing what to do with the prize if Sally should win it, and their great anxiety was about how to use it because neither one of them wanted to travel without the other), he sat down and in two minutes wrote out the following composition, which had won the first prize, and was now printed in full in the morning paper.

AIM HIGH

If you are out in the woods with a loaded gun, hunting for squirrel, and want to kill one that is on the topmost branch of a tall tree, aim high.

MICKY FLYNN.

Great was the rejoicing in the kite-firm circle. It was arranged that Sally should turn over her trip-privilege to Fred, and that both Micky and he should make the tour of the world.

Notwithstanding the fact that all their expenses were to be paid, it never dawned on the boys for a minute that they should be contented to simply enjoy the pleasures of the trip, but immediately their busy, money-making heads were trying to solve the conundrum, "How much money they could make out of it." Fortunately, living near them in Bucktown, was an old sailor who had been around the world eleven times; he solemnly told the boys that if they had money to invest in anything, to put it all into ginseng and take it to China, where it would bring \$5 per pound. The kite firm did not know what ginseng was; they had never heard of the root before, but their confidence in Sailor Jack was so unbounded, that ginseng and nothing else but ginseng was the thing, and they concluded to put \$1000 into ginseng and ship it to China to arrive ahead of them. All the ginseng to be obtained in Cincinnati, Louisville, and surrounding cities was eight hundred pounds, costing them an average of 20 cents per pound, in all \$160; and in order to obtain more, they put an advertisement in the Cincinnati *Commercial* to the effect that they wanted five thousand pounds, which created great excitement among the country boys of Kentucky and West Virginia. In one month the unheard-of amount of fifteen thousand pounds was purchased at a cost of about \$2500, all of which was se-

cured at the urgent solicitation of Sailor Jack, who told the boys that they could not buy too much ginseng to take to China; in fact, the boys bought every pound that was in sight, and invested nearly three times as much of their money as was originally intended. It was shipped in casks by railroad to San Francisco and from there by steamer to Hong-Kong, consigned to Russell & Co. for account of Flynn & Schmidt. A letter of introduction to Russell & Co. was given to Flynn & Schmidt by Lincoln, Seward & Evarts.

Twenty thousand schoolboys were down at the depot on Saturday morning to see Micky and Fred depart on their globe-trotting trip. The *Commercial* had advertised the hour of departure, and it was a triumphant "send-off."

Having previously travelled across the United States, they wasted no time in sight-seeing, but went direct to San Francisco, taking the steamer there for the Hawaiian Islands. It was their first introduction to real tropical scenery. They were charmed with Honolulu, and thought Queen Liliuokalani was all right even if she was a royal person, for the boys were prejudiced against kings and queens. She had heard of the two tourists and ordered special attention shown them. Mr. Seward had obtained passports from Washington, and also letters of introduction to all the consuls and ministers plenipotentiary around the world, and the coming of the boys was anticipated in every land. It was, at first, somewhat in the spirit of a joke that the various consuls received the visitors, but the inquisitiveness of the boys regarding trade statistics, their precocious questions, their downright earnestness, and the painstaking and minute manner in which Fred noted down everything in the large memorandum book he constantly carried under his arm, all had a tendency to command respect; and letters of approval and admiration were sent forward from consul to consul,

tending in the end to make the tour of the boys a real visit of respectful courtesy from officials to these striplings, who proved themselves so bright and interesting.

Scenery and sight-seeing in its general acceptation were of little importance to the kite firm; they were bent on finding out about business, especially regarding the kite industry of the various nations, and when a consul was interviewed who was willing to admit that he had not posted himself regarding the most popular and national style of kites, the boys put a private mark to the consul's name to indicate that he was an incompetent representative of America, and ought to be supplanted by some more observing person.

As they progressed from country to country they became almost heartbroken at not seeing an American flag flying on merchant and war ships. The British ensign was everywhere; the French and German almost everywhere; Italian, Spanish, and Russian were frequent; even the Portuguese and Turkish could be seen now and then; but American, never, or as rarely as a needle is found in a haystack.

Then the boys noticed that people in those far-off places knew very little of, and cared less for, America. We had hardly any trade with them, our consuls were not "big guns," and were not respected in the foreign seaports. The American consuls had insignificant homes; the salary was so small they could not make a respectable official appearance, and most of them lived as poor as the natives. Whereas England's representatives generally had the most prosperous and palatial-looking headquarters in the province; they and their families were highly educated and refined; they were respected, had fine horses and carriages, gave lavish entertainments, and impressed the natives with their importance. But especially did they proclaim that by contrast they were utterly insignificant in riches and

prosperity compared with their people back in England; and, above all, they rejoiced in their good and beloved and wealthy and brilliant queen, who ruled over a multitude of lands, and on whose dominion and flag the sun never set. They pointed with pride to the fact that eight out of nine ships in the harbor were flying the British flag. The boys also learned that England and France and Germany, especially England, in order to have so many ships and steamers floating their national flags on every sea, in every clime, gave the ship-owners a bounty or subsidy of money amounting to over \$30,000,000 per year, thus enabling the shipping companies to pay expenses, and have a profit, but that in the United States there was a ridiculous sentiment against subsidies, and only a niggardly \$900,000 was given to our ships in that manner by Congress. The result of which was that the American merchants had to pay to foreign ships the enormous sum of \$200,000,000 per year for freight; all, or almost all, of which we could save for our own cash profit if Congress would liberally spend twenty millions per year. In other words, if we spent twenty millions per annum, then, as a nation, we would be getting back two hundred millions, or "ten to one."

Then Micky and Fred went into the stores and bazaars, and found that ninety per cent. of all the imported goods that were for sale were made in England; and then the whole vision unfolded itself to the kite firm that England was smarter in trade than all the rest of the world put together, and the boys began to understand why London was the financial centre of the world.

To these young tourists Japan was a dream; China, a gigantic mystery; the Spice Islands, a sweet summer picnic; Ceylon, a horticultural garden; India, a bewilderment; Persia, Arabia and Egypt, a maze of ancient history; Constantinople, a fairy tale; Russia, "afraid-

to-open-your-mouth" schoolhouse; Italy and Spain, a romance; Switzerland, a happy memory; Central Europe, a wet blanket; France, a frolic; and England, a big, busy factory; and they liked England best of all because everybody meant business.

Along the trip they witnessed all kinds of manufacturing. On the long ride across the Pacific they met a professor of chemistry, who gladly spent most of his time in satisfying their inquiring minds. They were apt pupils and imbibed more information than they ever dreamed existed, and they also, with delight, during the mid-ocean night-seasons, learned from an educated lady the romance of the starry heavens.

They made long detours and went in out-of-the-way localities to see the birthplace of all manner of products. Fred was fond of animals, insects, and fishes. Micky's "leading" turned in the direction of vegetation, and at Hong-Kong he bought a book on botany, which opened up to him an ideal new world; but if there was one thing that claimed his attention more than another it was gathering statistics of the value of all buildings and visible manufactured material that was on the face of the earth; what he could not see with his eye he guessed at from information received. He was puzzled to learn trustworthily that there were rich men in China worth \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 apiece, and after many calculations and careful deliberations he told Fred it was a "fish story."

But as far as sight-seeing was concerned—that is, tourist gazing as it is generally known—the boys on this trip around the world were impressed only on one occasion, which was in India, at Agra, when they silently gazed on the Taj—the beautiful Taj-Mahal—the crowning masterpiece of the whole world of man's up-building during all these passing centuries. When they told Micky that the beautiful tomb cost \$50,000,000, he turned to Fred and said: "Well, pard, I'm glad

there has been saved this beautiful figurehead to the wreck of time." Fred replied: "Micky, your sentimentality is worded beyond my highest ideals of your public-school vocabulary, but whatever you mean, I fall in with you, that the 'Taj' turns to paleness everything we have seen up to this hot hour, and I'd just like to swelter around here twenty minutes longer to take the circuit and see it once more, more critically;" but Micky said: "No, don't let's waste any more minutes on tombs; we've only got time enough left before the train leaves to see how they tan tiger-skins for export."

The most beautiful part of their trip was the journey to the Vale of Cashmere, and both boys actually enjoyed the reading of "Lalla Rookh" by a sentimental Englishman, who was travelling in the same party. The kite firm had never before heard of the author or the poem, and when it was finished, and they found that the real lover and gifted hero-poet of the romance was Feramorz himself, the king, their joy knew no bounds. They voted it the best story they had ever heard.

It was in this Vale of Cashmere that a wonderful incident of the journey occurred. Their special guide in India was a sad-faced Brahmin, who told the boys that he had become a Theosophist. Neither Micky nor Fred remembered what the word meant; then Abdalli (the guide) told them wonderful stories about Mahatmas, materializations, transmigrations, and other mysteries of the occult. Then Micky told the old man about their strange and uncanny experience with the spirit of Madame Blavatsky, whereupon Abdalli was overcome with joy and took them to his home—a cave in the foot-hills of the Himalayas. After their first meal he went into a trance, and in the intense darkness of the cave a light evolved at its centre, in the midst of which a spirit-form materialized, which proved to be that of the great Napoleon.

The Corsican did not waste any time in preliminaries, but, as was his custom of old, went immediately to his task, by saying:

“ Boys, I have been with you on your entire journey ; I have always been brief and to the point, and will waste no time in courtesy. You have now on your travels come to the neighborhood of the birthplace of the human race. From the foot of these Himalaya snow-clad peaks Abraham started to find his home in Canaan, which was the beginning of our religious civilization. Across the lands to the south of these mountain foot-hills have passed and repassed the armies and commerce that have moulded our world’s written history. You have come from Cathay and the Spice Islands. You have seen Manila, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and Ceylon. You are now in India, and you have learned that from all these lands have come the spices, frankincense, myrrh, silks, luxuries, and fineries that have been sought for by the Mediterranean and Continental powers for nearly four thousand years. The whole history of Asia is overshadowed and intertwined with names of kings, emperors, and moguls whose chief aim was to control the lines of travel by which the caravans of commerce reached Egypt and Europe. These Eastern rulers in all these forty centuries have sacrificed the lives of five hundred million men to uphold power in order to levy tribute upon this caravan traffic. Empires have risen and fallen ; kingdoms have sprung into existence and passed away ; appalling, cruel tragedies have blotted out nations, all in the mad rush and scramble to obtain an enforced revenue from this Oriental trade, simply to support royal extravagance. This Oriental impost on merchandise was the ‘ Asia ’ part of an iniquitous trade exaction, but at the Mediterranean ‘ end,’ a similar system of trade-plundering was continued, and the whole history of Europe, as well as of Asia, can likewise be reviewed and plainly shows

how for over three thousand years kings and emperors deluged the land and sea with the blood of five hundred million more human beings to control this commerce and exact revenue to support their extravagant royal pomp.

“ The history of the whole world has thus, for nearly four thousand years, been one of kingly rivalry to control commerce. In India and Asia, as well as in Egypt and Europe, even up to this present day, the greatest city has always been the one whose emperor or ruler controlled this great volume of traffic.

“ In Asia the caravan routes existed in the days of Joseph, who was carried by the Ishmaelites down into the land of Egypt. Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Tyre, and Sidon, each in their turn were the imperial cities of the earth—each ruled the world, or was master of the sea. In Europe—at a later date—it was Athens, Rome, and Constantinople; then came Venice and Genoa; then Lisbon; then Amsterdam, and last of all London.

“ There were several of these caravan routes across Asia, and the volume of commerce all went by land. The sea route around the Cape of Good Hope was comparatively unknown and surrounded with superstitious dread; while the sea-passage around Arabia and the Red Sea was fraught with too much danger from storms and pirates, and when in Mediæval days the Mohammedans shut off all land communication with Asia and western Europe, it was then that Columbus started westward for a new route to the Indies. Boys, Columbus found it; and America, with the modern means of quick transportation, is the new route to the Indies. Your land is to be the centre of the financial world.

“ It is commerce, with its golden revenue, that has been the maker and director of history; you two boys have ambitions to master the commerce of to-day with

its vast wealth. It shall be yours, and I will be your constant companion and guide.

"I myself, I, Napoleon, aimed high for a world's control, and could have accomplished my purpose but for the intrigues of my misguided countrymen of the royal line. They courted naught else but indolent home-luxury, and intrigue with womankind. They slept and idly dreamed at their country's expense. On the contrary, I fought and struggled and suffered for my nation's glory. I sought fame and position and commercial supremacy for my countrymen. I was dethroned and my purpose and aims have been grasped by great England, and she is mistress now, where my beloved France would have been master. Britannia is deserving of her victory. The Anglo-Saxon civilization and thought is now destined to rule the world; its language is to be the universal tongue; and America is to spread its ideas of freedom until the whole world shall be one vast republic.

"But, boys, you have noticed the absence abroad of your national flag. It should remind you that if your country, from its natural position and its rightful historical order, would control the commerce of the world, it should have a foothold in the far East, not for the purpose of oppression, but to teach the true freedom that your constitution preaches. But to deal with these lands, it must be at first with an iron hand. England is now the vanguard of Christianity and progress, and she deserves well of the world. Her imperial policy is the greatest factor in the civilization of to-day; your land should work hand in hand with her, and she will in the end award America the palm, and let her lead, as it is America's destiny—for westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Napoleon's materialized self vanished as suddenly as it appeared, and Abdalli, the Theosophist, awakened from his sleep.

From India the boys travelled o'er many lands; they climbed the pyramids, and walked on the walls of Jerusalem, and viewed the Coliseum, inside and out; they looked down on Switzerland from Pilatus; saw London, Paris, and every prominent city of Europe, and had a glimpse of the kings and emperors and rulers of all lands; but all was trivial compared with their interest in and search for and inspection of the manufactories of the world. They noted down statistics of every kind; asked a thousand and one questions through their interpreters; especially informed themselves on the price of labor and what boys were doing; and when at last they were ready to sail for America they had "done" Europe more thoroughly than nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand. It was with them incessant labor from four or five o'clock in the morning till ten or eleven at night. The average man could not have stood such fatigue. But what those boys learned influenced in future years the world's commerce.

When at Hong-Kong they had seen Russell & Co., who had pleased them with the compliment that their shipment of ginseng would prove one of the best ventures entrusted to them during that year. Russell & Co. had shipped the root to various parts of the Chinese Empire, in order not to overstock the market at any one point, and had already received partial statements, and from their best calculations they figured out for Flynn & Schmidt that their speculations would bring them in returns of £9000, or \$45,000. This was almost too much for the boys—\$40,000 profit on an investment of \$5000 was even more than they in their wildest dreams imagined could ever happen. They spent the balance of the day on the heights in the park of Hong-Kong looking down on the beautiful bay that was ever crowded with the vast shipping from all parts of the world.

Their principal conversation was as to what they should do with their \$45,000 that would soon be to their credit with Russell & Co. After many things had been discussed, Micky's plan—at first objected to strongly by Fred—was adopted, and they concluded to invest the whole amount in a variety of Chinese and Japanese kites, which included many of animal and bird shapes, all of which they had been bargaining for at the surprisingly low figure of an average of \$1 per thousand, or ten for 1 cent. They could make no kites in America at such a price; Chinese and Japanese labor at 5 cents a day was too low for Cincinnati competition. Fred figured it out that they would get 450,000 kites for their money, and that would be a good investment.

The boys returned to their hotel intending to see Russell & Co. the next day, but to their surprise they learned that their steamer would leave in an hour for Manila, so Micky hastily packed the trunks while Fred wrote a letter to Russell & Co., directing them to invest all their money in kites as described.

At the end of a few days, when they reached Manila, a cablegram was received from Russell & Co., advising them not to invest so much money in kites, as it was too many for them to venture on at one time.

Both boys were conceitedly indignant that Russell & Co. should try and influence their actions and treat them as if they were know-nothing boys. The kite firm felt that they knew very well they could sell 450,000 beautiful kites easy enough, so they savagely cabled back to Hong-Kong for Russell & Co. to invest all the money exactly as stated and write them particulars to London.

When they reached England, seven months later, there was no letter from Russell & Co., which was a disappointment, but as the steamer the boys were sailing on for America was leaving Queenstown, a bundle

of letters was sent aboard, one of which was the longed-for but delayed communication from Hong-Kong.

Such a boy scene, with its consequences, as occurred at the reading of that letter is seldom witnessed in a lifetime. In the space of one minute all the conceit, which had been growing fast, was taken out of the firm of Flynn & Schmidt. Fred, at Hong-Kong, had made a mistake of two decimal points in his kite figuring, and instead of now owning four hundred and fifty thousand kites, as calculated, Russell & Co. stated that they had reluctantly obeyed the cablegram and invested the entire amount of sales from the ginseng as directed.

The sum total of returns was \$46,283.27, which full amount had been invested as directed in over forty-six million kites, or, to be more exact, 46,283,270.

When they found they had 46,000,000 kites, instead of 450,000, they looked at one another for ten minutes without saying a word. Then Fred figured on the problem, and found Russell & Co. were right. Then Micky tried the calculation with the same result; then Fred said: "We're ruined; we can never sell them and we haven't enough money left to pay the freight;" and they both sank down on a coil of rope, and with their noses ten inches apart, for one hour and twenty minutes gazed defiance in one another's faces without once winking an eye; at the end of this time both boys, white as a sheet, keeled over on the deck, seasick for the first time. They had to be carried to their stateroom, and for three days, opposite one another, neither eating nor drinking, they lay in quietness, not a whisper or a word passing between them. On the fourth day they both, in silence, arose, dressed themselves, went up to breakfast, and from there to the smoking-room, and at a small table sat opposite one another for an hour with their chins resting on their hands and elbows, silently gazing intently into

one another's faces. Not a single word had been exchanged for nearly four days. At last in a deep, hollow, helpless voice Fred said: "Micky, we are busted."

Micky eyed Fred for five minutes, and then in a solemn tone, without hardly moving a muscle, replied: "Busted? Not on your life! We're millionaires; every bloomin' one of those kites we will sell for 2 cents each—discount off to the trade—and for some of them we will get as high as 5, 10, and 25 cents each."

For another hour they sat motionless, gazing at one another in silence, until Fred said: "What do you mean?"

"Mean?" said Micky. "Why, I mean we have got to hustle; there are eight million boys in America, and each one of them, on an average, must have one of our kites every two months for a year, an average of six kites to a boy. We must get up a craze for kites, so that girls will want the bird-shaped kites and the boys the animal shapes."

"But how?" said Fred.

Micky eyed Fred for ten minutes, and then replied: "Didn't Ed tell us we had genius for business—I for conducting business and you for keeping accounts? Why, Fred, it was effervescent genius when you made that mistake; it was not only genius, but destiny as well."

Fred gave Micky a look of resentment as much as to say, You are sarcastic and poking fun at my mistake, and doing so right in the midst of my grief.

Micky said: "No, Fred, I am in earnest; we shall be millionaires before the end of another year. Mark my word—before the end of another year." They both arose, went out on deck, and walked up and down for three hours without saying another word, Fred trying to settle in his mind whether Micky was crazy or not,

and Micky working in his mind the problem of how to get rid of those kites.

Fred weakened and had to go to bed again, sick; but Micky went on deck and sat down and spent two hours whittling a stick.

By dinner time a fearful storm was on, and all the passengers were absent from their tables except Micky and a gentleman, who handed him this card, Eugene Phillips, United Press Association, New York. Mr. Phillips became more than interested when Micky told him who his partner and he were, and they sat up until midnight, Micky telling of their travels.

Micky was careful to disclose no business information, excepting that they were importing several million kites, but did not mention the exact number or particulars. Mr. Phillips laughed at such a business venture, and facetiously told Micky they could never sell them unless they used the United Press for their agent. Micky in most intense earnestness asked all about the United Press, and after an hour's conversation was so convinced of its utility as a sales agent, that he graciously offered Mr. Phillips one hundred of their best imported kites if he would write up an article and telegraph it all over the country. This magnificent offer for so great a proposition set Mr. Phillips into a roar of laughter, and with that they parted for the night; but Mr. Phillips before retiring wrote a one-column witty article on the subject of Micky and his kites, which before the end of the voyage had been expanded with pencil illustrations to nearly seven columns, and the article a month later was forwarded to and copied in nearly every paper in the United States. In three months' time it produced such a kite fad, that even men as well as boys and girls were ordering kites of Flynn & Schmidt. The fad did not expire for ten months, during which time the entire importa-

tion was sold and millions more wanted, which the kite firm could not immediately supply. This eventuated in the formation of the great Kite Trust in Cincinnati, whither the boys had returned from their round-the-world trip. They were welcomed at the depot of the Queen City by an enthusiastic mob of schoolboys, who marched in triumph, with Micky and Fred, to the office of the *Commercial*, where the editor, Field Marshal Halstead, heartily received and congratulated them for so well representing the American youth in so many parts of the world.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

LEAP YEAR.

AT the first meeting of the kite firm, Micky made known to Ed and Sally the particulars of their purchase of forty-five million kites. Sally was angry and wanted to know "if that was the kind of business genius they had developed on their world tour."

Ed looked at the tourists in perfect astonishment and sat in silence for ten minutes; then, as if nothing had happened, calmly said: "There is no government tariff mentioned on such toys, and the first thing we must do after the entire shipment is safely received in Cincinnati is to have Congress place a duty of 2 cents each on kites." He was so anxious about it that before leaving that evening he prepared a draft of a new section to be added to the national schedule, which was altered and passed upon by Mr. Seward the next day, and then forwarded by evening's mail to Mr. Butterworth, one of the congressmen representing Cincinnati at Washington, who had the bill presented, and it became a law in thirty days.

The kite firm was obliged to give up school. Eight warehouses were rented for storing the kites, and eighty-two clerks employed to attend the packing,

marking, and shipping of orders that poured in from all parts of the United States.

It was wonderful how, through Eugene Phillips and the Press Association, the kite fad spread over the entire land; men even took to flying them, and contests were held in every city and county; the greatest competition being as to how many kites could be successfully floated in the air from one string. The record at last reached a hundred, the honors going to Mr. R. Sage, of New York, who, with one hand, kept that many in beautiful aërial poise.

The result of the kite fad was that others in various cities went into the business on a large scale, but none had such beautiful kites as Flynn & Schmidt, who were now known over the whole land.

In six months' time, at prices ranging from 2 to 25 cents each, every kite of the entire forty-five million importation was gone, with a great demand for more of the same kind; while from the sales the firm had cash in bank of over \$1,000,000, and also a \$100,000 still due them for kites from wholesale firms.

It was a sad evening when the firm met in their Front Street office and learned from their chief clerk that there was not a single kite left for shipment, and that their new orders on hand and unfilled were for nearly five million. It was also sad when they realized that all these surplus orders must go to rival manufacturers of comparatively insignificant-looking kites; and they grieved about the tariff of 2 cents each, which was of their own creation, and prevented them from further importation.

In the midst of their sadness a stranger—an uncombed, red-headed, determined-looking boy, in his shirt sleeves, and vestless, and with the greasiest-looking kind of trousers—was ushered into their presence, who announced that his name was Sam Forbes, that he had invented and just finished a machine into which

could be put pine boards at one end, tissue-paper in rolls at another, a paste pot and brush on top, and thread on bobbins on one side. Then, by starting the machine, it would turn out per day of twelve hours 250,000 handsomely finished Japanese and Chinese kites of various patterns and sizes, and as beautiful as any that had been imported by Flynn & Schmidt.

When Micky heard the wonderful statement, he smothered his surprise and carelessly asked the stranger if the machine could work all night as well as by day, and received the reply: "Yes." "Then," said Micky, "if that is so, you can turn out double the amount stated, or a total of half a million kites in twenty-four hours;" and again received the reply "Yes."

"Can we see the machine?" asked Fred.

"Yes," came from the inventor.

In an hour's time the machine had been examined at the iron works, and pronounced "just the thing" by Fred and Micky; then Sam was invited back to the Front Street office; Ed was sent for, and on his arrival there commenced one of the keenest bargaining contests on record, lasting, without intermission or supper, until ten o'clock that night.

Micky had at last found a boy who was as close a figurer as himself, and not even with Fred's and Ed's help could he budge Sam from his position as to terms, nor would they ever have agreed had not Micky accidentally found out that Sam Forbes, like themselves, was seventeen years old—having been born on the twenty-ninth day of February at three o'clock in the morning.

Immediately Micky changed his whole attitude and tone of opposition to one of extreme concern and friendliness and, vehemently grasping Sam's hand, said that their mutual birthday was not a coincidence—it was destiny. He said that he felt, to a most supersti-

tious degree, that Sam was to be associated with them in their future commercial undertakings, and welcomed him as sent from heaven. By midnight it was arranged that Ed was to draw up the papers of co-partnership for the manufacture and sale of kites, in which Micky had one-half interest, while Fred and Sam were to have one-quarter each.

The capital of the new firm was to be \$100,000—all furnished by Flynn & Schmidt. Micky was to be manager, Fred the financier, accountant, and general office man, and Sam the superintendent and manufacturer; and the machine was to be moved the next day to the Front Street building, placed in position, and to commence running on the second morning, all of which was done.

Two million kites were turned out by the end of the week, and the new business started on its wonderful career.

Fred and Micky did not separate their former partnership affairs, but kept along as before with the rest of their rising fortune, that now amounted to over \$1,000,000.

Patents were applied for for the kite machine. Five men in the office of Lincoln, Seward & Evarts were kept busy for two weeks in arranging details and drawing up the various papers suggested by the newly associated partners and their able young counsellor. The firm name was agreed upon as The Flynn, Schmidt & Forbes Mercantile Association. A new era in kite-making commenced.

For three years the kite industry was waged in America, for other machines were invented by rival firms. Competition and overproduction had cut down the profits to almost nothing, but notwithstanding difficulties, the firm met on the mutual twentieth birthday of the partners and found, by Fred's report, that their \$100,000 capital had, during the two years of the part-

nership, increased to half a million dollars. All of which the other two partners claimed in the most complimentary way was due to the genius of Sam Forbes, who had ever kept ahead of competitors with advanced styles of kites and newly invented machinery.

It happened, as a matter of course, that this twentieth birthday came on leap year, and Mrs. Flynn invited Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Schmidt, and Mrs. Forbes to the evening party at the little shanty.

There may have been many princely entertainments given on that night, with their thousand flashing lights and dancers, but it is safe to say that not one of them found happier hearts than at this little gathering of the kite firm. Mrs. Forbes suggested that as the young people had seen only five anniversaries of their birthday, consequently they were only five years of age, and should be sent to bed promptly at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Flynn had never been able to shake off the mysteriousness about the fact that her two children—Micky and Sally, twins—and the other three boys, Ed, Fred and Sam, should all happen to have been born on the same leap-year day and all in the third hour of the early morning; and that mysterious word of Father Powers—"coincidence"—was ever ringing in her ear. She did not understand about leap year anyway, and asked Ed to explain the uncanniness of it, which he did as follows, much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Flynn, as well as all the others present:

"You see," said Ed, "that the earth goes round the sun once a year, just like a horse runs round a mile race-track, and comes back to the place he started from.

"The horse tries to go his mile in a minute; but, unfortunately for his good name, a few seconds before he gets around the minute is up, and when he passes the exact mile-line it is two seconds over a minute.

"It is just the same way with the earth, whose race-track is nearly four hundred million miles around the

sun, but the earth is unlike the horse, as the earth never stops—not even for the hundredth part of a second, but goes on and on and on forever. The earth tries to run the exact circuit in 365 days, but it is not quite speedy enough, for it takes six hours longer, or 365 days and 6 hours before it comes exactly around to the starting line. This six hours is a quarter of a day, and so in four annual racings around the sun the earth falls behind in its onward rushing a distance equal to four times six hours, or a total of twenty-four hours, which is one day, and this one day spent in reaching the exact original starting line is added at the end of February, giving that month twenty-nine days every fourth year instead of twenty-eight as in the other three.

“ I do not know why they added the day onto the end of February, because I think it would have been much better to have crowded it in at the end of our year and called it December 32d. But probably that would not have suited Julius Cæsar, for the month of July was named after him, and he was so ambitious that he would not have permitted any other month to have more days in it than there were in July—his namesake. In fact, the month now known as August once had only thirty days in it, but when Augustus Cæsar came along, he had the name changed and the month called after him, and in a spirit of jealousy he took one day out of February and added it to August in order that his namesake (August) would have as many days as Julius’s had in his month, and ever since August has had thirty-one days. So this adding one day to February every fourth year to make up the lost time is an old custom established by Julius Cæsar before Christ was born.

“ In our old racing days it did not count for much if a horse was somewhat slow; a few seconds or so made very little difference, but later, when speed became

more competitive, then fine watches were invented that would record the tenth of a second, and horse-racing became so close that an eighth of a second made a new record.

“ It was just the same with the sun. People in the old days were perfectly satisfied with talking about the sun being six hours slow in reaching the home line, and did not bother their heads about a few minutes or so, but in later days some scientific people became very particular, and calculated that it was not exactly six hours per year that was lost, but five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-nine and one-half seconds per year, or about twelve minutes a year too much, which they figured out would amount to twelve hundred minutes, or twenty hours—nearly a day, in a century, so they had to get that surplus out of the way and adopted the plan not to have a leap year in its regular turn when it was due on the even hundred years, such as the years 1700, 1800, 1900, etc.

“ Then later some very particular astronomers calculated that this last-mentioned whole day was too much to have had left out of the century, and that the overdraft amounted to eleven minutes and ten seconds per year, or to a total of about one day every four hundred years, so they agreed to satisfy the fastidious tastes of the objectors, and ‘bunched’ those many minutes and seconds together in one aggregate and agreed to let there be a February 29th in those years when the date could be divided by four hundred; so the years 2000, 2400, 2800, etc., were arranged for in advance to be leap years.

“ Still later some hair-splitting calculators figured out that this last four-hundred-year calculation was still out of the way, amounting to twenty-two and one-third seconds per year, which accumulation would equal a whole day in four thousand years, and that the

leap year should be omitted every four thousand years. So the people said all right, so let it be; and I suppose some fellow will come along by and by and inform the world that the leap year should be put back again on the return of every forty thousand or four hundred thousand years; and if in that far-off time any boy or girl is unlucky enough to be born on that leap-year day he will never enjoy having any anniversary birth celebrations. So let the kite firm be thankful that they can meet again on these festal occasions as often as they do. We will not think of those four hundred thousand years, as we shall all be dead and gone and forgotten by that time." But Micky replied: "We may all be dead by that time, but we shall not be forgotten; let us do something in our lifetime for the world for which we will be held in remembrance."

From one subject to another Ed entertained them all with his wisdom, and the evening wound up by his answering Sally's question as to what was the difference between "Character" and "Reputation," as all three of the boys insisted it meant one and the same thing.

"Character," said Ed, "is the man himself as he stands before God, or as he appears to his own inner self. A man's character is his true personality. No one can give a man a character or take it from him excepting God and himself, and, of course, God can be depended on not to take it away. The man himself by his own thought or action can take it away.

"Reputation, on the other hand, has a far different meaning—it is the repute in which a man is held by his fellow-men. A man's reputation may be good in one section of the country and bad in another. One friend or acquaintance may speak well of him, another unkindly, and thus a man's reputation can become a football in the hands of the community, and all his acts.

judged for good or bad, are at the mercy and whim of others. But 'character' stands free from public criticism; it is between God and the man alone. Emerson says, 'Character is what a man is in the dark.' "

This explanation of Ed's made a deep impression on his hearers and became imbedded in the lives of the kite firm as one of their foundation memories.

CHAPTER XL.

CAGLIOSTRO.

It was a night long to be remembered in Cincinnati. Never before had such a storm swept down on the Queen City. The mountainous banks of black, rolling clouds covered the great dome from horizon to horizon, and the calm that usually precedes the tempest had settled on the inhabitants with a deep, solemn, stifling, choking sensation. Anxious eyes and flattened noses pressed close to the window panes, peering into the darkness, wondering what the oppression could mean.

It had been unusually warm for an October day, and as the nine o'clock bell solemnly pealed off the hours one by one, pedestrians seemed suddenly seized with a strange presentiment and unconsciously hastened homeward, while the boys and girls who for a whole summer had been loth to early leave their playmates, now gravely gave up their after-dusk games, and silently entered their homes and sought companionship with the older ones of the family, while the smaller children, without knowing why, nestled their heads in the mother's lap, or sat silently at her feet or on the floor within the charmed circle of the stronger ones, where they fancied themselves free from all harm.

Hotter and more stifling grew the atmosphere, and breathing became so difficult, and labored that each could hear the other as they gasped or gave long-drawn, deep efforts of the lungs, that were hungering for more wholesome air. As the heat increased the perspiration rolled from foreheads, and handkerchiefs never seemed to have been so useful. Here and there a father thoughtlessly unbuttoned a collar, or a brother doffed his coat to become more comfortable within their own homes.

As the moments flew the heat increased, and it seemed as if it were being pressed upward or was oozing out from the surrounding earth from some pent-up underground reservoir of the sun's fiercest summer's rays, or from some gigantic subterranean fire still unquenched.

There came a moment when the silence was so intense that it could almost be felt. Fear seized upon the community, and from it hardly a home seemed exempt. The fears grew into terror, and the terror into delirium; while the blanched faces of the older ones told the story to the children that something dreadful and unknown was impending. It was thus that a whole city, in unison, was in a spasm of tensioned, frenzied anticipation; when suddenly there came a rumbling, crashing, crunching, quaking of the earth, and quick as a flash a sheet of blinding flame enveloped the whole community in the depths of one seeming lake of fire. Whole families, screaming, rushed into one another's arms for protection, and while thus embracing there came an awful peal of thunder whose sound waves must have reached the distant stars. It was an awful crash; a splitting, ricochetting clap that sent hearts to throats and stifled the terrified screams that were about uprising; the lights of the whole city went instantly out and all was in darkness; and the falling of walls, chimneys crashing through roofs, and broken

church spires; screams of injured and ringing of fire-bells made a confused commingling of terrorized souls never before known to the oldest inhabitant.

For an hour the flashing, zigzag lightning played furiously at intervals of only seeming seconds, and the continuous thundering reverberations unnerved the strongest men. The rain came down in thick sheets, and hail in a ceaseless clatter beat mercilessly against the window panes like arrows from a Xerxes' countless host.

Sally, Micky, Fred, and Ed were in the cellar during the gathering of the storm. But just before the crash came, while the heat was so intense, Sally suddenly fell backward in a swoon. The quartette were already alarmed at the general stifling oppressiveness, and were about hastily to go upstairs, when Sally's trance threw them into additional fright, for they tremblingly remembered her last seizure under the spell of the phantom Blavatsky; and, in their fear, they no doubt, all in a moment more, in panicky terror, would have reached the kitchen floor above if they had not been intercepted by the surrounding lake of electric fire and that unearthly thunder's crash that throughout the city hurled a hundred thousand souls upon their faces. The shock or trembling of the earth and the general fright threw the kite firm prostrate on the ground in one confused heap, with arms around each other desperately entwined. Self-preservation was uppermost in their minds, and with one impulse they arose to make a general rush upstairs, when, horror of horrors! the ghost of Blavatsky again stood before them, and by her side at the foot of the steps, emerging from the flames, was apparently a ball of blue, blazing lightning that turned into a red-dressed, wizard-looking, devil-appearing personage, whose piercing eyes sent a terror to the utmost depths of the entire kite firm. Each one of the three boys silently closed his

eyes, saying inwardly to himself, "Now we are goners," and slowly and involuntarily they retreated to the far corner and huddled together in one bunch, crouching and trembling with arms around one another for mutual help.

Dazzling sparks, as from fireworks, sizzed from each finger of the two outstretched hands of the awful wizard stranger who blocked the stairway to freedom above; blue flames belched from his mouth and nostrils, and red fire streamed from his elbows, shoulders, knees and feet, while for ten feet all around him were gyrating circles of yellow, snapping, crackling flames, all of which illuminated the cellar with a brightness beyond ten thousand candle-power; and all the while Sally peacefully slept.

The uncanny light coming from the stranger dimmed and threw into the shade the seeress Blavatsky, and for ten minutes, amidst the awful crashing of the outside thunder storm, he silently eyed the breathless, winkless boys; then suddenly he gave a "Mephisto" Ha! Ha! Ha! and sang in deepest basso:

"I am the King, the king of the crooks,
I am the chief of the confidence men.
A million a day I easily make
By simply a little scratch of my pen.
Others may work, others may toil,
But I drink wine of the oldest date,
Then I shrewdly scheme and figure and plan
And 'scoop' others' savings sooner or late.

"Ha!Ha!Ha! my boys! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the wizard in a deep, sepulchral voice; "I heard you before the storm set in to-night, talking and arguing as to how it is that some men without working can make a hundred million in a lifetime. Sally called it making 'something out of nothing;' Ed, technically, styled it

'creating fictitious values;' Fred said 'it was getting rich on wind,' and Micky explained it as 'cheeking it for a fortune.' Ha, ha, ha, boys, I have come to-night to enlighten you and to give you, as it were, a few pointers. I am Cagliostro. Ha, ha, ha!"

As the name Cagliostro was mentioned there came a sizzling, spark-flying illumination, filling the whole cellar as if five thousand Roman candles were going off at one time. The boys' hearts went up in their throats, and the stranger, seeing their fright, again laughed deeply and slowly his dreadful, scaring Ha, ha, ha, ha! and then said: "Do not be afraid; I am Caglisotro, the prince of bunco steerers of a hundred years ago; kings and queens were my prey; I am the star-wizard of the eighteenth century. To make a living, I made something out of something whenever I could, and the balance of the time I spent in making something out of nothing, and the latter occupation consumed about ninety per cent. of my wakeful hours. I was arrested and imprisoned more times than I can recount. It made no difference whether I was selling brass gold bricks or intriguing for a diamond necklace, all was illegal, and I had to suffer, for there was no way in those days to obtain others' property thievishly except by stealing direct. My nature was like that of some people who live to-day; if there were two ways to obtain money or property—the one right and the other wrong—I preferred the wrong way for the sake of the excitement and joy of it, and also because I knew that way so much better. In those days there was no right way to do a wrong thing. But, boys, you live in a different era, for to-day there are a hundred legal ways to do wrong things, and it is the crafty people who live to-day, and are posted, and expert in such sharp, smart legal knowledge, and have the nerve, who are the lucky ones, and the majority of them that make the millions. They do not work, they toil not,

neither do they spin; they just simply scheme for the earnings of other people who do work and save. Some of them are known as bankers of high degree. I suffered for my large share of such iniquity in my day. Men now repose in luxury for it in this, their new day, because it is lawful.

“But, alas! I did not live in this era of legalized plundering. I was born, with my abilities, a century and a half ahead of my day. If I could have lived now I could use my special talent to become a billionaire, and that is why I am here to-night, for I have come to show you the way, or the new road, that is legalized, to plundered riches.

“I have lately learned from the ‘shades’ of passed-on mortals that ‘Micky,’ the head of your kite firm, is ambitious to own the earth, including the bronze railing on its outside edge, but if he expects to scoop in the whole business he will never make it out of the kite industry. Ha, ha, ha! my boys, if you want to own the earth you must drop kites and adopt scheming. Let others toil and work, but you must join the stock exchange and be in position, when you want to, to do your own buying and selling if necessary, although you can employ plenty of others to do it for you.

“In the old days we were taught that the value of an article depended on the supply and demand and the number of days’ work that was invested in its manufacture; that is still true to-day in the lives of those who toil; but under the new régime there is a class of people who, without labor of any kind, gather into their safe deposit vault all the wealth that the real toilers save, and they do it under the guise of a new department of political economy styled ‘investments,’ all of which is protected by law.

“When a community by labor and skill has produced property to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, then there appear on the scene schemers

or promoters of great enterprises, and by urgent solicitation and flaming advertisements induce the economical to invest their savings in schemes that are lauded to the skies, and are endorsed by unsuspecting people with honorable reputations who have been lured into the net of the crafty. Many of these new commercial enterprises are genuine—that is, for instance, where \$100,000 in money are obtained to invest dollar for dollar in a factory, in machinery, and raw material for honest production of articles of use and consumption. But the vast majority of companies are organized on the basis of fictitious values; and it is on this subject that I have come to-night to give you information. For example, a few men may go to the mining districts, and for the sum of \$500 will secure under the law a piece of land, and then spend an additional \$1000 in sinking a shaft and succeed in discovering some trace or indications of gold. If they are honest men, they will further explore under the surface and if possible lay bare a fortune. If they find the fortune, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will keep it all to themselves, and ask no one to join them in taking out the precious metal, and will not part with the smallest interest in it excepting for a price beyond its real value.

“ But such cases by comparison are rare; for the vast majority of the men engaged in mining are those who, after spending their first thousand dollars and discovering the indications or traces of gold, instead of spending a year more of their time in further prospecting on the property, in order to be doubly sure of having a paying mine, prefer to seek the acquaintance and services of a smart promoter of enterprises, generally an accomplished rascal, who advises them to form, under the laws of some State, a company with \$1,000,000 capital. They then in a ‘lawful’ manner sell this \$1000-piece of land, that they miscall a mine, to the

new company for the entire million dollars of its stock, which newly issued stock they divide among themselves, and then will go out into the midst of a confiding public and with an elaborate prospectus sell, if they can, the entire stock at par, which amounts to \$1,000,000 cash. They will then put back into the treasury of the company \$100,000 for a cash capital, and with this cash work, or preferably let some one else work, and develop the property. These villainous promoters of the enterprise and the original miners have thus put into their own pockets \$900,000 of other people's hard-earned money, all of which becomes good, solid cash in bank for the schemers to own, but represents a vacuum or fictitious value to the holders or victims or purchasers of the stock; in other words, the stock certificates are a fictitious value to the victims to the extent of that pocketed \$900,000 cash, and these victims or new holders of the stock certificates have to take their slim chances of ever seeing their invested money again. It is doubtful whether the mine will ever produce a dollar of dividends. The world well knows how many people with moderate incomes and how many rich people with large incomes have been duped in this manner. Their name is legion, and the transaction is legal and according to the law of the land; ha, ha, ha! all legal and according to the law. In my day, a hundred years ago, I was imprisoned for transactions that were innocent compared with such a swindle. Ha, ha, ha! boys, it makes me almost eternally smile aloud to see how easy my life would have been in this enlightened era. Such mining transactions are being worked every day of this present year and decade, and it is all legal; ha, ha, ha! all that is wanted is the willing victims.

“About one mine in a thousand is all that ever proves successful—that is, giving or paying back to the investors their original money, while on the other

hand the rest of the vast millions and millions and hundreds of millions of good, honest dollars 'scooped' in by the schemers represent nothing but fictitious values, for which the unfortunate dupes who parted with their cash have nothing to show excepting certificates of stock worth only one-half cent a pound for waste paper. This was called 'Investments,' and was all legal; ha, ha, ha! and these are the closing years of the enlightened nineteenth century; ha, ha, ha!

"Another favorite plan of creating fictitious values is in patents. A man conceives a brilliant idea and gets a patent, costing him in legal services \$100 for the patent. He then places it in the hands of an out-of-jail schemer, who legally organizes the usual \$1,000,000 or \$10,000,000 stock company, and sells to the new company the patent that had cost him but \$100. He sells it to the corporation for its entire, say, \$1,000,000 of stock, and then if he can, he sells the stock to the gullible public for \$1,000,000 cash, or whatever he can get, and puts back into the company the usual \$100,000 for working capital, and then leaving some one to run the company, the inventor and the promoter take the possible \$900,000 profit and go to Europe or otherwise spend or invest their legally obtained money to suit their own sweet, spendthrift wills, while the widows and orphans left at home suffer bodily and mentally for a lifetime, and die in poverty. Many enterprises founded on patents have succeeded and returned fortunes to those who risked their money, but hundreds of millions of dollars have left the pockets of confiding people, and they have nothing left to show for their money excepting stock certificates, and weeping, homeless families, and it is all legal and according to law; ha, ha, ha! boys, all according to law. I lived too soon for a gentleman of my qualifications.

"But the grandest enterprises of this age in which smart men who never in their lifetime have known

what it was to work and produce an actual dollar of value, smart men who have from nothing wound up a successful life with \$100,000,000 to their credit, the grandest enterprises for such schemers are railroads, and business houses, and manufacturing concerns that can be incorporated and bonded.

"When I think of this present era of golden opportunities for creating fictitious values my spirit fairly trembles with rage that I, Cagliostro, should have been so unfortunate as to have been born a century too soon.

"Railroad building and railroad smashing and railroad wrecking and bond manipulating and stock gerrymandering and 'trust' forming would have been the sweetest kind of an afternoon luncheon for my high tastes and fitness in the art of finance. Think of it, an opportunity in one afternoon to create ten million of fictitious values, and pocket the money, and all according to law, and to think that I am not in it, I, Cagliostro, I, not able to enjoy such a game. I would give a million years of future existence to be on earth once more, if for only twenty years I could be a Wall Street banker, and have a chance to form my own syndicates. I could teach the present financial 'high-binders' a few points that would make them turn green with envy; and just to think it is all according to law; protected by law to do things that a hundred years ago would have transported me for life. Ha, ha, ha! what a joy it would be to live now. What a title I could win. How would this sound, Cagliostro, Colossal Corrupting Corporation Creator, Prince of Fictitious Values, and all according to law; ha, ha, ha!

"But, my dear boys——"

Just then two strikes of a gong rang loud and clear; Cagliostro stopped suddenly and said:

"Excuse me, boys, I must go, as I have been summoned to stir up the fires," and he disappeared amidst a grand burst of pyrotechnic glory. Then darkness

reigned supreme in the cellar and naught was heard but the beating and thumping of the hearts of the astonished kite firm.

The candle had been blown out, the outside storm had rolled away, and quietness reigned supreme. Micky lighted the candle, Sally awakened, and without saying a word to one another they all continued their particular work and kept at it until ten o'clock, and if a stranger could have glanced at the group he would have surmised that each one of the party was perfectly oblivious of the other's presence excepting for the occasional exchange of wondering glances, as if to say: "What does it all mean?"

CHAPTER 'XLI.

CLEARING-HOUSE.

MANY children of to-day do not know what a market-basket is, and if things keep on at the same pace as at present, in fifty years there will be no such thing in existence excepting in a museum, whereas fifty years ago every well-regulated household had at least two. Some one, not a servant, in the family (rich and well-to-do families as well as poor families) would go to market or the grocery, select and buy the household supplies, and carry the basket and contents home on her arm or in her family carriage. It was the fashionable thing for mothers to go to market. Not so now. A clerk drives up to the front door in a grocery wagon, takes the order, and then later everything has to be brought to the front door in another delivery wagon. Some grocerymen have ten to twenty wagons, which adds to the cost of living; but the new system gives employment to others and helps the surplus population to their individual wages.

Formerly the women-folks of the family would go on their shopping tours and return laden with numerous small packages, but now a spool of thread or a 10-cent ruche must go by way of the expensive delivery

department—some dry-goods stores having two hundred wagons—and in addition the ruche is inserted in a neat, printed card-board box. This box, unknowingly to the customer, adds a little to the cost of the family expenses. It is the little things that expand in the end to a considerable sum, all of which comes out of "father's" salary, and the ladies do not realize that it is even costing them something for the wages of the colored boys who have graciously opened the doors of the twenty-two dry-goods stores they have entered one by one while out shopping, and that they are paying for the brilliant electric lighting and the wonderful expense of decorating the elaborately designed Christmas and every-day show-windows. The customers in the end have to pay for all such modern and stylish innovations. But people seem to like it, and so goes the social advancement; and thus the old theory, that the wealth of a nation consists in the savings on small things, seems to be confuted, since the whole country by this advanced mode of conducting business becomes richer at the end of each decade; which, of course, must be due to other causes than that old-fashioned idea of extremest economy.

The tendency of this inventive age is to dispense with the old systems and establish new methods. These new methods invariably aim to require fewer workmen; but to produce these new methods the discharged hands are employed in the industries that are established to introduce the new systems, and so all things go smoothly and every person seems in the end to have something to do until a panic comes, and then the whole nation is disturbed. Hence, it follows that legislators should devise plans to prevent financial disturbances, and law-makers will find in the end that the only remedy for them is in the harmonizing of humanity by the establishing of all departments of industry into individual trusts. In this way every wage-earner

eventually will be a part of the industrial world, and be fathered into his own trade or professional family; receiving an interest and income by comparison with his associates, in proportion to his ability.

The exclusive privilege for delivering merchandise, no doubt, will some day be one of the great trusts. This one giant combination will include all railroad, steamboat, trucking, and other means of package conveyance, and one of its departments will be the delivery of goods from retail stores. When such a system does come, it will cost the retail stores less than it does at present for their delivery department, and consequently less to the purchasers, who, in the end, have to pay for it all.

One of the most important and cumbersome old-fashioned delivery features in the past has been the manner of handling certificates of stocks and bonds, which amounted annually to tens of billions of dollars. Formerly a man would go personally to a broker's office, give an order for purchase of securities, pay down the cash, and carry the certificates to his own place of business, or to a box in some safe-deposit vault. But as the volume of business increased, the brokers formed an association called the Stock Exchange, where, to accommodate their customers as well as themselves, they met daily to buy and sell to one another; and the thousand brokerage firms had two or three thousand men and boys constantly employed to deliver the securities they had purchased. Millions and tens of millions of dollars in certificates were thus daily intrusted to district messenger boys and old men, to deliver in many out-of-the-way streets, running great risks, in various manners, of the stock certificates and bonds being lost or stolen.

To avoid such risks, and to better systematize and more easily handle their securities, the brokers later organized one central office, called a clearing-house,

where they could go and have all deliveries between themselves made; a far less number of messengers thus being required, but giving greater security, and making a perfect system in the consummation of their transactions.

For instance, if a broker bought during the day from various other brokers 1000 shares of a certain stock, and sold 900 shares of the same kind, then at the close of that day's business the difference, or 100 shares, would be all he would be entitled to receive from the clearing-house. If he had sold 1000 and bought 900, then the difference would have been against him, and he would have had to deliver instead of receive 100 shares.

If the broker's purchase and sales of that particular stock had been even in amount, then he would have had nothing to receive from or deliver to the clearing-house, excepting to send a clerk there with the various memorandum slips recording the separate transactions.

In the first place the vast majority of certificates of stock are dealt in in 100-share lots, or multiples thereof, such as 100, 200, 300, 500, 1000, 5000, etc., which facilitates business at the clearing-house.

To be more explicit, if a broker during any one day bought from ten other brokers a total of 1000 shares of any one kind of stock, then all he would have to do would be to go to the clearing-house and receive it, all in one bundle, as the other ten brokers from whom he purchased it were bound to promptly deliver it to the clearing-house officers, at a stated hour. Or if that same broker, instead of buying, had sold to ten other brokers a total of 1000 shares of any one stock, he himself was the one who was bound to deliver it all at the clearing-house, whose staff of officers and clerks would hand it over to the broker or brokers who had purchased it. But if from various brokers he had bought the 1000 shares for some of his customers,

and to other brokers had sold an equal number or 1000 shares of the same stock, then the account balanced as far as he was concerned, and he was not indebted to the clearing-house nor the clearing-house to him for a single share, and he sent nothing there excepting the various memorandum slips for the 2000 shares (1000 bought and 1000 sold), and the bookkeepers at the clearing-house did all the rest of the calculations and deliveries and settling of accounts.

If during that particular day all the brokers together had bought a total of 100,000 shares of any one stock—say Erie—then, as a natural consequence, some other brokers must have sold it all, thus doubling the memorandums of the transactions, and making a grand total of bookkeeping entries of 200,000 shares in that one stock, wherein only 100,000 shares had been traded in.

When evening arrives the clearing-house finds that those brokers who had done the selling of the 100,000 shares had only 99,000 shares among themselves to deliver to those who had bought 100,000 shares; then some of the brokers who had oversold had to make up this difference of 1000 shares by borrowing it overnight from some outside investors or capitalists who held Erie stock in their safe, and when they borrowed it and delivered it at the clearing-house, then the 200,000 shares (bookkeeping transactions) in that particular stock were satisfactorily closed for the day. Very often these outside holders or capitalists corner the market and will not help the brokers out, and ruin them, and the next day prices rise to tremendous figures and failures occur, which is the danger of selling "short" or "what one hasn't got." If any broker failed to make good his share of that day's shortage at the clearing-house, then he was publicly reported and his shortage publicly bid for, and he became among the number of those who "failed," and he would be sus-

pended from doing further business on the Exchange until he made his shortage good. But failures are comparatively few and far between on the Stock Exchange, and for the volume of business done it is wonderful—far less than in mercantile trading.

The above description of stock transactions on the Exchange would be an easy plan and a fair illustration of settling stock business, providing there were only one or two different kinds of stocks to be bought and sold, and the picture is given only as an illustration of how hundreds of thousands of shares of stock can be dealt in, while only a few actual certificates pass from hand to hand; thus by the above account 100,000 shares can be bought and sold and only 1000 shares used for settling. In fact, ninety-five per cent. of all the stock transactions are not represented by actual certificates changing ownership; it is mostly all fictitious, and very few call for the stock certificates they have bought, for it is mostly all gambling.

But as there are several hundred different kinds of stocks for sale on the Exchange, even the above plan of settlement would be very complicated; and for an easy way of closing their enormous daily transactions in such a variety of stocks, the various brokers use the Stock Exchange clearing-house as follows:

Each broker keeps a memorandum sheet of all the stocks he buys during the day, and a separate sheet for all he sells. If, among his brother brokers, at the close of business, "A" finds he has bought \$1,000,000 worth of a variety of stocks and sold \$975,000, then he ("A") owes in cash to some of his brother brokers the difference (\$25,000), and he then sends his certified check for that sum to the clearing-house, where they take his two memorandum sheets above mentioned and settle with his various brokers (each broker sending a clerk to the clearing-house). It thus happens that "A" during that day has done nearly two million dollars' (\$1,-

975,000) worth of business and required only \$25,000 cash for settling the whole of the giant transactions. In the old way he would have been required to draw two or three hundred checks, and employ twenty messengers instead of one clearing-house clerk and one clearing-house check.

If the transaction were the other way, and \$25,000 was due to "A," then the clearing-house would send "A" a check for \$25,000; and when it comes to the question of actually delivering stock to some broker named "B," to whom it is due, and needed by him, then the clearing-house would give "B" an order on some other broker ("C" or "D" or "E") who owed the clearing-house some of that particular stock on that particular day's transactions.

The clearing-house is thus a rendezvous for the clerks from each of the brokers who have transacted business between one another in a single day. Each day's business in the clearing-house is supposed to be closed up entire and complete in itself. The clearing-house, with its staff of officers, starts out each morning without a cent of capital, and during the day it receives certified checks for hundreds of thousands of dollars from that half of the brokers who have bought stock. All of this money belongs to the other half who have sold, and to whom the clearing-house pays it, and then closes the day's business without a dollar on hand, the same as it found itself in the morning when it started in business.

Such was the state of the art when Mr. Michael Flynn, of Cincinnati, at the age of twenty-three, made his appearance on Wall Street, having in his possession \$3,500,000 in cash and good marketable securities. He rented a cheap office on Broad Street, and commenced a financial stock-gambling career as a planetary, not a meteoric, plunger, unparalleled in the history of the world.

There is a difference between a stock-broker and a stock-gambler. A man can be a member of the New York Stock Exchange and buy and sell stocks for a lifetime and not be a gambler, providing he sticks to his broker business of buying and selling for others, for he is then rendering a service to his customers, for which he receives his honest pay. He is in no manner doing differently from doctors, lawyers, artists, merchants, and tradesmen generally, for they all render a service likewise to their clients and customers, and likewise receive or should receive their honest pay.

But when a stock-broker buys and sells for himself, watching the rise and fall of the market, and takes advantage for himself of his experience as to when it is time to buy or sell, then he is as much a gambler as the man at the faro or poker table.

In like degree the broker's customer may, for instance, be a man of large or small means who wishes to invest his capital or income or savings from his salary in stocks and bonds that will bring him in an annual interest; if so, he is no more a gambler than is a minister or priest. But if he goes down on Wall Street, not as a permanent investor, but only to buy and sell for a rise and fall in the market, changing his holdings from day to day, or month to month, then he is a gambler on a par with the patrons of Monte Carlo, for he may buy and sell stocks to the amount of a billion of dollars annually and never have a single actual share pass through his hands. So also is the wholesale grocery merchant or other dealer in merchandise a gambler who speculates in his line of goods beyond what he knows to be the amount needed for the actual requirements of supplying his legitimate customers with such goods as he is engaged in business to furnish them with; but these wholesale merchants are not gamblers as long as they stick to their business and render a service to mankind by gathering for them

into convenient centres such goods as human beings need, in such quantities as their trade demands.

Some of these stock-gamblers try to ease their consciences by making all manner of technical excuses to exonerate themselves from the charge of gambling, but the more excuses they make the worse their argument, and the more seared become their consciences. There are no excuses to be made for a wrecker or depresser or one who sells "short." Selling short is either pure gambling or taking advantage of the ignorance of others.

There are numerous and very fine shadings of conscience on the subject of speculations that most of the better world claim comes within the pale of gambling. There is much difference of opinion regarding it. When, for instance, a man sees or hears of something that he considers low in price and buys it for a rise, expecting to reap a harvest thereby, if it is a matter connected with his own business, then the application can be made as referred to in the above-mentioned case of the wholesale grocer or dry-goods dealer; but if it is an article entirely foreign to his own business, then if he has a tender conscience and is debating with himself on the subject of gambling, he must ask the questions of himself, Am I rendering a service to mankind in entering into this affair? Am I advancing the article in value or am I helping to depress it, saying, "It is naught, saith the buyer"? or am I a prowling spirit of capital seeking whom I may devour—expecting to increase my bank account by the perplexities or misfortunes of others, or by my superior knowledge or guesswork at the future of things? Am I expecting to make more money on the capital I am going to invest in the transaction than I would if I put my money out at the rate of interest that the honorable surrounding world of commerce claims is the proper rate or income that accumulated labor, in the form of capital,

should tax human beings for its use? Am I trying, without labor or effort, to get something for nothing?

Or, on the other hand, do I feel that my capital is my own, and it makes no difference who suffers or loses or who is unhappy or unfortunate, or who is being downed in the commercial struggle, or whether the party of the second part is ignorant of the value of his holdings, or who it is that I am dealing with—whether relative, friend, or foe? or, no matter what the circumstances are, am I not here to increase my money by every means that is not in violation of law? Should it be a question to me of conscience? is it not only one of making money? It is not my fault that other people are hard up and want my money; all I know is that I have the money and I am going to make all I can out of it above legal interest, and it is nobody's business but my own.

Such are some of the questions that are debatable, but the majority of mankind do not debate at all on the subject; because making the best of a bargain is a part of their life, it seems to be commercial ethics. The negative side mentioned is to most of mankind their law and gospel, and it is all lawful, according to man's law. But what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? If he moves his life on the grasping principle, there will be a time when he will be confronted with many unwritten volumes of commercial history that he made himself. He never read history, he made it; he had no time to read if after he made it.

But, on the other hand, if people put money into an enterprise outside of their own business and follow it up with possible further capital and enterprise, and put their own time into it, or pay others for putting their time into it, and strive to create values, and thereby do the world some service, then that is business and not gambling; it is the proper way of employing idle cap-

ital. Under this heading comes the manipulation for higher figures of some incorporated property that is known to have a prosperous future; but to handle this subject in the line of defence requires very fine discrimination.

The men sitting at the gambling tables at Monte Carlo receive \$5 per night for their services in attending to their duties; they are not gamblers; they are no more gamblers than the scrub-woman who cleans up the floor and also receives her pay from the wealthy gambler or proprietor who owns the place and makes or loses the money by his nefarious calling. The profits of the Monte Carlo gambling establishment in one year amounted to \$2,500,000. One item of their expense account was "\$60,000 in salaries to the bishop and clergy."

Those who do not gamble could well say that those card dealers or ivory-ball manipulators or other employés at the Monte Carlo tables had better be engaged in some nobler plan of getting a living; but they can not be called gamblers any more than they can say that the young lady at the booth-window is a gambler because she takes in the tickets at a horse race. She is paid for her services and needs the money and earns it, and it may all go to pay rent in an honest, humble home; but we all can feel sorry that she cannot find something better to do and keep better company. It is the man who instigates the speculation or gambling, and makes or loses by it, and has the money at stake, who is the gambler—not the broker or employé. If harm comes of such enterprises, then laws can be made (if the commonwealth votes for it) to prohibit any person from becoming even employés in such affairs.

Gambling in the form of lotteries or in other phases can be authorized by law, but it can never be classed as moral. Gambling is injurious; it always brings harm to the man that loses, as well as his dependent

ones, and also undermines the character of the winner. The total number of suicides at Monte Carlo has never been published, but the known record of one particular table is 118.

Mr. Michael Flynn, of Cincinnati, United States of America, went into Wall Street to be a stock-gambler pure and simple. He did not indulge in a single excuse to ease his conscience—his transactions were all gambling—and he employed stock-brokers to buy and sell stocks for him who were not gambling themselves, and when he found out that any of his brokers were gambling in stocks, he had the good sense to change to some new one who was not a gambling speculator, and there were plenty of them doing a perfectly legitimate brokerage business—rendering a service to others and getting paid therefor.

The term Wall Street does not refer to the little, narrow street of that name that faces Trinity Church steeple. The location designated by the name Wall Street covers a number of streets, including a quarter of a mile square, the same as the locality known as "Lombard Street" covers a quarter of a mile square or more in London. When speaking of Lombard Street or Wall Street it is synonymous with the term "money centre" or "banking district."

Micky's office was in the centre of this district, in the Mills Building, directly opposite the Stock Exchange; and from the window he could see the "Exchange," and also keep an eye on the southwest corner of the United States Treasury Building, half a block distant.

He arrived in New York at six o'clock Monday morning, and by noon of the same day had eaten his breakfast, had his shoes shined, read three newspapers, rented an office, ordered carpet, furniture, stationery, and a sign (the sign was painted on the glass of the door and simply read Flynn & Schmidt), opened three

bank accounts, presented three letters of introduction, sent three telegrams to Cincinnati, wrote five letters, rented a big box in the safe-deposit vault, ordered a stock-ticker and a telephone, then found a cheap dining-room and took a 15-cent lunch. After this he presented a letter of introduction to a stock-broker, handed him, for a margin, a check for \$100,000, and gave an order to buy 5000 shares Western Union at 77, which was the market price and very active; then he went uptown to Avenue A, rented a cheap hall bedroom for \$2 per week, returned to the depot for his valise, hunted for a cheap restaurant near his boarding-house, ate a 20-cent dinner, read two evening papers, and wound up the day by spending 35 cents for a top-gallery seat to see the "Black Crook," for he had been impressed with the great thought that what a business man wanted in the evening was lively diversion. "Diversion" proved to be only a name with him, as he spent most of the time in intricate stock figuring on the backs of envelopes and the evening's programme, and paid very little attention to the scarcity of clothing worn by the majority of the young persons on the stage.

Micky brought to New York \$200,000 in bank drafts, and government bonds of the market value of \$3,300,000. On the second day he went to the express office for his bonds and took them to the safe-deposit vault, where they were securely placed in his box, which was large enough to hold ten times the amount of his securities.

By noon of this second day the price of Western Union was up from 77 to 83 $\frac{3}{8}$, and Micky ordered his 5000 shares sold, and had thus made about \$30,000 in his first gamble in New York. He had been "long" of the market. When people buy stocks for a rise it is called going "long" of the market; he had bought at 77, hoping it would go up, and he realized his hopes, as it reached 83 $\frac{3}{8}$. The transaction was as follows: The

5000 shares Micky bought at 77 amounted to \$385,000. He had given his broker a check for \$100,000, leaving a balance of \$285,000 still due on the stock. With Micky's \$100,000 margin check and with the addition of his (the broker's) own check for \$285,000, the broker pays the bill, \$385,000 for the 5000 shares, and then takes the 5000 shares to his bank and borrows \$285,000 to make good his own check that he has just given for that amount. In this manner the broker has not a dollar of his own money invested in the transaction, as the margin (\$100,000) and the bank loan (\$285,000) have paid the full \$385,000 for the 5000 shares at 77. When the broker next day sold the stock for Micky at $83\frac{3}{8}$ he received a check for the original amount, \$385,000, plus Micky's profit of \$30,000, and then he (the broker) takes up his bank loan of \$285,000, leaving in bank Micky's original margin of \$100,000, plus Micky's \$30,000 profit. This total of \$130,000 belongs to Micky, who can immediately draw it out of the broker's hands or leave it there on deposit for future margins.

This first buying transaction of Micky's was going "long" of the market for 5000 shares, and his next gamble was in the opposite direction, for he immediately went "short" of the market, and ordered his broker to sell 5000 more Western Union at 84.

To go "short" of the market is to sell something you haven't got, with the hope of making money by buying it back at a lower price to "cover" yourself, or, more properly speaking, recover yourself, for when a man sells "what he hasn't got" he takes big risks.

Micky sold the 5000 short at 84 and wanted the market to be forced down, for the lower it would go the more he would make buying the stock back; and when the exchange closed at three P.M. he had not closed the transaction and it was down to 80, and in his happy, imaginary mind he had made \$4 per share or

\$20,000; but the next morning it opened higher at 82, which reduced or cut off his imaginary profit to the amount of two per cent., or \$10,000; it then went up to 86, which made him a loser of \$10,000, for it was two per cent. higher than he had sold it; then it went back to and closed that evening at 83, and he was thus again ahead and had \$5000—in his imagination. The next morning it opened at 81, which made \$15,000 profit; then it suddenly went nine points below his venture price (84) down to 75, at which point (75) Micky sold it, and thus actually—not imaginarily—cleared \$45,000 in this, his second gamble.

Immediately after Micky sold it, the stock went down to 73, and Micky worried himself all that evening, feeling he had lost an imaginary \$10,000 by not waiting a few minutes longer; but he soon learned that he could not always expect to buy at the lowest and sell at the highest price, and *vice versa*.

When the broker sold for Micky—what he hadn't—the 5000 Western Union short, he had to keep his credit good on the Stock Exchange; and in order to promptly deliver it at the clearing-house, he immediately went to a broker or capitalist who had some Western Union stock on hand and borrowed the 5000 shares to close his account at the clearing-house. If Micky's broker had been fortunate enough to have bought or gone long for another customer for 2500 shares then he would have only had to borrow the difference, or 2500 shares, to settle his business that evening at the clearing-house, and if he had gone long or bought for the other customer 5000 shares Western Union, then it would have made exactly good his "shortage" of 5000 shares for Micky's account, and he would not have been obliged to borrow a single share for the day's transaction. If the broker was doing business with other clients, he would probably not have had to go to bank to borrow a dollar, as his

sales and purchases would have about balanced at the clearing-house and a small check would have made his account good for the day's transactions.

As Micky had sold (at 84) the 5000 shares Western Union "short," expecting to make money by its going down, still the broker was himself made secure and safe against loss if it went up as high as 110, for he had \$130,000 of Micky's money as a margin or security to protect himself. If it went up in the neighborhood of 110, then just before it reached there Micky would have been called upon by the broker to deposit more money for margin, or else he would close out the transaction before it reached 110. So a broker when strictly a broker—not a speculating gambler—takes no risk, or very little, and if he has a large clientage he can make large money; but if he gets to gambling himself he will sooner or later "go broke"—and you can depend on it.

CHAPTER XLII.

PLUNGING.

MR. MICHAEL FLYNN, of Cincinnati, was a born plunger, which Wall Street term is very significant. A plunger is a Napoleonic rusher—one who dives into the din and smoke of speculation with an utterly reckless disregard of time, place, or circumstance.

The great and only real Napoleon was ever in the thickest of the raging battle and seemed to bear a charmed life; his confidence in his star of destiny made him fearless of showering bullets, cannon-balls, and the bursting of terrifying bombs; his belief in his future and that of his beloved France disarmed him of the battle's terror and made him fearless even at the cannon's mouth; and it was even so with Micky in his new and exciting world of speculation. He had no more fear of failure than Zoroaster had of the non-coming of the rising sun. He keenly felt himself a child of destiny and born for success.

For one month after his arrival in New York he never ventured beyond a speculation of 5000 shares at a time. He was learning and feeling his way, and luck seemed to follow in his every move. If there was one thing he followed as a "pointer," it was to do just the

reverse of what the newspapers indicated. He made no ventures from any knowledge of his own of the market, but seemed to possess an intuition as to when to buy and sell and what to buy and sell, all of which resulted by the end of his first month in adding \$700,000 to his bank account. But when the second month arrived he became bolder and was seldom without ten to twenty thousand shares short or long of the market, adding in this next few weeks \$1,200,000 profit to his holdings, which he invested in railroad stocks and placed carefully, in packages of \$100,000, in his safe-deposit box; each package of \$100,000 was encircled with a stout rubber band and enclosed in a snug, paste-board box, on the outside of which was labelled its contents. He was unknown on the street and also even in the Mills Building, where he had his office. He spoke to nobody, and the other tenants who met him going up or down in the elevators took him for some new clerk in one of the many offices of the building. He sacredly and guardedly kept his own counsel; and his brokers, and their clerks, under the strictest orders, shrewdly said nothing to any one regarding their new and valuable but reckless client, but busied themselves to see that his margins were always beyond any chance of nearing the danger line. Micky rarely visited his brokers' office, and when he did no one of the other customers in the office knew who he was or anything about him. He spent most of his time alone, without a clerk or office boy, in his own office, watching the ticker and writing letters to Cincinnati.

In the third month the market went against Micky, and he found himself nearly a million and a half on the wrong side of the "profit" account. He had no "profit and loss" account on his mental books, as he would not recognize such a term as "loss;" his mental book was all "profit" account, and he was surprised one day to find his brokers alarmingly anxious for more margin,

and to calm their fears he took them to his safe-deposit vault and showed them, much to their astonishment and satisfaction, \$4,000,000 in gilt-edge securities, which quieted them down in an instant, and then the Wall Street fight went on; but, as usual in Micky's case, the market took a turn from the bad, and things came his way again, and by the end of the third month he was \$900,000 ahead.

Micky kept no books. He destroyed all papers relating to business as soon as he had deposited the proceeds in his safe-deposit box, but the monthly balance sheet of his brokers was filed away in his deposit box, a precaution he took in compliance with advice from his lawyer, Mr. Edward Webster, who wished him to always keep evidence of his rightful ownership of the property in question.

During the fourth and fifth months, he frightened his brokers with his utter recklessness, having at one time 230,000 shares at stake, and when they remonstrated with him he calmly asked if his margins were sufficient; and they answered yes, but that he was going beyond their idea of safety even for a broker to represent him, all of which resulted in Micky getting two additional brokers and dividing up the business.

By the end of the sixth month he had in the safe-deposit vault \$11,000,000 in securities, \$700,000 cash in his brokers' hands, and \$500,000 on deposit in his own banks.

During the next six months he was not so fortunate as the first half of the year, for at the end of his first year his stock and bond holdings had not increased in the same proportion, for he had only \$16,000,000 in securities, which was rather discouraging to him, as he had confidently expected to have \$20,000,000 by the end of his first twelve months.

It was not all sunshine with him, as he was beginning to conjure up distrust and borrow trouble as to the

loyalty of his brokers and their clerks. He read six newspapers a day, and was up every morning by five o'clock. He still kept his \$2-a-week room on Avenue A, and was always a week behind in payment of rent, and on one occasion came near being turned out by the landlady for his (secretly intentional) lack of promptness in money affairs, for she had no idea he ever owned as much as \$5 at one time in his whole life.

His breakfast invariably cost him 15 cents; lunch the same amount, and dinner 20 cents, but he had been extravagant enough when winter set in to buy a \$12 overcoat.

His wardrobe consisted of two shirts, four collars, one black cravat, one pair of shoes, one suit of clothes, one overcoat, one hat, two suits of underwear, a brush and comb, a tooth-brush, and a shoe-polishing outfit. Everything he had in his hall bedroom could be placed in a small valise, which was his only home place of deposit, for the drawers in the small bureau never contained anything except the pieces of flat newspaper the landlady had carefully spread over the bottom of the insides to suggest neatness. He was a miser, pure and simple, but in the end it all paid for some one, as it proved a blessing to human kind.

His expenditure of 35 cents to see the "Black Crook" on his first night in New York was his last extravagance in patronizing theatres, and most of his subsequent evenings found him in the Astor Library gathering statistics from the world's commercial history. His only change for an evening's entertainment was in attending the Water Street Mission and Jerry Macauley's "Cremorne," where he learned of the depths of human woe and its only seeming panacea. He never left there without astonishing his own hovering angel, for each time he conquered his miserly tendency by leaving behind him a dollar bill. He made the acquaintance of a number of "unfortunates,"

who showed him the misery of the slums, and when later he brushed by the well-dressed rich, his one desire seemed to be to get their money by the "legal" channels of trade, for he never forgot the commercial ethics imparted to him by the "shade" of Cagliostro.

One night he made a notable exception of himself, for he spent \$2 for a front seat in the middle of the top gallery at the opera-house, where he could calmly gaze down on the bediamonded millionaires who at that time owned most of the money he was after. He hired an opera-glass and gazed from one to another, not caring about their names, for they were all "the party of the second part" with him, and his thoughts and plans during those two hours of music which he did not hear, would make a wonderful book, for they were connected with the moulding of the future history of the world.

During the first six months of his second year he had added \$7,000,000 to his securities and was obliged to rent an additional safe at the deposit company.

By the end of the second year he was still silent and unknown, but had been felt in Wall Street in a wonderful speculation. It was his first gigantic experience in finance and brought to the front his wonderful nerve and genius for recklessness.

A spirit of over-speculation had been running riot in the Exchange and prices had advanced, and then advanced again and again. Micky had imbibed that most genuine of all stock-gambling instincts, and was becoming a model bear in his tendencies, maturing a regular mania for wrecking and smashing properties to lessen their value and then boom them for profit.

He had sold and sold, and prices were against him, for the market kept rising and rising; yet he still sold and kept on selling more of "what he hadn't," and week by week he went to his safe-deposit box and carried away more securities for additional margins

for his brokers, to meet the still advancing rush of stocks to the upper figures; and still prices kept climbing higher and higher, until one morning he found himself short of the market 400,000 shares of various stocks and only two million of securities left in his safe-deposit box. One more rise—a little five per cent.—and he would be “wiped out,” and 20,000,000 of his securities would vanish away from him into the hands of others and he would be a failure; but that night he slept as calmly as a babe in its cradle. He had no fear; his nerves were iron, and he thought and dreamed only of destiny.

The next morning, an uncommon thing for him, he did not awaken until half past nine o'clock, and only then by the knocking of his landlady on the door. Five o'clock A.M. was his usual hour. His astonishment was great at such an unusual development of laziness in him, but he calmly dressed, went to breakfast, and for the first time in months omitted buying a newspaper. He did not arrive at his office until eleven o'clock—an hour after the opening of the Exchange—and to his surprise, all Wall Street was in a state of excitement, and six clerks from his brokers were violently knocking at his office door for admission.

Micky soon learned the news. A great politician and Wall Street magnate on the bull, or rising side, of speculation had suddenly died during the night, and the market, in consequence of his death, had collapsed and everything was going to pieces. Stocks had gone down fifteen per cent., but were rallying, and Micky's brokers wanted instructions as to whether he wanted to purchase at the low prices and “cover his shorts.” But Micky hurriedly gave orders to immediately sell 200,000 additional shares, and then locked his door and calmly watched the stock-ticker as he saw the market again go all to pieces and prices tumble in confusion.

Down went prices ten to fifteen per cent. more; then Micky telephoned to sell another 100,000 shares, which knocked the market down ten per cent. additional, at which time the hour of three o'clock arrived, and the Exchange closed in a whirl of excitement and confusion, with prices on Micky's speculations twenty-five per cent. down on an average from the quotations of the evening before.

Micky again slept the sleep of the innocent while a city full of speculators hardly closed their eyes, and he was promptly on hand the next morning, and sold more stock, and again smashed the market down fifteen per cent. more, and then gave orders to buy half a million shares, which rallied everything, in the midst of which he again sold 300,000 shares, and the market again closed for the day in feverish excitement.

On the third day he rallied the market by buying 600,000 shares, which brought the price up thirty per cent. from their lowest point, and on the fourth day he closed out his entire speculation with a profit of \$34,000,000, and no person interested knew who it was who had broken and rallied the market. He immediately bought actual delivery stocks and bonds for his entire profit, placed them in the safe-deposit vaults, and gave notice to his brokers that he would now quit the market, said "good-morning, gentlemen," and was gone.

Micky telegraphed for Sally to come to New York, and then spent two weeks in arranging, counting, and classifying the securities, and found he had \$54,000,000 face value of stocks and bonds, with market value of \$61,000,000. It was all held in the name of Flynn & Schmidt, and even the tax-gatherers of New York City were unaware of the existence of such a firm.

Micky introduced Sally to the safe-deposit authorities and his banks, and gave her sole custody and access to his private safes and power of attorney to sign

checks, and then taking \$10,000,000, face value, in United States government bonds, he bid Sally good-by and hurriedly left for London.

He disappeared from Wall Street as unknown and as quietly as he came, and even his brokers knew nothing of his departure or whereabouts, and for two years they wondered and wondered, and daily looked for and prayed for his reappearance in their office; but as far as they were concerned he had disappeared from off the face of the earth; and his little hall bedroom was rented to a laboring man, whom the landlady gladly welcomed in Micky's place, for she was now surer of getting her pay more promptly than formerly from that mysterious "figuring man," who was always scribbling columns of figures on every old piece of paper he could lay his hands on, and daily leaving them in torn scraps scattered around like snowflakes upon her precious floor.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CRESUS PALED.

MICKY got lost in the fog the first day he arrived in England. He had heard of the London fogs before, but never believed they were half as bad as he found them. He could not count his fingers four inches from his nose, and consequently gave up any hope he had been nursing of repeating his New York experience of commencing business all in one day.

London was slow; three weeks passed by before he was settled. His office was across the bridge on Tooley Street, on the second floor, back of a dingy old lard house, and his sleeping-room was on the attic floor of a small boarding-house on Craven Street, one block from Trafalgar Square. His office cost £12, and his room £10 6s. 4d. per year, which he paid all down for twelve months in advance, and thus established his credit in small circles, otherwise too many references were required; what he wanted was oblivion.

He rented a large box in the deposit vaults, and without exciting any comment, after several trips back and forth from his boarding-house, he placed his

\$10,000,000 government bonds in the safe. No one knew but himself of the arrival in England of the bonds, as he purposely brought them over in an ordinary trunk that was unsuspectingly consigned to the ship's hold with a thousand other pieces of luggage, and it passed the Southampton custom officers without a thought on their part of examination.

He had a draft on Brown, Shipley & Co. for £125,000, and letters of introduction to them from Messrs. Lincoln, Seward & Evarts, and also several other letters from them to the most prominent financial houses of England, all of which gave him recognition. He opened a speculative account with Jones Brothers, the most prominent brokerage firm in England, and immediately established his credit there by depositing £100,000 as a margin on a transaction requiring one quarter the amount, and by the end of the first month had made £4000.

The real object of Micky's arrival in England was to engage in the great South African speculation that was then setting the whole of Great Britain crazy. Gold mines and the diamond fields were all the rage in speculative circles.

One Barney Bernato had risen from poverty to the possession of fifty million pounds sterling, and others had followed in his lead and attained lesser but fabulous possessions, and with his dash and nerve Micky in three months' time had £1,000,000 to his profit account, and then went in still deeper than any of his broker's other clients.

Micky kept himself in the background in the same manner as in New York, and no one excepting his brokers knew of his speculative existence.

By the end of six months he had startled his own brokers by his daring, and had aroused the curiosity of the other brokers as to who was Jones Brothers' mysterious customer, and they all came to the conclusion

it must be some wealthy syndicate. Micky never liked the term "syndicate;" he said it meant a body of men entirely surrounded by "water."

There were wonderful fluctuations that even surprised Micky; his luck never left him, for he had made £7,000,000 by the end of his seventh month, and then he found that a secret combination was being formed against the unknown client of Jones Brothers to "trip him up" and "down" him in his bold ventures.

It was a giant fight, and never afterward in his wonderful career did Mr. Michael Flynn show such nerve and cunning. He had ventured on shares to the amount of millions of pounds sterling, and found master hands at speculation for his invisible enemies, and he gradually saw his previous profits in London of \$35,000,000 absorbed in margins to fight the combination, and was making his brokers nervous when, to the surprise and joy of Jones Brothers, he laid on their counter the hidden \$10,000,000 United States governments that he had as yet never touched since arriving in England. He brought them to the office just in time. The fight was a bitter one, and Jones Brothers assured Mr. Flynn that he would now be successful, as his opponents were nearing the end of their rope; but again disappointment came, and more margin was needed, as that \$10,000,000 governments were being absorbed, and Jones Brothers once more lost their heads, for they saw ruin staring their client in the face and disgrace for themselves. Then, to their surprise, Micky deluged Jones Brothers with almost an avalanche of good cable draft acceptances for \$40,000,000 on America, for Sally had hastened to New York by cabled advice from Micky, and borrowed \$40,000,000 on the securities in the New York safe deposit vaults, and with his spot cash he broke the combination and cleared £16,000,000. No one outside of Jones Brothers knew exactly the extent of

Mr. Flynn's profits, but thousands of speculators were ruined when the bubble burst, for Micky took advantage of the great decline and made £10,000,000 more, and by the end of the year he had £32,000,000 in London in safe deposits and banks, even after deducting the money returned to Sally to New York to make her loans good at the American end of the line, and after returning to her the \$10,000,000 governments he had brought from America.

Barney Bernato's £50,000,000 had melted away as suddenly as snow before a tropic sun, and England never understood the why and the wherefore of it, but Micky and Jones Brothers secretly knew where the most of it was cared for.

Micky's evenings for the entire year had been spent with a French tutor, from whom he had passably learned the French language, and after closing up his South African speculation he as suddenly and as mysteriously disappeared from London as twelve months before he had vanished from New York. The next morning found him in Paris opening a new office and finding another cheap boarding-house.

One year was spent in Paris speculating in canal and Algerian shares on a gigantic scale, and his evenings were spent in studying German. The next six months he spent in Vienna; six months later he was in Berlin; the next six months found him in Amsterdam; six months later he was in Buenos Ayres, South America, at the end of which time, at the age of thirty, he arrived back in New York with \$50 in his pocket and not a single share of stock with him, or a bond of any kind whatsoever. But he had left behind him in the safe-deposit vaults of the various cities all the money he had made in those emporiums as follows: London, £32,000,000; Paris, 450,000,000 francs; Vienna, 160,000,000 crowns; Berlin, 200,000,000 marks; Amsterdam, 100,000,000 guilders; and Buenos Ayres, 50,-

000,000 pesos, which with the \$62,000,000 and its accumulated interest in New York made a total of his gainings for the firm of Flynn & Schmidt of \$485,000,000. The uncollected, earned dividends and interest on his holdings abroad of about \$35,000,000 made a grand total of over half a billion dollars, and it gratified Micky beyond expression to know that he could, with deserving, use the word billion in an authorized way to now speak of his firm's accumulations. But to be a complete billionaire, pure and simple, without the necessity of prefixing a fraction, was his present but modest ambition.

It made no difference what city he dwelt in, he spent his evenings the same, for everywhere it was a constant studying of languages, seeking statistical information, and visiting the scenes of human poverty and woe. He was from the poor himself, and had known of and witnessed extreme poverty, and while he had no use for money for his own wants, he had only one waking dream, which was in some manner to equalize the blessings to mankind. But up to the present moment it was all for the future, as he had never been known to part with over \$1 at a time for charity.

It was seven years since he had left Cincinnati, and for the first time he now returned to talk matters over with his partners, who had mutually kept one another posted regarding their commercial progress.

Micky found the Cincinnati end of the line in good condition and worth \$250,000,000, for the Kite Trust was now becoming one of the powers in the land, and was known from one end of the country to the other. Fred, with Sally's assistance in New York and Micky's directions from Europe, had been trading up and down on a large scale in "industrials," and on several occasions had secretly bulled and beared the market, ruining thousands of others, but enriching themselves. Micky had dealt exclusively in railroads and mines,

while Fred at his end of the line had confined himself to these "industrials."

The kite business during Micky's seven years' absence had flourished beyond his brightest hopes, and the mania for kite-flying had increased until the whole country was kite mad. The rival kite concerns had become wealthy, and competition began to annihilate profits for them all, which induced Fred to call a meeting of all the concerns and form a combination which resulted in the organization of the great Kite Trust, with Fred as its president. In less than two years Fred, Micky, and Sam by their stock manipulations owned it all.

Outside parties as well as those who had been superseded saw the success of the Kite Trust, and started more rival kite concerns, all of which were bought out as fast as organized, until the Kite Trust was tired of such blackmailing proceedings and adopted new methods, which was the formation of a new trust controlling the entire tissue-paper industry of the country, of which Fred was president. This bound all purchasers to sell no paper to any outsider for kite purposes. Next the thread manufacturers, with Fred as their president, combined into a Thread Trust and refused to supply thread to outside parties for kite manufacturing. Next was formed, with Fred as the president, the flour-mills into the Flour Trust, and no one but the Kite Trust could obtain flour for making paste. Then followed the Grain Elevator Trust, to keep watch of all grain statistics. Then followed the Glue Trust, and last of all the Lumber Trust, and finally, when no one else but the Kite Trust could obtain tissue-paper, thread, paste, and kite sticks, the power of the Kite Trust became supreme, and they raised the price of kites one cent a piece, and the next quarter declared a dividend of \$21,000,000, and with the profits bought for cash the remaining interest

in all the above-mentioned industrial combinations that they had been unable to shake into their laps through stock gambling.

The entire formation of the combinations was left in the hands of Ed Webster, who was the leading spirit in its technicalities. All the corporations were organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey, as the legislature of Ohio was composed of a foolish, thick-headed set of incompetents who were not far-sighted enough to foster industry in a most liberal manner, and thus they drove enterprise and capital into other channels; whereas the legislature of New Jersey was composed of men who had a degree of horse-sense superior to Ohio man-sense, and showed in the end to better advantage than the wisdom of their Western brothers, for New Jersey had sprung from almost the foot of the ladder to be nearly at the top in manufacturing industries.

The Thread Trust now extended its power and took in the rope and twine trades, and all combined under the name of the Cordage Trust.

Micky, from New York and London, inspired Fred in these enterprises, but the most masterly suggestion of them all was his advice for the formation of a Boot and Shoe Trust, as more of such articles of commerce were now being used in consequence of their excessive wear and tear in running while kite-flying. So the Boot and Shoe Trust was started, and with a grip of steel held the industry in its power; next followed the "Leather Trust," and next the "Harness" and then the extensive "Cattle Trust," which eventuated in the great "Meat" and "Pork Trusts," with its separate trusts of "Abattoirs," "Cattle Yards" and "Ranches."

With the quarterly dividends from the kite and other trusts Fred from time to time bought the controlling interest (fifty-one per cent.) of these new

trusts, and became president of them all, and his aptitude for accounts and power of concentration enabled him with the utmost ease to father each and every one of them.

Kites did not cease to be the rage, and it soon became fashionable to paper and decorate rooms with hundreds of them, which resulted in the invention of ten thousand varieties of shapes, colors, and combinations, and a rivalry sprung up among older persons as well as children to possess them, which fad supplanted the children's craze for cancelled postage stamps of the various nations, and all of this made fabulous quarterly dividends for the Kite Trust.

Science took up the subject, and war kites were invented, and kites for power purposes were brought into play during windy seasons, especially around the lower lakes. Butter was churned and small industries driven by the unwinding of cord reels as the massive kites ascended beyond the unaided vision.

The real manufacturing success of the Kite Trust's combination of trusts was due to the inventive genius of Sam Forbes, who devised the most wonderful machines in every line of industry for labor saving, which revolutionized previous methods; and in order to control the manufacture of this new machinery, Fred organized as one of their ventures the Machine-Shop Trust, which included the entire plants in that line in the whole country.

It happened in the year before Micky's return to America—when the Kite Trust controlled fifty-one per cent. or more of the stock of one hundred and thirty other trusts—that a combination of capitalists in New York attempted to injure, in a speculative movement on the Stock Exchange, the integrity of what was known as the Kite Trust Industrials. Ed Webster was sent East to look into the matter. He found the minority stockholders were in the conspir-

acy, and that it was a speculative fight among themselves.

When Micky heard of it through the mails he directed a speculative raid on all their stock holdings, and sent forty million in sterling exchange, which with the borrowing capacity of sixty-five million securities in the safe-deposit vaults in New York, gave Sally, who was intrusted with the battle, about \$100,000,000 with which to manœuvre.

The Kite Trust itself was now a close corporation, owned by none other than Micky Flynn, Fred Schmidt, and Sam Forbes, and consequently was not affected, but all the other trusts controlled by the Kite Trust were listed on the Stock Exchange, and the stocks subject to fluctuations.

Up and down went the quotations of them all, and for eight months the battle waged among the outside stockholders, and gradually, without the market knowing it, Sally stealthily day by day fastened onto every "short" sale that was made, having a \$100,000,000 back of her for ammunition, until she held the "short" speculators in her power, as they had oversold to twice the amount in existence of all those particular stock shares of which the Kite Trust owned and held in their safes at least fifty-one per cent.

It was a week of panic in the stock market, the Exchange was closed for three days, and when settlements were made Sally (the unknown power that had won) gathered in on delivery day, as profit for the Kite Trust, almost all of the other forty-nine per cent. of the stock that had been held by the former owners of the various industries. Almost all of them had originally taken part cash and part stock for their plants when purchased by the Trust.

But Ed Webster was wise in his generation, for by his direction every former owner who had genius for his business was employed in a position to his liking

with a satisfactory salary, and every former employé was cared for in some capacity, and not a murmur of dissatisfaction was heard from the inside of all these trusts controlled by the Kite Trust. There was public clamor against trusts, but it came from newspapers and politicians, and the business on the inside went on calmly and serene.

When Micky arrived in Cincinnati a meeting of the Kite Trust was immediately held, and Fred reported \$250,000,000 the value of their holdings, and Micky reported \$550,000,000, and said he would only remain one week, as he would then start out to play checkers with the world's finances, and use the largest cities of the world for squares on his checker board.

Mrs. Flynn and Sally were still living in the shanty on the hill, and Fred and Sam had not changed their humble residences, but Ed had moved his dear, little delicate mother to better and happier scenes on the hills at Clifton.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TRUSTS.

THE subject of "trusts" was again brought up for discussion the week before Micky left on his new war of conquest. Ed was asked to write and present his opinion.

On the evening of January 1st Ed met the firm by appointment, and presented the following paper, accompanied by a bill for services amounting to \$25,000, which was paid without a question:

OPINION OF EDWARD WEBSTER ON TRUSTS.

Messrs. Flynn & Schmidt.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to herewith submit to you, as requested, my opinion on the subject of trusts:

- A. The term "trust" as used to-day is misleading. Hundreds of great business consolidations are called trusts; when, in fact, they are simply gigantic Trans-Continental corporations, with a perfectly legal existence.

There are not half a dozen of the real terrorizing, objectionable trusts in the country, and they will soon cease to exist, being unlawful, as the trustees of the several amalgamated companies have transferred their trust or trusteeship to other trustees, an act that is not recognized, as no trust can be delegated. A corporate trust cannot be transferred unless previously provided for by statute.

In the following opinion the term "trust" refers to the first-mentioned or legalized gigantic corporations that in a proper, law-abiding manner aim to entirely and without competition control one department of business.

I will premise my opinion by making the following propositions:

1. Trusts are legal.
 2. Trusts are beneficial to labor.
 3. Trusts are beneficial to capital.
 4. Trusts are beneficial to commerce.
 5. Trusts are beneficial to everybody.
 6. Trusts have come to stay.
- B. Formerly five hundred firms in our country (averaging three partners to a firm) were engaged in fierce competition in the same line of business, whereas at the present time only one great trust or corporation aims to control, or, can be arranged to control, an entire specialty.
- C. If the business of the whole world in one branch of business or manufacturing was under a single corporation, without competition, then all mankind would be benefited—or if in only one nation, the entire line of any special kind of business or manufacturing was under a single corporation (protected from foreign competition), then the entire people, individually

and collectively, of that particular nation would be benefited.

- D. The United States of America has the reputation of being a Mecca for all who seek fortune—not culture. Millions abroad have heard of our golconda, and have rushed hither to obtain the prizes. The newcomers find a nation of both rich and poor, alternately changing places every twenty, thirty, or fifty years. Nothing permanent in riches seems to exist with us individually. The wealthy of yesterday are the poor of to-day and *vice-versa*. Looking down from above on the commercial scramble, the struggle for wealth must appear like a great boiling cauldron, where the bubbling, gurgling, rolling waters come gushing up to the surface in geyser-like upheavals, and then disappear once more in the mass from whence they came. The escaping steam is the passing away of those who reach the end of life and never return to the scenes of their scalding disappointments. A supply pipe below is ever adding to the long procession of the newcomers who wish to try their chances in the game of wealth. The new and awful wear and tear of life, with its disappointments, was unknown in the fatherland; life was a monotone; now it is a Wagnerian outburst, and only in heaven will the over-ambitious individual be able to look back and say in which of the earthly lands he was the better off. Statistics show that only two men in a hundred have succeeded in commerce—that is, held on to their fortunes and died rich. Consequently, if in one line of business there was one gigantic corporation or trust instead of the previously mentioned five hundred firms, with their average of three partners in each firm—or a total of

fifteen hundred partners—then in the same ratio there would, in a generation, be only thirty men of real business genius out of those fifteen hundred partners who would be successful; which means that by the formation of all the rival concerns into that one particular gigantic trust, the other fourteen hundred and seventy partners would be prevented from future disastrous failure, which would have resulted in their finally entering bankruptcy.

- E. Is it not better that those thirty prosperous men (who have proven that they were born with genius for *successfully* conducting business) should direct the whole of a national manufacturing specialty than that the other fourteen hundred and seventy careless, extravagant, misguided or incompetent partners should fail and bring disaster upon themselves and families as well as upon their thousands of employes and their dependent families? The misfortune of those fourteen hundred and seventy men-of-failure is far reaching. It is a calamity; in fact, it almost borders on the criminal. The advantage or joy the fourteen hundred and seventy received for themselves and families during their rise to temporary, meteoric, or somewhat prolonged prosperity, was far outweighed by the later misfortune, disappointment, and sorrow that came to them in their final sad or disgraceful retirement, when they were once more obliged to be merged into the vast throngs of employed or idle humanity and again forced down to their inborn lower level of business capacity. If they could write an epitaph for their own tombstone it would read: "It is hard to be poor, but hell to be rich and then poor." It is certainly better

never to have tasted of a selfish joy than to injure others by parting with it.

- F. The world is divided into two classes: First, those who are born with the gift or genius to work for themselves, and, secondly, those who are adapted to work for and be directed by others. Those fourteen hundred and seventy men that failed should never have gone into business for themselves. They were probably adapted to be successful clerks or to work in some responsible, noble, higher capacity under the direction of others; but they had unfortunate ambitions, and those ambitions ultimately brought misery to themselves and a multitude of families, and helped in the end to create panics, with the accompanying bank failures and general mercantile disaster and long business depressions. These fourteen hundred and seventy men, managed in the end to owe and embarrass their numerous creditors to the extent of millions, and were unable to pay 50 cents on the dollar, thus helping to start failures in banks and in other lines of trade beside their own. It is impossible for them or others to ever adequately estimate the awful depths of sorrow and disappointment that they have entailed on their fellowmen, their widows, and orphans, and descendants on into two or three generations.
- G. To run the entire business of a country covering a single trade, all under one management, is like running one branch of the army of a nation under one system. War will ultimately cease, and the era of lasting peace will be ushered in by strict army organizations in all departments of trade. There will be a head or directing power, with successive chiefs on a descending

scale, all seeing that every member of the organization from the highest to the lowest has his assigned duties, all having the opportunity to rise, if it is born in them to command, and all having their profit or salary in proportion to the position they attain by merit, education, or ability. As oil oozes out of and rises to the surface from the bottom of a lake, so the younger men of genius will rise from the ranks of "trust" employés to the upper positions of command.

- H. The causes of the failures of the fourteen hundred and seventy partners belonging to the four hundred and ninety, out of the five hundred firms, were many. Overproduction was one great factor. Unaware of what volume each of their competitors was manufacturing, the original five hundred opposing firms probably turned out in the aggregate twice or three times sufficient wares to supply the demand; they overproduced; they made, for instance, shoes for three hundred million instead of seventy-five million people; they flooded the country with shoes, and at the end of the year still had on hand an almost unlimited supply that they could not dispose of. Their city and country customers had been induced to buy more than they could sell, and in the end could not pay for all of their purchases, as they had not sold all their stock; their inability to pay in full reacted on the bank account of the overproducing manufacturers, causing in the end their financial ruin.

On the other hand, if a trust had controlled the entire business of the country, it could have manufactured discreetly, as it would have carefully anticipated and kept exact pace with the

national demand, and no failures from overproduction would have ensued.

- I. There is a legislative body that can be compelled, by the vote of the people, to pass laws to control trusts in the interests of mankind, and not altogether for the selfishness of stockholders and officers. The legislature can, if it wills, pass laws to limit salaries of officers, and also pass laws that the amount of dividends be not above a legalized percentage. It can order that all the excessive profit go to the betterment of the plant, for the formation of a surplus fund for increasing the business. Congress can declare in the national constitution that only an individual can be a citizen of a State; that a partnership, association, or trust cannot claim State citizenship, but must only exist under national legislation, thereby becoming amenable to uniform business laws of the whole country. There should be no State statutes as to business associations; it should be all a matter of national supervision under the interstate commerce clause of the constitution. National legislation can direct that excessive profits of trusts or corporations or firms shall go to increasing salaries and wages, so that every one, from the president to the youngest laborer, can participate in the general prosperity; that a certain amount of the profits can be placed in a fund for supporting the employers and employés during unlooked-for accidents, such as from fire, the elements, shut-downs, failure of crops, or other unforeseen causes. It can arrange for pensions out of the surplus and care for every employé in declining years. The rate of profit to meet all these conditions can be adjusted year by year.

- J. The formation of all business into trusts would eventually do away with alternate waves of prosperity and depression, as it would give permanence or stability to commerce, and the many causes for failure would gradually be entirely eliminated.
- K. The second important cause for the many failures in business is the credit system. At the present time there is so much competition for business that salesmen (in order to keep up their reputation as successful drummers) sell goods without extreme care, and the credit partners of the many firms are generally so selfishly anxious for all business in sight, that they also take undue risks and ship goods on credit to what eventually proves to be sinking or fraudulent firms. This competition for selling goods is taken advantage of by dishonest firms with extravagant-living partners, or who possess other unbusinesslike methods, and who, as a firm obtain credit from new manufacturers while still owing the old ones who will trust them no further, and in the end they thus become indebted to a score or a hundred houses at one time.

On the contrary, if one trust controlled the business of the country, then this "selling on credit" cause, that helps to create failures and panics, would be gradually removed, as the financial or credit department of the trust would not be imposed upon or swindled by dishonest or weak firms, as there would be no fierce, fighting competition all over the country for the various customers' trade. There would be only one great business house in that line with which to deal—one great corporation which would refer all sales in certain cities, States, or districts to their one and only one rep-

representative branch-house in that particular location.

- L. The third cause for failure is the extravagant living and family expenses of men of business. If in those four hundred and ninety unsuccessful firms, their fourteen hundred and seventy partners are or have been living extravagantly, is it not better for the country at large, namely, the people who buy the goods (if legislation limited the salaries and dividends of trusts), if only thirty men of genius directed the same entire volume of business? The vast extravagance of the families of the fourteen hundred and seventy useless partners would be prevented, the money they unnecessarily spend would be saved to the purchasers and lessen the burden on the consumer to the extent of millions of dollars annually. Goods could be thus sold cheaper to the general public. By eliminating these useless fourteen hundred and seventy unsuccessful panic-making partners, it would make more equality in human living and hasten onward the real era of the brotherhood of man. The worthy ones of these fourteen hundred and seventy partners, with their ambitions and talent, would find promotion and prominent places in the vast army of employés of that particular great trust to which they had devoted their time and attention, and they would in their new positions find that they were born with talent that is at its best when under the direction of higher genius than they possess.
- M. By transferring all the business of five hundred wholesale firms engaged in one line of manufacture to one giant corporation or trust, the many useless expenses that can be saved can (if statutes are provided for it) be directed to

lowering the price to retail buyers, thus benefiting mankind. One of the principal items is that of rent, as in all probability fifty factories can do the business of the former five hundred, and the investment in future building would be obviated and the money directed to other purposes more needed for human necessities, while the surplus factories could be changed into more commodious and comfortable homes for working people, giving them a chance to live in rooms that have adequate breathing space, instead of the cramped premises so often seen to-day.

- N. By forming the five hundred firms into one trust, there will be no lessening of the number of the world's laborers in producing the raw material used in a century, and consequently none in the department of transportation, and none in the actual manufacturing by former methods; as with the same machinery it required just so many hours' time to produce so many goods; but it will result in the discharging of superfluous workmen, bookkeepers, watchmen, salesmen, and clerks.
- O. On the formation of a trust the natural question will be asked, What is to become of those surplus, unnecessary workmen to be discharged, also the bookkeepers, clerks, and others? It is a question of the greatest moment. If the tendency of the age is to lessen to the retail buyer the prices of necessities, then some of the old employes may have to suffer for the good of all. These are days of wonderful progress. We are entering a new era of business. New methods are staring the old merchants and manufacturers in the face, and they are as much astonished at the changes as are the non-think-

ers, for new problems have come into the competition between individuals and nations, and in these changes some persons will be compelled to take back seats. If there are no other employments to be obtained for the unfortunate ones, then those discharged persons must put themselves on an equality with all the rest of the unemployed humanity and shift for themselves until they are adjusted in the strife for existence. There is always room for a man somewhere, and if nothing else presents itself, he can become a farm-hand or a farmer and go back to the country districts, to take the places of those who are continually leaving. No temperate man who wants something to eat need die of starvation in the midst of the present civilization. This going back to the farm is a most important question to settle. It is very easy to adjust if people would only smother their pride and be half-way sensible. For instance, it has been a fact that for many years hundreds of thousands of country boys have left their farm homes and rushed into the cities to find what they supposed would be fame and fortune. Only a few, a very few, have had their ambitions gratified. When the hopes or occupations of the disappointed ones have fled, they tramp around the city hunting for new fields of employment, and evening after evening, after returning from their unsuccessful hunt, they sit sulking at home, condemning the laws that permit emigrants to come into our country and overcrowd the centres of trade, thus making more mouths to feed and less chance for the old citizens to obtain a living. They seem to forget that their own case is similar in principle, for did they not—they or their parents—come from

their rural life into the city and crowd out some one else who was to the city born who was also looking for a clerkship or employment of the same kind? These boys from the country had an equal right and chance with the others, but now they have found that many of their fellow-clerks had superior ability and were chosen to remain and carry on the business while they have been discharged. It is the old story of the survival of the fittest, and a very large majority have fallen by the wayside. Now, if this very large majority were sensible, they would, like the prodigal, go back to their father's home and ask for the use of a corner of the old farm and resume once more their former business of farming. But no, they are too proud for that; they choose to remain with their families in obscurity, poverty, and debt, preferring an attic in the overcrowded city to an open life of comparative rural independence, and are thus doing no good for themselves and are hurting others who are more favored with ability. A poor farmer has more of life's peace and comforts than do some rich men in the city. The poor farmer has a cow and fresh milk and eggs and butter, a horse and carriage and wagon, fresh vegetables, all the poultry he can care for, and fewer doctor bills; while a well-to-do farmer has more of life's real comforts than a millionaire does in the city. There is room and work for everybody on this earth if they are not too stubbornly ambitious or proud.

Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man," has built up a vast western empire, peopled by those who took his advice. Trusts will benefit those who are fittest and are chosen to remain;

and good sense with peace of mind will come to reward those who choose to acknowledge that they are born and live in a lower plane of ability than the more successful others, and, seeing this, move with their families back to the farm from whence they came. This is not casting any reflection on the business ability of scientific up-to-date farmers.

- P. There is a great cry made by anarchists against the rich for their extravagance, but it is the extravagance of the poor man in his demand for useless luxuries that causes nine-tenths of the poverty that comes to his family and himself. A beggar on the street who asks for money for a starving family will always manage in some way to first find enough money to buy for himself smoking or chewing tobacco and "four beers a day." These are not necessities to life; millions of human beings never have them; they are the luxuries of the poor, yet the poor beggar and anarchists are forever berating the rich and the prosperous for indulging in their especial luxuries.

Beggars and agitators who talk that way are not fit to live on the earth, and their families and the whole world would be better off if the lazy prevaricators would starve to death and be buried in Potter's Field. They claim they have nothing to eat for themselves and families. They are nothing but useless, miserable, rascally deceivers. If they haven't, as they say, anything to eat, they always manage, as said before, to get money enough to buy four glasses of beer per day, and the price of four beers per day for a year would buy for their family at the grocery the following things to eat:

1 barrel of flour,	100 bars of soap.
10 pounds of coffee,	10 pounds of macaroni,
10 pounds of rice,	20 pounds of cornstarch,
10 bunches of celery,	4 twelve-pound hams,
10 pounds of prunes,	1 bushel sweet potatoes,
10 pounds of raisins,	3 bushels Irish potatoes,
4 dozen oranges,	5 twelve-pound turkeys,
50 pounds of sugar,	20 pounds of crackers,
10 quarts of beans,	5 quarts of cranberries.
25 good beefsteaks,	

But this is not all; there would be in one pocket of the workingman's trousers a ten-dollar bill marked "a new dress for wife or mother," and in another pocket a five-dollar bill marked "to buy shoes for the children."

Before humanity can settle down to the enjoyment of the coming Brotherhood of Man, they will have to down the saloon octopus that grasps at even the coppers covering the eyes of a starved, emaciated corpse. The longed-for day of human equality will never come until the wives of workingmen can be made to see (the men will never see it) that it is the saloon, the liquor dealer, who is cheating them and the children out of the blessings of a home, a full stomach, and an education.

It is frightful to contemplate that \$3,000,000,000 per annum is spent in the United States for tobacco and drink. Think of it! more than twice the national debt every year. If that vast wasted sum were saved for ten years, it would give half an acre of land and a separate, neat furnished home to every laboring family in America.

The one trust that must eventually be swept off the face of the earth is this First-Lieutenant-

of-Hell-Saloon Trust, that grasps at all the money a man has left at the end of the week to swell the bank account of the saloon-keeper and his politician backers.

A merchant works a whole year, and at the end of that time squares up his books to see what he has made, and he then knows his profit, if any, for the twelve months' business. A laboring man at the end of each week does the same, he spends a certain sum for rent, much less for clothing and very much less for eatables, and what is left goes to the saloon. If there is any wail from the depths of the heart, that penniless wives and hungry children should send up as a national cry to heaven, it should be this one unanimous shriek from the soul: "To hell with the saloons;" then brotherly love in a new era will have a chance to find its way into the haunts of humbleness.

- Q. The expense item of insurance can be reduced by a great corporation or trust carrying its own insurance—that is, to monthly set to one side a certain amount for a fund to reimburse for fire losses. The extravagant management of great fire insurance companies will not thus be catered to. It will be saved, as also many items in the same category.
- R. The expense item of interest can be entirely saved, as the trust should be organized with sufficient capital and eventually hold a vast surplus of an amount equal to carrying all its transactions without resorting to borrowing money. It should assume to be its own banker, furnishing its various branches with its own accumulated funds.

Any man, with his family, ought to be proud to be an employé of such a great corporation

that will pension them in their old age, if a pension is necessary. Does the widow of a general of the highest degree object to a pension? Does she not still hold a high social position?

- S. Another great cause of failure is competition. It formerly went for a wise saying that competition was the life or soul of trade; that is now a thing of the dead past. Competition in this business era is the soul of rascality. The pious merchant is home at night-time writing out his checks to send to the societies for the suppression of vice, while at the very same hour his salesmen, who help make his money, are in those haunts of sin catering to the entertainment of the would-be customers of to-morrow.

In the selling of goods to-day, if the deliberate lying that is indulged in for one single week could be turned into liquid air, it would be powerful enough to move the machinery of the world. If it were water, then in one year it would be vast and deep enough to drown a city.

The cutting of prices and underselling of a neighbor or rival has grown to such proportions that when the year comes around the unscrupulous, in order to make both ends meet, has to fail in business or resort to some kind of trickery or to borrow money by hook or crook, and then rob Peter to pay Paul or else scheme on an unsuspecting man or widow and sink this newly added money in bolstering up his business for another year. Or he risks this borrowed money in speculation to replete his coffers, and in such doing in nine cases out of ten finds himself a disgraced bankrupt.

Competition has forced men into trusts to rid itself of its own destructive aggressiveness. Competition has brought its own remedy, which

is its own annihilation, but in its annihilation it has produced out of itself a mountain of human selfishness, and a few men at the heads of trusts are attempting to dragnet the whole country for ducats for their own private safe-deposit vaults.

T. Gentlemen of the Kite Trust, a few words for your own future guidance.

Over a hundred years ago a band of sterling patriots assembled in the town-hall of Philadelphia and wrote a document, of which the following is an extract :

“ We hold these truths to be self-evident : That all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” It is the last clause, “ the pursuit of happiness,” that the heads of trusts of to-day are arrogating entirely to themselves in a most selfish manner.

Gentlemen of other trusts of the United States, remember that there are others beneath you in your employ who are not receiving their humbler share of profits that should bring to them a higher realization of the happiness that that sacred clause in the Declaration of Independence was intended to convey, and I write to you, to beware !

Another extract is as follows :

“ That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed ; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such

form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Gentlemen of the numerous trusts, there have been, as stated, only about two men in a hundred successful in business. There are millions of others who are entitled to happiness; and happiness in this age to most men means a share in the funds. Are you keeping the loaf and giving only one crumb to your neighbor, or are you keeping a fair slice, and lifting up humanity with the remainder?

- U. Every department of business, manufacturing, farming, and mining should be organized into trusts. Professions should be organized into trusts. There are too many doctors, lawyers, and professors in every department of human activity, and they should be controlled by trusts, and every separate organization should discuss its budget as does the general government for the coming year, and arrange percentage of income, or profits on goods to be sold, to net sufficient for the needs of all in a greater or less degree, according to the ability and position attained through a system of promotion graded by genius and ability.
- V. Gentlemen of the Kite Trust! If such a plan of equality is not devised by the men at present in command, then the time will come when the other ninety-eight per cent. of the nation will take the leadership of government into their own hands. They may bungle the undertaking in a most disastrous manner, but it is more likely that another band of sterling patriots will be called of God to bring right out of wrong, in as brilliant a manner as did John Carroll of Carrollton and his associates in the days of King George III.

- W. It would take a few years to adjust the many departments of human livelihood so that all would be employed, and every one should and would be employed; and immigration should be restricted to the extent of not allowing entry to workmen from abroad until they could be gradually utilized in the growing national industries.
- X. Commerce would then be one of the bureaus or secretaryships of the general government. Let us hope it will take the place of the department of War, and that the Navy Department may ever be continued as the department of Mercantile Marine.
- Y. As workmen have a right to form unions to look after their own interests, so also have employers an equal privilege to meet in conclave for mutual protection.

There are some mean employers who seem to have no thought of fairness toward those dependent upon them, but they are the exceptions. The vast majority of principals are men who have a kindly thought for those beneath them, and while the clerks and laborers are resting or enjoying themselves after a hard day's work, many of their employers are worrying until late hours, and probably are having sleepless nights, in order to raise money enough for the weekly payroll. Many a rich man who has thousands of human beings dependent upon him has seen hours of perplexity when he would most gladly have exchanged places with his humblest employé, if he could only have been freed from the strain that was making life not worth living, and many an employer would have given up the ship if it were not for the thought of the sorrow that would come to thousands.

This thought spurred him on to a renewed effort for success.

Capital and labor will never be at peaceful rest as long as "unions" will have for their officers and walking delegates men who have had no experience as employers, and who know nothing of what it is to be monetarily responsible for men working under them. In every union there are men who have been employers and not succeeded—and they should be the arbitrators in disputes, and not hot-headed men who have no other qualification except that they seem born with a gift for talking, and talking is often very cheap, but oftener costs more in the end than was bargained for. The solution of the whole problem is in trusts, where one firm or corporation in the entire country shall control a single line of business, whose employes have some say in the matter, all being enfranchised in the general aggregation.

- Z. A few thousand years makes very little difference as seen from the standpoint of old Father Time, but it makes every difference in human affairs. Four thousand years ago it was altogether a question of men, to-day it is a question of money. Of old—if great public works were to be erected, such as the pyramids or temples of Philæ or Luxor—it was only a matter of enslaving two or three hundred thousand or a million men, and setting the women folk belonging to them to raising sheep and spinning yarn, and tilling the soil to earn a living for them all, while the men spent twelve to sixteen hours a day on the public works. Labor thus cost nothing to the kings, and time was no object. The united muscle of ten thousand slaves would be employed for two weeks to drag or

lift a mighty stone that ten men and a five-hundred horse-power engine of to-day would handle in thirty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

If the Pharaohs had attempted to cut the Suez Canal they would have had a million slaves carrying sand in a million wooden pails for two hundred years, but in this age, with money and powerful dredges, the work is done by a few thousand men in less than a decade.

In ancient days Xerxes could take a million men and spend several years in invading a foreign land. He would stop a whole season and spend it in raising grain for his army for the immediate future's needs. Each soldier could partially manufacture his own implements of battle, and fifty cents a month was extravagant pay for a soldier's services.

To-day, warfare is a costly pastime; iron-clads have to be built by the hundred, each one of which costs \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, and requires three to five years to construct. An up-to-date cannon costs a quarter of a million, and each time it is fired off it is at an expense of \$1500 to \$2000 or \$3000. Fleets of costly steamships must be ready at a moment's notice to transport troops in a few weeks' time half way around the earth. Food and clothing, ammunition and supplies; engines of destruction and articles for the suffering; electrical appliances and various portable means of transportation and communication; and a thousand and one things must be ready on the moment, which require an aggregation of capital to produce such as would have been an undreamed-of problem, even for the gods of the ancients.

To-day it is not a question of muscle, it is one of invention and money. The galley-slave is no

more, and muscle is concentrated within the walls of an engine's cylinders. The wonderful Roman roads are dwarfed into utter insignificance by the gigantic railway systems of to-day; thousands of millions, away up into the lofty figures of billions of dollars, have been spent in their construction. An aggregation of capital that produces all this modern amazement is not only enough to have startled a Cæsar, but it even dazes the Vanderbilts and Rothschilds in this their day.

As is this comparison of to-day with ancient times, so also is the contrast equally startling with the commencement and ending of only the last fifty years. Business methods have been entirely revolutionized in that short time. Fifty years ago a merchant controlled his own business, the commercial traveller was unknown. The "drummer" now controls the trade of the land and has changed business methods, and most startlingly added to the cost of transacting business. His exactions have been increasing, and to him more than to any other cause—in the forcing of goods upon the merchant—has mercantile failure and disaster left its impress on the nation. In the new order of things, in the concentration of business into gigantic trusts, the "drummer" will have to go; he must soon take his place in the past, and all his extravagances and expenses incident to his manner of distributing goods will be saved, and in the end it will cheapen the retail price. He will become a part of a great corporation in some other capacity, and if he is not up to his old fellows in ability, he will have to return to the farm from whence he or his parents came.

When every special line of business is merged

into its own monopoly, regulated by law, then every man, woman, and child will be in some manner a part of one particular corporation and grow up with it into its intricacies, and have a vote in its management. Statute laws will regulate it and the lowliest will not be neglected or have his rights usurped.

This is not a vision or all a dream; it is the inevitable, and the sooner the present capitalist and employé realizes its importance the sooner will a new and extended era of prosperity dawn on the centuries that are coming; for if any new and better order of existence is to be the boon of mankind it is the new feature that makes each individual not only a part of a nation of freemen, but also a participant with a franchise in its business ramifications and prosperity. The trusts of to-day when organized in their completeness will prove the panacea for all human discontent.

So, in conclusion: Gentlemen of the Kite Trust, I will emphasize the propositions made at the commencement of the opinion:

1. Trusts are legal.
2. Trusts are beneficial to labor.
3. Trusts are beneficial to capital.
4. Trusts are beneficial to commerce.
5. Trusts are beneficial to everybody.
6. Trusts have come to stay.

EDWARD WEBSTER,
With LINCOLN. SEWARD & EVARTS.

CHAPTER XLV.

BILLIONAIRES.

TIMES were ripe for the new campaign into the realms of finance that Micky had left Cincinnati to engage in for a second venture. The subjects of free trade and protection had again become a bitter political issue, and a Presidential election was approaching which was demoralizing in its effects upon business. The crops had been the poorest on record. The trade balance was heavily against our country. The gold reserve was almost down to the limit, and was being gradually drained from us into foreign centres, while the bank statements from week to week were growing worse and worse. In the face of it all the bull stock speculators had been making Herculean efforts to keep prices on the high level, but were now unable to borrow any more money from the banks. A decline meant ruin, and every one of large capital was involved. All it required was a man with ready cash on a large scale, and nerve, to raid or bear the market and things would go to pieces at his command. Micky was the prowling angel of terror. He had studied the situation, and knew the exact state of banking interest in every financial centre of the world. It is doubt-

ful if another man lived who was better informed about it than Micky.

Sally had nerve; she knew how to keep her own counsel, and could be implicitly trusted. She felt a sole proprietorship in the whole success of Micky and his partners. Their success was the dearest thing to her heart. She accompanied Micky to New York, and on the way he carefully unfolded to her his plan of battle. They arranged their own cable code, and then Micky left her in New York, starting secretly by first steamer for London, and had been there only three days when the New York Stock Exchange was thrown into a state of excitement by an upheaval in American securities in London. The sales abroad were enormous, and for four days the New York market staggered under the load that was being piled upon it in the struggle of the bulls to maintain prices, as their entire fortunes were at stake and even obligated far beyond their total volume; but on Friday, the fifth day, the last straw was laid on the camel's back; the New York market broke, and Sally also mercilessly threw her stocks on Wall Street by the million. The great struggle was in forcing the market down ten points, and when that was accomplished she, as well as Micky, temporarily retired from the field, for things went to pieces of their own weight.

After the ball had started rolling Micky calmly looked at the market ricocheting downward of its own volition, as the frightened bull-manipulators were in the dark as to who was unloading. They had bought up and controlled, as they thought, every real share of speculative stock in sight, and when they saw large blocks of actual delivery stocks, not fictitious certificates, flooding the market, both in New York and London as well as Amsterdam, they gave up the fight, the market took its own course, more margins were called for, and the banks withdrew loans.

With five hundred and eighty important failures in one week, down went the market, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and as low as sixty points before it was checked by large orders from the unseen hand in foreign cities, for when the right moment came Micky, at night-time, alternately flitted from London to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Amsterdam, buying and selling, and selling and buying, and even from far-off Buenos Ayres "Argentines" were casting their gloom in South America.

Micky had forced the market with all his entire fortune down those first ten points with actual stock, and then went short for additional millions of shares, and then bought back at the lower figures for a rise. This bear raid lasted four months, and the gold reserve in America was far below the safety line. Not a business man went home at night-time without forebodings of the morrow.

On the week preceding the Presidential election, when uncertainty gave a temporary lull, like the calm before a storm, to the stock market, Micky quietly borrowed on collaterals in the five money centres of Europe a total of one hundred and fifty millions in gold, and a week later, when the Democratic Party was swept out of power and a Republican President was elected, then the cables flashed over to the morning papers in America that \$150,000,000 gold had been withdrawn for shipment to New York, and, like an electric impulse, it planted confidence once more in business circles, and a speculative boom set in for six months that did not stop until the old and higher figures had been reached; at which top prices Micky again raided the market, selling in one day in New York, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, and Buenos Ayres all his holdings. It was done so suddenly and from such a widespread area that the bull interest everywhere did not know until too late of the

volume of their one day's purchases, and staggered under its financial contracts for cash payments for Micky's spot cash stocks, and while it was staggering Micky struck blow after blow from a new direction at each effort, and still no one exactly knew who and where was the mysterious power.

The market went down and up, again and again, in any direction where Micky touched his finger on the even balancing scales; gold, \$50,000,000 at a time, was ordered backward and forward from New York to London and Paris, each time affecting the financial condition, as the market was at such a tension that that amount of gold transfers alarmingly affected its equilibrium. Rich men lost their all; it was drag-netted into the coffers of Flynn & Schmidt. Thousands of the middle classes sold or mortgaged their houses or drew their lifetime earned savings to settle their losses, all of which found its way to Flynn & Schmidt's bank account. The poorer people who had imbibed the stock-gambling craze contributed their share toward the final settlement of the awful whirlwind of speculation that had swept over the country. It was a startling sarcasm on human endeavor, to contemplate how nearly seventy million people had been working and saving for ten years and all of their garnerings to be meekly turned over to some one, who in his turn transferred it to another, and then to another, and finally reach an unseen maelstrom that sucked it into some subterranean place of final deposit—the firm of Flynn & Schmidt, still unknown in the financial world.

This campaign of Micky's had been going on for fifteen months, when suddenly he concluded to stop, and cabled to Sally to close out all contracts, turn all bank balances into securities, and withdraw from the market, and he did the same.

Micky's cable bill had cost him on an average one

thousand dollars per day. He had no clerk, and gave his orders to his brokers personally. To write out all these messages to Sally in New York and to his brokers in the various money centres, give his personal orders, and carry the transactions in his mind was proof of his extraordinary make-up. He had a remarkable faculty for keeping books in his head, and knew to a dollar how much he was worth in the morning, and minute by minute followed mentally its values up and down, and when night-time arrived would compare the tally sheets of his brokers for no other purpose than to verify his own unwritten conclusions.

It took two weeks for Sally at the New York end and Micky in Europe to close up business, and when accomplished, and securities all were safely cared for, he found a net profit from the campaign of \$880,000,000, which with his \$620,000,000 at commencement of the battle made him a full-fledged billionaire, and a half extra, on the strength of which he raised the price he paid for a dinner, and for the first time since leaving Sally in New York he extravagantly ordered chops and tomato sauce, and for an hour afterward sat in the deepest of meditation as to—what next?—and the decision was—home!

Micky left behind him in the various money centres of Europe a total of \$1,000,000,000 in securities and cash in banks, and took the balance with him to swell the New York fund, which footed up half a billion. Then, with Sally, he started for Cincinnati to report to his partners and talk face to face with them of their mutual progress.

Micky was startled when he saw Fred, for he was only thirty-two years old and had turned gray. Unlike Micky, without a single clerk or office boy, he had eighty trusts on his hand, covering the entire United States, with seven hundred thousand men on his pay-

rolls, whose families made a total of three million souls who were dependent for their livelihood on his successful efforts, and he felt deeply the responsibility. He was giving good wages to every one, he had no competition in his lines of business, he was getting fair profits, lost nothing by bad debts, and was carrying his own insurance. He had a board of arbitration of his own, which settled all trouble with his workmen; and the heads of departments and managers and officers of the various trusts, most of whom had formerly been in business for themselves, were receiving large salaries. There was not a word of complaint from the inside. The troubles were all from the outside—politicians and newspapers.

The first meeting of the partners was held on their thirty-second birthday in the same old cellar under Mrs. Flynn's shanty on the rocks, and was also attended by Sally and their counsel, Mr. Edward Webster. The principal subject-matter was Micky's suggestion that Ed immediately start the formation of two newspaper trusts, with their former benefactor, Murat Halstead, as counsellor; one to be a combination of all the Republican, and the second to be composed of the entire Democratic, papers of the land, both to be secretly under Ed's direction, but to be distinctive as to their policy and politics. "For we must recognize," said Micky, "that the people will ever differ in opinion, and that it will be impossible to run the country on a single newspaper standard, and by both being under one secret direction public opinion can be moulded in certain channels that will help to bring the nation together as a unit on minor affairs, and ultimately on more important matters."

The suggestion was received with unanimous approval, especially by Ed, who expressed to Micky his warmest admiration and approval of the suggestion, but said it had almost insurmountable difficulties to

overcome, but that he would undertake the task, for which \$300,000,000 was voted to be placed at his disposal, which was to be drawn from the foreign safe-deposit vaults and not from the American end of the line.

Fred reported the actual value of the stocks of the trusts he controlled at \$650,000,000, making a total of over two billions of values, abroad and in America, in possession of the Kite Trust.

The next subject for discussion was brought forward by Fred. He informed his partners that he was greatly hampered in his efforts to absorb the various industries of the country by a rival syndicate of men of giant talent and enterprise, whose presiding genius was a Mr. Hoyle, who had been giving the world, and was still capable of giving, undisputed pointers on gambling. The company, named after him, was known as the Standard Hoyle Company. Fred wanted assistance to "down" him and his associates and "take in" their holdings; he said the rival concern was worth \$500,000,000 between them, and controlled forty trusts, employing 300,000 men, supporting families of 1,500,000 souls.

After Fred was through Micky asked if "the new combination were still after more trusts." Fred replied: "Certainly they are; they want all they can get." A deep silence fell upon the assembly, which lasted for five minutes; then Micky replied: "Fred, leave them alone; let them go on and get all the trusts they can; it will save you a great deal of hard preliminary work. Let them get all the trusts they can absorb, and then we will take it all away from them in one lump." This view of the situation seemed to please Fred; his mind was relieved from a great strain, and it was decided to follow Micky's suggestion.

Sam had nothing to suggest, but informed his partners that his machinery was doing all he claimed for it.

He further informed them that he had more important inventions in view, and especially one that he would not speak of at the present time, but which would revolutionize the industries of the world, and when he was ready for it, it would require \$1,000,000,000 for its utilization. Micky asked him when he would be ready for it, and receiving the reply, "Three years," said, "All right, Sam; we'll be ready for you with the cash."

Sally was called upon next as to what she had to suggest, and suddenly bursting into tears, said between her sobs that there was only one object she had in life that, with their vast wealth at command, she would have ambition to see accomplished; and then she almost dazed her hearers with a stream of unexpected eloquence that must have been inspired. It was an appeal for the saving of humanity from the curse and snare of the great and powerful Whiskey Trust that was ruining the youth and happiness of the nation.

Sally, unknown to her friends, for five years had been watching the ravages of the saloon octopus that was sapping the life out of humanity, and now for half an hour she sent up a plea on behalf of the mothers and wives and sisters of the land to put it in the hearts of her young and powerful companions to wipe the liquor traffic from off the face of their beloved land.

When she had finished there was not a dry eye in that little audience. They sat in silence for a few minutes, which was only broken when Micky arose, went over to his sister, and gently putting his arms around her gave her a tender kiss and said: "As far as I am concerned it shall be done." This was seconded by his partners, and before the meeting closed Ed was instructed to gather statistics on the subject and devise legal methods to kill the traffic.

Sally's suggestion was cordially endorsed by Micky

because he had spent evenings, for years, in various cities of the world witnessing the horrible work of intemperance.

At the end of another four years, on their thirty-sixth birthday, the same parties met at the same little cellar for a conference.

Micky reported \$8,000,000,000 as the holdings of the Kite Trust in European centres and \$3,000,000,000 in New York City.

Fred reported 160 trusts under his entire control, with assets of \$4,000,000,000, making a grand total of the Kite Trust's holdings of \$15,000,000,000.

There had been no recent panics, as the business of the country was now entirely in the hands of the trusts, which were controlled by eight different interests—the "Kite," "Standard Hoyle," "Liquor," "Transportation," "Farmers," "Real Estate," "Bankers," and "Newspaper."

Into one or another of these great combinations every department of commerce had been merged, but the "Liquor Trust" was the most powerful of them all in its wide-sweeping interests. It owned distilleries, breweries, vineyards, pleasure parks, city railroads, 200,000 saloons—including the buildings and ground—and controlled almost all of the city and town governments, and ruled everything in its interest with an iron hand, and all with a capital of \$25,000,000,000.

The great question before the Kite Trust was which one of the other trusts they should absorb first, and it was decided not to absorb but immediately to commence to wipe off the face of the earth the Liquor Trust, and it only took two years to do it.

Micky proposed the plan, which was carried out in the minutest detail.

The Liquor Trust owned all the street railways and the pleasure parks, which were capitalized at \$5,000,000,000. Micky said: "We do not want them, they

belong to the people, and the cities should own them for purposes of revenue."

Ed was secretly at the head of the newspaper trust, and an attack was inaugurated in the editorial department of every paper, both Republican and Democratic, in the land, calling upon the citizens to own their own local railroads and their accompanying pleasure parks. The liquor people were astounded, resented the demand, and carried it to the courts; but the power of the press predominated, and in every State its legislature gave the cities power to buy the street railways and their accompanying pleasure parks at prices settled by a fair arbitration, for Ed advocated no anarchistic methods of sequestration, but wanted everything honestly paid for. The next question was how to pay for the property, and long-time bonds were suggested; but Ed, at Micky's suggestion, inspired an editorial that advocated cash payments within one year. This was done; the cities and towns took possession of the roads, raised the price of fares, and a "local-pride-wave" struck the whole land. Cities and towns vied with one another as to which should first own its road. It became the fad to ride in the city cars. Parties and clubs would engage a car for a whole evening and pay and repay fares, and when a rival city was doing better than its neighbor, the patriotic citizens would pay \$1 a ride to help swell the rising figures, that were daily published in the morning papers over the whole land. Rich citizens vied with one another in giving money to help swell the fund, and by the end of one year there was not a city, town or village in the land but owned its own roads, and then the fares were put down to two cents per ride. This paid all expenses and brought a vast income into the city treasury, and the people now owned the entire street railway systems.

Meantime, the newspapers had been gradually work-

ing up a further sentiment against the Liquor Trust and its awful profits. The evils of drink were daily depicted by blood-curdling pictures and convincing statistics. The wives and mothers of drinking men were appealed to to write for publication, and to name the causes of the crimes and the reasons of neglect of their sons, husbands, and fathers, and they all pointed to whiskey and beer. This daily attack through every newspaper in the land had its telling effect, and before six months a wave of indignation from the poorer women of the nation commenced to sweep over the land, which culminated at the next election in the entire liquor power being swept out of political control, and honorable people opposed to liquor were elected in their place.

Next came the cry to abolish liquor itself, and so thoroughly had the movement taken root in the hearts of the women and the respectable men that liquor and beer and coffee, and even tea (which the liquor people, in their own defence, had clearly proven was the cause of almost as many nervous diseases as whiskey itself), and everything except pure water, was banished from society. The brewers quit business. Distilleries were shut down, and at the end of a year every barrel, keg, and bottle of the former beverage of the nation was drunk up and paid for, and none left to gratify the dissatisfied. Thus not a single anarchistic principle prevailed, for every one got his pay in every branch of industry that the governments pre-empted. A few thousand useless, worthless men died of delirium tremens, but the rest of American manhood found itself better off, physically and financially, than ever before, and was profoundly thankful for the new order of things.

The newspapers all over the land then advocated buying and paying the proprietors for their brewing and distilling property, and their magnificent saloons,

and the street cars all over the country that were owned by the cities, by order of the councilmen again raised the fares, and a rivalry set in as to which section of the country would contribute the largest amount to repay their fellow-citizens for the loss of their Liquor Trust property, and in two years' time the saloons, breweries and distilleries were all bought and changed into dwellings for improving the homes of the laboring man. Wherever the buildings and grounds were situated they became the property of that city or village, which received such additional revenue for its municipal expenses.

The Whiskey Trust was thus blotted out of existence. The owners had been paid in full for their holdings—not the full amount of their watered capital, but a fair price that public opinion, through the press, had moved them to willingly accept. What to do with the money was a question, so Ed came to the rescue, and through the press created a fervor for Sam's great and new undertaking in engineering.

Sam unfolded his great invention, that was to revolutionize the industries of the earth. He had discovered a new power to move the world of commerce. Great wells six feet in diameter and ten miles deep were to be bored, at which depth was a mighty centripetal power that for ages had existed in tension, and which when brought into contact with a stratum of electricity that followed the contour of the earth two thousand feet above the surface, could bring into play the forces of the magnetic auroras, that were caused by and in touch with the mighty playing of the spots on our distant sun. This stratum of electricity, when connected by wire with the said-mentioned latent force beneath the surface (that was additionally acted upon by the tremendous pressure of the ten miles deep aforementioned column of water), would produce unlimited action, which could be utilized for generating

power for propelling machinery, railroads, lighting and heating, and other unnumbered uses.

One such well, with its accompanying over-reaching gigantic Eiffel Tower, in combination with its attached kites for aerial contact with higher auroral strata, would suffice for any conceived-of supply of power for an area of one hundred miles square, from which central point of such area the power could be drawn to a million localities within it for unlimited horse-power use.

The contract for these wells and towers was given to the former magnates of the Liquor Trust for execution, and for their construction they used their billions of money received from the sales of their street railways. One thousand such wells and towers were made, and the Kite Trust furnished millions and millions of kites for the aerial purposes, and one of the Kite Trust's branches—the Cordage Trust—furnished the great supply of cord and rope for reaching the upper auroral stratas. Three years were consumed in the execution of this great engineering feat, at the end of which time power for all commercial uses cost comparatively nothing, and then the great Standard Hoyle Company collapsed entirely, as their holdings were in the now useless coal and oil fields, and kindred industries that were supplanted, and the Kite Trust, in the Standard Hoyle Company's misfortune, bought their remaining holdings of miscellaneous corporations for \$5,000,000,000, which amount they received. Through public opinion, formed through the press, the Standard Hoyle people now became public benefactors, investing their millions for the benefit of the people in buying up and presenting to the various municipalities the natural wonders of the country—converting them into pleasure resorts on gigantic scales, and ending their days of genius in managing these new parks in regal

fashion for the benefit of the people, for which they received princely salaries and the gratitude of the public that formerly denounced them.

The Whiskey Trust and Standard Hoyle Trust were thus wiped out of existence. The people needed less money now than before, for the best part of their old earnings in former days had regularly gone for drink, and what little the poor had left from week to week they had spent for coal to keep them warm in winter. But now everything was changed, for the wires from the great Auroral Wells brought them light, heat, and power for a whole year for the insignificant sum that was formerly the price of five bushels of coal.

One branch of the Whiskey Trust was left, the "Cigar and Tobacco Branch," and through the press smoking and chewing was abandoned, and thus annually a grand total of \$3,000,000,000, that had been formerly wasted on whiskey and tobacco, was saved, or rather was not now needed for such useless personal expenses.

The Kite Trust now, through its purchases from the Standard Hoyle Company, owned three hundred and twenty different enterprises and held assets in Europe and America of \$35,000,000,000. It now owned the entire manufacturing industries of the United States.

There was one powerful combination that exceeded it in wealth, which was the "Transportation Trust," better known as the "Common Carriers' Company," that owned the railroads, steamboats, steamships, and all departments of trucking, with a capital of \$50,000,000,000. The other trusts not owned by the Kite Trust were the "Farmers," "Banking," and "Real Estate."

The Kite Trust had been obliged to take the contract from off the hands of the old "Liquor Trust",

for finishing the Auroral Wells, as the "Liquor Trust" had become financially embarrassed. All of the former Liquor Trust magnates went into the employ of the Kite Trust in honorable and satisfactory positions, and thus the Kite Trust now owned the new gigantic "Power and Light" enterprise, known as the "P. & L.," that had taken the place of the coal fields, and coal-mining became extinct.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PEOPLE.

THE transportation interests of the United States were under the control of the richest organization on the earth. They owned everything in sight that was used for conveyance, excepting street railways and private carriages. Railroads, steamboats, steamships, wagons, trucks, balloons, were all theirs. They had not been content with controlling only the means of conveying substances, but had monopolized the telegraph—the means of conveying thought; the telephones—the means of conveying sound; the carrying of the mails—the means of conveying intelligence; and the altru-speed—the means of conveying sight.

The magnates of the great Transportation Trust were constantly at war with their employés, while strikes and dissatisfaction were now unknown in the industrial enterprises of the country controlled by the Kite Trust.

At the age of forty-four the members of the Kite Trust met on their birthday in the old cellar for another consultation, and it was then and there determined to annihilate the power of the Transportation

Trust; and, by suggestion of Micky, Ed commenced a newspaper attack that ended in two years in the general government taking complete control of and owning for itself every means of conveyance excepting trolley or street car lines owned by municipalities.

The newspaper articles first showed that the city and town ownership of its street railways and water-works produced enough net revenue to pay nearly all their expenses. The "Auroral" or Light and Power Trust for a nominal sum supplied to the cities and villages their entire needs for lighting, cooking, heating, and other purposes, and the municipalities, in their turn, charged a small advanced price to the inhabitants, which amounted in the end to a sufficient sum to meet all the balance of the city budget, with a surplus.

"Why should not the general government," said the newspaper editorial, "in a like manner have an income from something that was permanent to pay its expenses? Why should the great 'Transportation Trust' bleed the country to pay its quarterly gigantic dividends?" and so, in this spirit, from day to day, a sentiment was worked up in the newspapers that caused the people to think, and the railway magnates to meet for protection. The Transportation Trust people, to protect themselves, could not start newspapers of their own, as every franchise and article necessary for such production was controlled by the great Kite Trust. So it made propositions to the general government to buy it out at the market price; but the newspapers showed that three-fifths of the assets of the Transportation Trust represented "water," and that its holdings were only worth \$10,000,000,000, instead of \$25,000,000,000—the market price.

Arbitrators were appointed, and after many stormy scenes \$12,000,000,000 was mutually, willingly agreed upon as the price to be paid in government bonds bearing 1 1-12 per cent. interest, the bonds to be free

from taxation and redeemed in any amount, at any time, at the pleasure of the government.

Then the newspapers inaugurated an era of railroad excursions, and it became the fad to make all manner of tours. The ambition of almost every one was to see the entire country. For five years patriotic employés of the railroads agreed to accept minimum salaries, and rich people left, by their wills, vast sums of money to the government to be used for paying the national railway debt; and in five years' time the general government owned it all and reduced the fares to an amount that was reasonable and yet paid every employé satisfactory wages, leaving a surplus of profit for the national expenses.

The Kite Trust for a total of \$20,000,000,000 in $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, of its own free will sold out its "Auroral Trust" interests to the various county governments in which the wells were located, and from which the said county governments could derive their income for their general expenses; and thus the cities and townships, counties, States and general governments had each its own sources of revenue from some form of business enterprise without resorting to the old style of taxation.

The "Standard Hoyle," "Liquor," "Transportation," and "Auroral or Light and Power" trusts were now out of the way, leaving the Kite Trust with only three rivals—"Farmers," "Real Estate," and "Bankers."

The "Transportation" magnates had nowhere to invest their \$12,000,000,000, so the newspapers commenced to preach philanthropy, and a rivalry sprang up among the rich for all kinds of benevolent enterprises. Magnificent churches were erected, then followed charitable institutions, then libraries, and then every county competed with its neighbor for great astronomical observatories with powerful telescopes,

all of which became the property of the people. Next came universities, and then model hotels for the masses until the owning of vast sums of money became unpopular even to the owners themselves, and the railroad magnates and their children sought employment instead of idleness, and business was never better in the history of the country. Situations waited for every one in the nation, and emigration was restricted to a number agreed upon year by year, the newcomers arriving by certificates of admission applied for two years in advance.

The next newspaper attack inspired by Micky was made on the "Real Estate" Trust. "The land belongs to the State" became the national cry, and every square foot of land in the nation was taken possession of in the name of the people and at a price satisfactory and agreeable to the owners. The land (not the chattels) was the only thing purchased, and one hundred year bonds given in payment for the same, bearing one per cent. per annum interest and free from taxation, and at least one per cent. of the bonds were to be redeemed annually for a hundred years. Thus the entire surface of the land at the end of that time would belong to the people; but by an era of great prosperity and gifts by will of the holders the bonds were all redeemed by the nation in thirty-three years.

Houses and buildings and their contents were exempted from taxation forever—they remained in the possession of the former owners, and rich people received their revenue from houses, not land, and a small tax per front foot for lots, and a small tax per acre for farm lands was levied—just enough for the state government expenses. Thus the "Real Estate" and "Farmers" trusts were eliminated from the financial world, leaving the Kite Trust with only one more "Richmond" in the field—the Banking Trust.

The Presidential election was now approaching. Ed

Webster had become famous. The newspapers proclaimed him. He was nominated and elected President.

The issue in politics was one of finance, and the Banking Trust was attacked. The government adopted a new system and took possession of the entire banking of the country. Greenbacks and bank-notes were all called in and destroyed; gold and silver (excepting half dollar pieces and under) were stored in the national vaults, and for every dollar called in a credit was given for that amount on the ledger of the general government. Every person was required to draw checks to pay for their various monthly balances of account they owed, or for individual transactions that amounted to \$1 and over. Every post-office became a bank or depository, and revenue stamps—one cent on all checks for an amount over \$1—paid all the expenses of the banking department of the nation. For transfers between strangers postal-money orders payable to bearer, in any sum up to \$1000, were issued for a ten-cent stamp; and books of one hundred postal notes of various denominations were sold for the convenience of travellers and shoppers.

The banks were thus wiped out of existence. The Kite Trust stood triumphant and alone, with assets of \$90,000,000,000, owning every manufacturing and business enterprise and mine and quarry in the country. It was the only enterprise not owned by the people through their respective city, county, State, or national government.

Liquor and beer had been annihilated, and as a consequence penitentiaries and jails were empty, with the exception of one State institution for isolated cases of crime, freeing the people from vast sums formerly requiring taxation. In the same manner vast sums were saved on a police force and jailers. Houses were now built strictly fire-proof, and no expensive

fire department was necessary. There were very few legal disputes between merchants, as the Kite Trust had no quarrels with itself, and thus expensive court proceedings and the majority of expensive judges were dispensed with, and so the general burdens of the people became reduced. Honorable men governed the cities; no vestige remained of the former high-handed "bossism" robbery methods, and water-rents, street car fares, and light and power income paid all local government expenses.

The Standard Hoyle Trust was gone, and in its stead the people owned the Auroral Wells, a never-failing source of power that also produced light and heat for industrial purposes, and household warmth. The Transportation Trust was merged in the government, served by men who had now become government employes the same as those in the post-office department, and represented families of 5,000,000 people. The real estate was absorbed and owned by each respective State, and the rich owned only the houses and chattels that represented accumulated labor, and every one was ambitious for a home.

The Newspaper Trust belonged to the Kite Trust and was working for the interest of the people. The Banking Trust was no more. Every one carried his check-book and paid for goods as he went along, and for an amount equal only to his cash balance—large or small—that was in the hands of the government; and the government bank never failed. The farmers were now numerically the largest class of people, for millions of idle people had gone back to farming, as land was plentiful; the great speculative holdings of former days had been given up by the former real estate owners, for they chose to pay the tax per acre on only the limited amount of land they could use themselves. The quick means of transporta-

tion to the remotest sections made farming free from isolation, and no one lived in a city who could conveniently live on a farm, and the remotest farm was daily reached by the letter-carrier system.

Living became easier, as every city, home, and farmhouse was connected with the Auroral Wells, and machinery of all kinds was used for farm, household, street, and field drudgery.

At the age of fifty-four Mr. Michael Flynn was elected President of the United States, and on his inaugural day, with the consent of his partners, he presented, in their names, to a new commercial department of the government the entire \$100,000,000,000 interest of the Kite Trust, which included the undivided commercial industries of the country. Every citizen, from the greatest to the least, had now become an employé of the government and a partner in his particular industrial connection. His interest ceased at his death and fell to the lot of others, his dependent ones being pensioned.

During the Michael Flynn administration the President directed all commercial affairs in the interests of the people, and by act of Congress a soul was inserted into each and every corporation, making them equally responsible with citizens for their every act.

Thus all business in every line became merged in the government, and promotion was by merit, and no worthy citizen was without employment.

Woman suffrage was the next political issue. It was successful, and Sally was elected President—the first woman to occupy the executive chair of the United States of America—and during her administration she devoted herself to the advancement of womankind.

A great congress of nations had declared war to be no more, and boards of arbitration settled interna-

tional disputes. Thus the former excessive war expenses were eliminated from national existence, and that great burden of tax was saved to the people.

A great dress reform movement was ushered in during Sarah Matilda Flynn's administration. A national and distinct costume for men and women was adopted. It was simple, becoming, and pleasing to the nation. Individual tastes as to adornment and colors were optional within bounds, and comparatively little money was spent for dress. Every person was pensioned for cause. Life insurance companies thus became extinct and their former excessive financial demands brought to an end.

Sam discovered the process for making the purest diamonds and other gems, and they became plentiful as glass beads, and ornaments were almost without cost. By the use of the cheap diamonds Sam was enabled to invent and construct his giant boring machines, fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet long, revolving by power from the Auroral Wells at the rate of four thousand revolutions per minute, and with it he bored great pneumatic railway tunnels from New York to San Francisco. They followed the tide level in a straight line from ocean to ocean; in some places beneath the Rocky Mountains they were three miles below the surface, and along their entire way, every five miles apart, they were reached by shafts to the sunlight and world above. They carried people across the continent in three hours and thirty minutes. Other such tunnels were built at the rate of one mile per day. All the people of the nation were brought so close together that they could have, within a few hours, personal communication with one another. Breakfast in New York City, lunch in Chicago, and dinner in San Francisco was an every-day thing.

Gold and silver, in money or bars, were of little use

to the nation, as the expenses of the people were so slight and the machinery for manufacturing goods so perfect, that our products were sent to all parts of the earth, causing the balance of trade to be in our favor. Free trade was proclaimed, and the surplus gold from balance of trade coming into the country was sent back to other nations to help them to the new and higher ways of living, resulting in many of those foreign lands attaching themselves to the great republic.

Lawyers, doctors, and all professional men were now employed by the government the same as teachers were in the public schools. No one had to pay for professional services or advice. Every one was cared for by the government as a family was formerly cared for by the father, and the people had at last attained as a divine attachment to their freedom the additional divine right to a participation in their rightful share of the earth's prosperity.

Four hours became a legal day's labor, and all the rest of the time was spent in the channels of recreation and education. The scramble for money was a thing of the past, and was accounted as vulgar and disgraceful, and a new thought-wave spread over the land. It caught the fancy and admiration of the people, that character is the divinest possession—not wealth. Worship, amusement, music, education, love of the sciences, and the charm of farming became the dominating passion of the American people; and "no whiskey," "no beer," "no coffee," "no tea," "no pastry," "no gold," "no silver," "no anarchy," "no finery," "no crime," "no landowners," and "no grinding taxes" became the intuitions of every man who prized health and loved the name of Freedom. Newspapers published only the noble side of life, and the former reports of filthy scandals and all accounts of crime and sin, and court proceedings relating thereto, were published only in the official law

paper of each county. Only one thousand copies of each were printed and filed in public libraries for legal reference.

Fred and Sam were subsequently elected to the Presidency, and as each retired from the honorable position he went back to plain and simple living, and in after years the various members of the great Kite Trust were referred to as examples of what the five richest citizens that ever lived on the face of the earth could give up for humanity.

There were two great names that were sacred to Micky—Commodore Vanderbilt and Jay Gould. They were to him the vanguard of the modern systems of concentration. They had both, in their day, been denounced, but their most uncompromising traducers had been men engaged in the same line of business—“diamond cut diamond”—and would most gladly have done to Vanderbilt and Gould what they in their failure so bitterly had denounced. To the first efforts of those two financial giants Micky claimed was due the modern era of good will and prosperity to all, and at his personal expense he erected a six hundred foot colossal statue to each of them—one on each side of the Narrows approaching New York Bay.

Leap year contained the greatest of all national days of rejoicing, and on its odd day was the opening exercises of the American Quadrennial Exposition of Commercial Progress.

The event of the entire night that ushered in that twenty-ninth day of February was a glorification eagerly looked forward to by the people of the entire Western Hemisphere, for America, both north and south, with its many and distant islands, was now one vast United States of America.

Upon that memorable birthday night of the entire membership of the Kite Trust, the power from the gigantic magnetic currents of the Auroral Wells

was diverted from industrial uses, and concentrated into a vast, man-made aurora borealis that spread across the entire continent, and from the tops of the lofty Auroral-Eiffel-Towers was this heavenly display directed.

Wide brilliant bands and glittering hanging curtains of glorious, chameleon-like auroral tints, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, following one another in rapid succession, were made to roll on and on from the Arctic Ocean to the southern cliffs of Patagonia, and when the memorable birthday hour of three o'clock in the morning arrived, the scintillating tints were changed into great, broad, ocean-like waves of red, ever alternating with the massive broad bands of white, fleecy, floating clouds; and between the mighty rifts the deep blue field of heaven displayed itself, and many distant suns of the first magnitude gazed down upon our world and made the whole arch of heaven one glorious, glittering, waving, star-spangled-banner for freedom's admiring hosts.

Micky was the first one to pass to his everlasting rest, and the others of the little former Bucktown cellar syndicate agreed that only one monument should stand for them all, which was a tall granite ashlar shaft erected in Cincinnati by its citizens on the southwest corner of Brighton Hill, that had been transformed into a beautiful botanical garden, and on the shaft were but two significant words:

MICKY FLYNN.

THE END.



